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VOLUME XV

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER
RICHARD WAGNER
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
EMPEROR WILLIAM II

PERMISSION F. BRUCKMANN A. G. MUNICH

THE GERMAN CLASSICS

Masterpieces of German Literature

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

THE SYMPOSIUM OF PLATO

Patrons' Edition

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

From the Painting by Anselm Feuerbach

THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY
NEW YORK

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VOLUME XV

Special Writers.

Hugo Münsterberg, Ph.D., M.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Psychology, Harvard University:

Emperor William II as a National Type.

Mary Whiton Calkins, Litt.D., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy, Wellesley College:

Arthur Schopenhauer and His Philosophy.

Karl Detlev Jessen, Ph.D., Professor of German Literature, Bryn Mawr College:

Friederich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

Walter R. Spalding, A.M., Associate Professor of Music, Harvard University:

The Prose Works of Richard Wagner.

Translators.

Edmund Von Mach, Ph.D.:

Speeches of Emperor William II.

Charles Wharton Stork, Ph.D., Instructor in English, University of Pennsylvania:

The Drunken Song; Venice.

R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp:

The World as Will and Idea.

T. Bailey Saunders:

Parerga and Paralipomena.

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Art and Revolution; Man and Art in General; The Art of Tone; The Art of Sculpture; Outlines of the Art Work of the Future; Opera and the Nature of Music; A Communication to My Friends; Beethoven; Speech at Weber's Grave.

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Miss M. D. Petre:

A Dancing Song to the Mistral Wind.

William A. Haussman and John Gray:

The Wanderer.

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From Lofty Mountains.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

If the men were to be named who most strongly have affected the imagination and shaped the ideals of Germans since the days of Bismarck, there can be little doubt that the four men included in this volume would come first to most people's minds. For there is not a German living today who has not, directly or indirectly, received a decisive impulse and lasting inspiration from Schopenhauer's keen analysis of reality, from Richard Wagner's glorification of sensuous emotion, from Nietzsche's exaltation of the Superman, and from Emperor William's noble conception of Germany's intellectual and moral mission.

It is a particular satisfaction that the gracious permission of His Majesty the German Emperor made it possible to link him here, through selections from his speeches dealing with religion, social reform, art, education, and sport, with those other three intellectual leaders of contemporary Germany; and the Editors and Publishers of The German Classics desire, in this place also, to express their sincere gratitude for the favor bestowed upon them.

That Max Klinger and Hans Thoma should have been foremost among the artists selected for the illustration of this volume, needs, I believe, no explanation.

Kuno Francke.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER AND HIS PHILOSOPHY

By Mary Whiton Calkins, Litt.D., LL.D.
Professor of Philosophy, Wellesley College

"MY work," wrote Schopenhauer in the spring of 1818, "is a new philosophical system * * * a highly consistent thought-order which has, up to this time, come into no man's head. The book * * * will later become the source and suggestion of a hundred others. * * * It is equally far removed from the bombastic, empty and senseless wordiness of the new philosophical school and from the vague commonplace chit-chat of the pre-Kantian period. The style is clear yet forcible and, I may add, not without beauty; for only he who has genuine thoughts of his own has a genuine style. I set a high value on my work; for I regard it as the full fruit of my life."*

One imagines that Schopenhauer's publisher, Friedrich Arnold Brockhaus, to whom these words were written, must have smiled at the naïveté of this self-glorification. Yet sober-minded commentators have repeated Schopenhauer's estimate of his great work, *The World as Will and Idea.* It is true that he exaggerates the divergence of his system from those of his contemporaries, whose work he designates as "empty verbiage," and true also that the critics have found gaps and flaws in the vaunted thought-order. Yet the profundity of Schopenhauer's insight and the keenness of his criticism, the breadth of his outlook and the richness of his culture, and finally the clearness and charm of his style unite to make of *The World as Will and Idea* a masterpiece of philosophy and of literature. And, more exactly

* Quoted in Gwinner, *Schopenhauer's Leben*, 3d edition, p. 125.

than Schopenhauer could have realized when he wrote them, his last words in the quoted passage state the bare fact. For *The World as Will and Idea* is the final formulation of Schopenhauer's philosophy; the doctrines of his earlier books are embodied in it; and his later works are but applications and supplements of its teachings. This granted, it follows that the book was indeed the "full fruit" of Schopenhauer's life which, apart from its intellectual creativeness, was singularly self-centred, trivial and petty, devoid of great sympathies and of compelling loyalties.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in February, 1788, in Dantzig. His father, a great merchant and landowner, was a man of wide if rather superficial culture, of keen intellect and of obstinate will. His mother, Johanna Schopenhauer, was a light-hearted, attractive and self-seeking woman who shared her husband's interest in society, in art, in contemporary literature and in travel. Henry Schopenhauer, a "proud republican" (as his son later described him) left his home in 1793, at the time of the second partition of Poland, when Dantzig ceased to exist as a free city, and took up his residence in Hamburg. He destined his son to the freedom and power of a position, like his own, in high commerce, and proceeded to prepare the boy for such a life by a curiously cosmopolitan training. Arthur Schopenhauer spent his ninth and tenth years, the happiest period —he tells us—of his childhood, in Havre in the family of a friend of his father. Henry Schopenhauer seems to have gloated over the fact that the boy, on his return, had all but forgotten his native German. His training in English followed, a few years later, when he spent two months in an English boarding school in the course of a two-years' journey with his parents through France, Switzerland, and England. From entries in his journal during these months of travel we learn how temperamental was his pessimism. We read that he lost all enjoyment in travel at sight of the "miserable huts and wretched people;" and he exclaims

at the horror of the " utterly joyless and hopeless life of the wretched galley slaves " whom he saw at Toulon. This long journey was memorable for Schopenhauer because as price of it his father had exacted from him a promise to enter, on his return to Hamburg, upon a systematic course of commercial training. The two years which followed were in a way the hardest of his life. His work was at every point uncongenial, and the prospect of a merchant's career became with every day more intensely distasteful. The conviction that he had bargained away his life at the very outset of it embittered him; yet his always keen sense of honesty made it seem to him impossible to retract the promise he had given — the more impossible after the sudden death, in April, 1805, of his father. In the end, however, his accountant's desk became intolerable and he obtained his mother's consent to undertake the preparation of himself for the university. The first months of his classical study were spent at Gotha and were terminated by the unlucky publication of certain clever verses in which he had satirized one of his gymnasium teachers. The letters in which his mother comments on this event indicate that Schopenhauer was already characterized, not only by that sensitiveness to misery and ugliness which his journals have disclosed, but by the unsympathetic self-assertiveness which marked him and isolated him through life.

Immediately on her husband's death Johanna Schopenhauer had taken up her residence in Weimar — known throughout Germany as " court of the Muses." She was a woman of lively social instinct, with the culture due to wide travel and to the unhampered reading of poetry and romance; she was sensitive to the impressions she made, capable of delicate flattery, in full control of her sympathies, and responsive to every change in her personal environment. She reached Weimar precisely in the time of confusion which accompanied and followed the battle of Jena, and within a few weeks " the welding power of great common experiences together with her social charm, her generosity,

and her talents had won her the friendship of all the celebrities of the town.''* In her salon one might meet Goethe, Wieland, Grimm, Fernow, the Schlegels, and other men of distinction. Even her *bourgeois* origin was overlooked, and she was received at the ducal court of Karl August.

In these congenial surroundings Frau Schopenhauer lived a blissfully contented life and she was wholly determined not to be disturbed in it by her troublesome son. After the Gotha episode she made arrangements for his coming to Weimar, to study under the hellenist scholar, Passow, and carefully provided that he should live apart from her, dining with her every day but, for the rest, '' living his own life '' as if she were not in Weimar. He was welcome to be present at her two weekly evenings at home but only on the condition that he would refrain from his '' painful disputes '' and his '' endless lamentations over the stupid world and the misery of mankind.'' '' This sort of thing,'' she adds, '' always gives me a poor night and bad dreams — and I like to sleep well.'' * * * '' You are not without spirit and culture,'' she assures her son, '' but you are an unendurable bore and I regard it to the last degree difficult to live with you. All your good qualities are obscured by your super-cleverness and are useless to the world, because you can't control your passion for finding fault with every one except yourself and for reforming and ruling everybody. * * * It is essential to my happiness to know that you are contented, but not to be a witness of your contentment.'' The naïve selfishness of this communication from a mother to her son need not obscure the partial accuracy of her estimate of him. Johanna Schopenhauer did scant justice to the relentless keenness of observation on which Arthur Schopenhauer's pessimism is so firmly based, but she rightly diagnosed the exaggerated self-concern which narrowed his sympathies, intellectual and personal.

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* Gwinner, *Schopenhauer's Leben*, p. 37.

After two years of training, for the most part under private teachers, Schopenhauer had accomplished the equivalent of a gymnasium course and matriculated at the University of Göttingen. His two years here are significant chiefly for the ardor with which he threw himself into the study of the natural sciences, then at the very dawn of their renaissance period, and for the zeal with which he followed the advice of his philosophical professor, Schulze, to study mainly the masters, Plato and Kant. From Göttingen he went on to Berlin where he spent three semesters and purposed to take his degree. The outbreak of war occasioned a swift change of plan. Convinced, as he says, that he " was not born to help humanity with his fists," Schopenhauer betook himself to a more peaceful scene. So, while Fichte, giving over what Schopenhauer later described contemptuously as his " algebraic comparisons of ego with non-ego " was exhorting and inciting student-soldiers in camp (himself with difficulty dissuaded from undertaking military service), Schopenhauer in Rudolstadt, a peaceful valley untroubled by " the sight of a soldier or of the sound of a trumpet," was calmly finishing his doctor's dissertation and negotiating with the University of Jena for his degree.

After making his doctorate Schopenhauer returned for a few months to Weimar. His dissertation, a brilliant essay on *The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*, brought him into personal contact with Goethe who, struck by the independence of the young writer, and especially interested in his intuitional conception of geometry, sought to interest him in the optical experiments and to convert him to the color theory which were at that period absorbing the great poet's marvelously versatile mind. Schopenhauer availed himself most eagerly of the opportunity to come into intimate relation with Goethe and threw himself with avidity into the optical experimentation, but he was too independent to become a disciple and too speculatively inclined not to turn his investigation to the account of his idealistic philosophy. So it happened that Schopenhauer's

second publication, an essay *On Vision and Colors*, seemed to Goethe the work of an opponent and brought to an end the intercourse between them.

A second significant event of these months in Weimar was Schopenhauer's introduction, through Friedrich Majer, to the literature of Hindu philosophy and religion. From a personal viewpoint this period is noteworthy for bringing to a head the estrangement between Schopenhauer and his family. From the day that he left Weimar, in 1814, he never again saw either his mother or his sister. In truth, with the possible exception of the tie which bound him to his father, there are no strong personal relations in Schopenhauer's life. He made friends, now and again, but either their intercourse was violently interrupted or it fell away with time. Only the society, in later life, of his few disciples seemed to be permanently congenial.

The four years between 1814 and 1818, in which Schopenhauer was thrilling with the toilsome delight of giving form and content to his supreme creation, *The World as Will and Idea,* were spent in Dresden, "the Florence of Germany"—a fitting birthplace for Schopenhauer's system of philosophy, since for him philosophy is not a science but an art. There followed a period of Italian travel—a year of engrossment in pleasure, esthetic and sensual, yet a year of disappointment because of the inadequate and infrequent recognition of his *magnum opus.* In 1820, prompted perhaps by a threatened financial disaster (the occasion for fresh embroilment with his mother and his sister), Schopenhauer decided to enter on a career of academic activity and "habilitated" as *privat-docent* in Berlin. With characteristic self-assurance he chose for his lectures the very hours at which Hegel, the idol of the philosophical public, held forth to enthusiastic hearers. The result might well have embittered a man far less vain than Schopenhauer; for the lectures were all but unvisited by students and all but ignored by Schopenhauer's colleagues. Comparing today his lucid, brilliant, and (at many points) profound writings

with the philosophic output, involved in style, barbarous in terminology, and wearisome for repetition, of Fichte and of Hegel, we exclaim with amazement almost equaling Schopenhauer's at students who would crowd Hegel's lecture rooms, leaving Schopenhauer's empty, and would read Fichte's endless and awkward *Darstellungen* in preference to Schopenhauer's consummately perfected masterpiece.

Probably, however, the case stood thus: Schopenhauer never got a hearing at all; the "public" did not prefer Hegel to Schopenhauer, for it never fairly heard the younger man who, stung by neglect, never again lectured in Berlin, though for some years he regularly announced his courses. It was characteristic of him to attribute his failure to the jealousy of the "professors of philosophy" (always on his lips a term of contempt), whom he ever after pursued with virulent and futile invective. These undignified outpourings fill the most unpleasant pages of his writings. For in these passionate outcries against his contemporaries Schopenhauer loses the clearness of vision and the intellectual honesty which are his finest traits. In his student days at Berlin he had attended Fichte's lectures and had read some of his books, and so, though his comments often indicate his failure to descry Fichte's meaning through the cloud of Fichte's words, the contempt which he heaps upon "Fichtean wind-baggery" (*Fichtesche Windbeutelei*) may be partly justified. Whether or not unjust it was certainly also not unnatural that Schopenhauer should attribute to their religious orthodoxy the success of Hegel and of other "professors of philosophy," and that he should explain the lack of interest in his own work by the fact that, unlike these others, he could not, every few months, "give the latest news of *der liebe Gott.*" But it is admitted that Schopenhauer never heard, or carefully read, Hegel; and it surely is wounded vanity, not dispassionate criticism, which characterizes Hegel as a "common charlatan," "an inspired sheep," and which describes Hegel's

philosophy as "empty, hollow, and even nauseating verbiage."

Schopenhauer lived forty years longer, but the external history of these years is easily told. He journeyed a second time to Italy; he spent a year in Munich; he lived in Dresden for awhile. He interested himself, fruitlessly, in a translation of Kant into English. Berlin had become hateful to him, but he did not finally forsake it until, in 1831, the fear of cholera drove him from the irritating yet exhilarating neighborhood of "professors of philosophy" to Frankfurt, selected for its beautiful situation. Here he lived for the remaining years of his life in a morose sort of tranquillity. The patriotic uprising in 1848 temporarily disturbed this outer serenity and, with his customary freedom from all patriotic feeling, he welcomed the Austrian soldiers who quelled the outburst. For nearly twenty years he had written nothing of any significance, but in 1836 he published *The Will in Nature,* a series of essays on the "corroborations" which his philosophy had "received at the hands of empirical science." Five years later there appeared two little ethical treatises, *The Freedom of the Human Will* and *The Basis of Morality.* A second edition of *The World as Will and Idea,* enlarged by a new volume of illustration and commentary, followed in 1844. Finally, in 1851, Schopenhauer published that brilliant "medley" of essays under the title *Parerga and Paralipomena,* which brought him tardy fame. With his usual lucidity, his incisive comment, his wealth of illustration, and his always individual emphasis he discusses university philosophy, religion, spiritualistic phenomena, art and archæology, literature and language, age and sex. An enthusiastic notice in *The Westminster Review* called the attention of Germany no less than of England to Schopenhauer. And so at last the years of neglect were atoned for and Schopenhauer was rewarded for the admirable independence of spirit which had forbidden him through all these years, despite his craving for approval, to shape his style to the popular model, to modify or to re-phrase his teaching.

It is true that Schopenhauer's admirers belonged for the most part to the unacademic walks of life, yet even some of the universities undertook the study of his system and he had the pleasure of declining with scorn an invitation to membership in the Berlin Academy. Thus, during the last decade of his life, Schopenhauer was read, lectured about, and pointed out to tourists; while all his books appeared in new editions. He himself lived tranquilly (on the ground floor, through fear of fire), dining at the Hotel d'Angleterre, taking long walks in the company of his poodle, Atma, reading and writing and playing the flute in a study whose treasured ornaments were a bust of Kant, a portrait of Goethe, and a figure of Buddha. He met death tranquilly, though he had for so long a time spent his best energy in avoiding it.

No German philosopher needs exposition so little as Schopenhauer, and the extracts which follow admirably summarize his teaching. Yet an indication of the sources of it, an even briefer summary of the content of it, and a suggestion of its philosophic affiliations may profitably be added to this narrative of the philosopher's life.

"The world," so Schopenhauer begins, "is my idea." Narrowly scrutinized, an external object turns out to be an idea in my mind. When I say, for example, that I see a colored disk, what I really know is that I am having an experience: the disk is my percept. Moreover, this world which is thus, in Schopenhauer's words, "object only in relation to the subject" is an ordered world; the laws which order it reduce to one fundamental "law of sufficient reason"—the relatedness of every object to other objects;* and this law is not extra-mental but is itself a mode of knowing, a function of the subject.

This, however, is a superficial account, though correct as far as it goes. As so far described, the world of physical phenomena and of psychic contents is mere appearance, and we have still to seek for its inner reality. But the only way

* *The World as Will and Idea*, Book I., Secs. 2 ff.

to discover reality is through examination of that object of my immediate certainty, myself; and nothing is known to us wholly and with real immediacy except the will.* What I really am is, in other words, my willing self. My body, ordinarily regarded as the physical object of whose existence I am most certain, is in reality nothing other than objectified will; and the bodily reaction is the mere appearance of the reality which I know as my volition.†

If my body, then, is simply my idea, and if my idea is a phenomenon whose reality is my will, it follows that the universe has narrowed to the limit of my single, individual self. But I observe all about me other bodies similar to my body and in intimate connection with it; and I argue, from this close analogy, that each of these other bodies, since it is admitted to be in appearance like my own body, an idea, resembles my body in inner essence also. This inner reality is, as has appeared, "what we call — will."‡ And, this step once taken, all objects in the world, inorganic as well as organic phenomena, make good their claim to be regarded as objectified will. For there is no sharp line to be drawn between animal and plant, between plant and crystal. "The force," Schopenhauer asserts, "which vegetates in the plants, even the force through which the crystal expands, the force with which the magnet turns to the pole * * * yes, even gravity which so powerfully strives in all matter — these all * * * [are identical with that which] * * * is called will. * * * Will is the innermost nature, the kernel of every individual and of the whole; it appears in every blindly working nature-force; it appears also in the reflective activity of man, for the great diversity of these two is only in the degree of the manifestation, not in the essential nature of that which manifests itself."§ It will be noted from this quotation that Schopen-

* *Op. cit.*, Book II., Sec. 22.

† *Op. cit.*, Book II., Secs. 18 ff.

‡ *Op. cit.*, Book II., Sec. 20.

§ *Ibid.*, Sec. 21, p. 37.

hauer not only conceives of every phenomenon as a manifestation of will, but that he implies — without argument it must be admitted — the conception of the universe as consisting in its ultimate essence of One Will. "As a magic lantern," he says, "shows many and manifest pictures but there is only one and the same flame which makes them all visible, so in all the manifold phenomena which fill the world the one will is that which manifests itself." *

It is evidently of highest importance to know more precisely what Schopenhauer means by the will which constitutes reality; and it is disconcerting to find that with all his emphasis upon its one-ness, with all his insistence on the fact that we know reality only "in the most immediate consciousness of every man," with all his teaching that "every force in nature" must be "thought as will" — he yet conceives of will, so far as it is manifested in nature, as a "blind inexorable pressure (*Drang*) of unconscious nature" which only gradually rises to consciousness. Conscious will, in Schopenhauer's view of it, is synonymous with unsated desire. "The striving," he says, "of all the manifestations of will can never be filled or satisfied. Every goal attained is merely the starting-point of a new race." † Hence the ceaseless struggle which we observe and experience. "Everywhere in nature we see combat. * * * Every animal becomes the prey of another. * * * The will to live forever devours itself." ‡

It may be noted that this complete identification of will with desire in which, as will appear, both the pessimism and the ethics of Schopenhauer are rooted, is an untenable position. This may be confidently asserted on the testimony of that immediate consciousness of self which is Schopenhauer's authority for the doctrine that will is ultimate reality. To will is not to yearn, to desire helplessly; in my will I assert, I affirm myself — in opposition, it may be, to

* *Op. cit.*, Book II., Sec. 28.
† *Op. cit.*, Book II., Sec. 29.
‡ *Op. cit.*, Book II., Sec. 27.

unattained objects of desire. Thus there falls away the theoretic foundation for the pessimism by which Schopenhauer is best known. Granted his premises — that the world is will and that will consists in forever yearning for what can never be attained — and it follows that the world is, as Schopenhauer called it, the worst possible, a pendulum "endlessly swinging," as he said, "between pain and ennui, * * * a constant struggle for life with a certainty of losing it in the end."* The real strength of Schopenhauer's pessimism lies, however, not in its derivation from a questionable psychological analysis and an incompletely argued metaphysical doctrine, but in the pitiless accuracy of his empirical observation, in his merciless arraignment of life, in his refusal to be put off with the circular arguing of theists of Leibniz's type who deduce God's goodness merely from a one-sided observation of the good things in the world and then justify the evils of nature on the ground that the objects of a good God's will must be good.

Schopenhauer's ethical doctrine connects itself closely with this fundamentally pessimistic appraisal of the universe. The world is will and the world is evil — how meet the evil, then, save by negating the will? Such negation of the will may take two forms. (1) Obviously, human misery is largely due to the clash of human wills. Every human being, vaguely conscious of himself as embodiment of the One Will, behaves instinctively as if he were the only embodiment thereof, as if the universe were his — or he. Human goodness consists therefore in the attainment of the insight that these my fellow men also are manifestations of the One Will. Thus "the good man makes a less than ordinary difference between himself and others * * * recognizes himself, his very self, his will, in every being * * * therefore also in him who suffers."† At its height this sympathy, or pity, becomes self-sacrifice and the good

* *Op. cit.*, Book IV., Sec. 57.
† *Op. cit.*, Book IV., Sec. 66.

man will therefore "sacrifice his own well-being and his life for others." "So died Codrus," Schopenhauer exclaims, "so died Leonidas, Regulus, Decius Mus, Arnold von Winkelried — so dies every man who consciously goes to certain death for his friends and his fatherland."* (2) In its highest form self-negation becomes, for Schopenhauer, what he calls a denial of the will to live — a mystic sort of "entire will-less-ness." It is difficult, here, to discover his meaning. He evidently has in mind a state, equivalent to the Buddhist's Nirvana, which he further describes as a "perfect ocean-stillness of the mind." Loss of desire and loss of individuality are its essential characters, and he says explicitly (without seeming to notice the inconsistency) that it must be "freely willed."†

Schopenhauer himself summarizes his moral teaching, on its more comprehensible positive side, in the sentence: "A happy life is impossible; the highest summit which a man can attain is a heroic life."‡ These words, like the splendid glorification of Leonidas and Regulus, irresistibly recall to the reader, by force of the sorry contrast, Schopenhauer's unpatriotic flight from Berlin in 1813, his petty quarrels, his ungenerous economies, his insatiate vanity. To conclude that Schopenhauer's ethics is bare hypocrisy or conscious affectation would be to deal in superficial criticism. His conception of the good life as the life of sympathy is, in part, one of his swift intuitions, in part the reasoned result alike of his keen observation and of his metaphysical theory. But it is the chief tragedy of Schopenhauer's life that his ethics remains always vision or theory or quasi-esthetic estimate of life and never translates itself into action. As Kuno Fischer says, "he witnesses the tragedy of universal misery — himself seated in a very comfortable *fauteuil.*" It is only fair to add that he is no light-hearted spectator. The feeling which does not overflow in action embitters all his life. Too self-seeking

* *Op. cit.*, Book IV., Sec. 67.
† *Op. cit.*, Book IV., Sec. 68.
‡ *Parerga*, II., Sec. 172.

ever to yield himself to an absorbing devotion, he is yet always conscious of his need of other men.

This very summarized account of Schopenhauer's teaching must dismiss also with briefest mention the richly significant esthetic theory of Part III of *The World as Will and Idea.* In its central doctrine this differs less than Schopenhauer acknowledges from Kant's esthetic theory. But no one has ever set forth more persuasively or with ampler illustration the truth that the esthetic consciousness is an absorption of the subject in the beautiful object. In terms of Schopenhauer's underlying doctrine, the subject tears himself "free from the service of the will" and "wholly loses himself" in the object; and this object, unlike the phenomena of science, is, as it were, cut free from its environment, is not thought of as causally related or determined, is — in a word — no longer subordinated to "the law of sufficient reason."* The esthetic consciousness thus furnishes a temporary escape alike from the insatiable will to live and from the rationalizing habit of the scientific consciousness. It is much to be regretted that Schopenhauer burdens his acute analysis and vivid account of the esthetic consciousness by the quite disparate conception of the beautiful object as what he calls a "Platonic Idea" — that is, as the permanent "form" of a whole class of things. For it is, to say the least, doubtful whether Schopenhauer rightly interprets Plato, and it is certain that — as he himself has insisted — esthetic experience is concerned not at all with classes but with individuals.

The careful reader of Schopenhauer will neither deny the entire independence of his thought, nor yet agree with the philosopher's own self-satisfied estimate of its essential originality. Schopenhauer himself never tires of repeatedly acknowledging his debt to the *Upanishads,* "the consolation," he says, "of my life," and he calls Kant and Plato his masters. Obviously, as he does not fail to indicate, his idealistic point of view is not merely that of Kant, but of

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* *Op. cit.,* Book III., Sec. 34.

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Hume and Berkeley; his distinction between appearance and reality is made in Oriental philosophies, by Plato, and by Kant as well; and his conception of the universe as a numerically one being, manifested in many shapes, was perhaps suggested by Plato and certainly is the fundamental insight of Vedantic philosophy. Yet, with the possible exception of the unargued monistic doctrine, none of these conceptions is merely borrowed by Schopenhauer. He has, as it were, re-discovered each for himself, he has seen the truth "with his own eyes and not with those of another," and he has formulated it in his own way. But Schopenhauer, not unlike other writers of his own day and of ours, is seemingly blind to the likeness of his teachings to those of his immediate contemporaries. He does not see that, like Fichte and Schelling, he has really combined Spinoza's substance with Kant's noumenal self; and he is far from suspecting that Hegel has gone further than he toward the attainment of this vaguely realized goal of the post-Kantian philosophers.

Even so slight a study of the relation of Schopenhauer to predecessors and contemporaries would be incomplete without any reference to three other sources.* With all his opposition to Judaism and to traditional Christianity, Schopenhauer was strongly impressed by New Testament exhortations to pity and by certain church teachings — notably by the doctrine of original sin. He was, in the second place, perhaps insensibly influenced by the prevailing romanticism of the day; at any rate, he shared with the romantic school his subordination of reflection to intuition, his melancholy outlook and the subjectivistic side of his philosophy. More important is the influence on Schopenhauer's writing of his eager study of natural science. He pursued these studies with ardor, not only in his university years but in his later reading. The results of his wide and detailed study are everywhere apparent in his philosophy of nature, though, as has been suggested, his nature phi-

* *Cf.* Th. Ruyssen, *Schopenhauer*, pp. 97–108.

losophy is imperfectly combined with the outcome of his more purely metaphysical thinking.

There are two reasons for the comparative neglect of Schopenhauer nowadays. The student in search of a thoroughly consistent system of post-Kantianism, pushed to its furthest limits, will find himself impelled beyond Schopenhauer to Hegel. The reader, on the other hand, less concerned for entire consistency and for speculative completeness, may find the essential teachings of Schopenhauer in more modern and therefore more alluring guise. Thus, he who seeks an epigrammatic and bitter exposé of the weaknesses of human society has but to turn to Nietzsche — who, to be sure, has little save his pessimism in common with Schopenhauer, for of metaphysical groundwork he has none and in his ethics he diverges sharply from Schopenhauer's teaching that virtue consists in pity and in sympathy. To Nietzsche such an ethical doctrine is an instance of the despised Christian "slave-morality." In its place he sets an ideal, derived alike from his pessimistic conception of society and from the Darwinian hypothesis of evolution through the survival of the fittest. The suppression of the weak by the strong, the aggrandizement of the rich at the expense of the poor, the evolution after this fashion of a superman — this, according to Nietzsche, is the goal of the moral life; and in the development of this, his central thesis, he certainly loses sight of his Schopenhauerian starting point. Far closer is the likeness of Bergson, foremost of the figures on the modern philosophic stage, to Schopenhauer. Even Bergson's account of time, so different from the Kantian conception which Schopenhauer adopted, finds its parallel in Schopenhauer's treatment of the evolution of will in nature. Both writers are intuitionists believing that philosophy is essentially insight, not reasoning; and both are voluntarists, for Bergson's *élan vital,* that on-rushing life-current breaking up into individuals and species, is to all intents and purposes, one with Schopenhauer's Will to live.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA* (1819)

TRANSLATED BY R. B. HALDANE AND J. KEMP

Book I—The World as Idea

§ 1

"THE world is my idea"—this is a truth which holds good for everything that lives and knows, though man alone can bring it into reflective and abstract consciousness. If he really does this, he has attained to philosophical wisdom. It then becomes clear and certain to him that what he knows is not a sun and an earth, but only an eye that sees a sun, a hand that feels an earth; that the world which surrounds him is there only as idea, i. e., only in relation to something else, the consciousness, which is himself. If any truth can be asserted *a priori*, it is this, for it is the expression of the most general form of all possible and thinkable experience—a form which is more general than time, or space, or causality, for they all presuppose it, and each of these, which we have seen to be just so many modes of the principle of sufficient reason, is valid only for a particular class of ideas; whereas the antithesis of object and subject is the common form of all these classes, is that form under which alone any idea of whatever kind it may be, abstract or intuitive, pure or empirical, is possible and thinkable. No truth therefore is more certain, more independent of all others, and less in need of proof, than this: that all that exists for knowl-

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edge, and therefore this whole world, is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver — in a word, idea. This is obviously true of the past and the future, as well as of the present, of what is farthest off, as of what is near; for it is true of time and space themselves, in which alone these distinctions arise. All that in any way belongs or can belong to the world is inevitably thus conditioned through the subject, and exists only for the subject. The world is idea.

This truth is by no means new. It was implicitly involved in the sceptical reflections from which Descartes started. Berkeley, however, was the first who distinctly enunciated it, and by this he has rendered a permanent service to philosophy, even though the rest of his teaching should not endure. Kant's primary mistake was the neglect of this principle. How early again this truth was recognized by the wise men of India, appearing indeed as the fundamental tenet of the Vedânta philosophy ascribed to Vyasa, is pointed out by Sir William Jones in the last of his essays, *On the Philosophy of the Asiatics* (*Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv, p. 164), where he says: "The fundamental tenet of the Vedânta school consisted not in denying the existence of matter, that is, of solidity, impenetrability, and extended figure (to deny which would be lunacy), but in correcting the popular notion of it, and in contending that it has no essence independent of mental perception; that existence and perceptibility are convertible terms." These words adequately express the compatibility of empirical reality and transcendental ideality.

In this first book, then, we consider the world only from this side, only so far as it is idea. The inward reluctance with which any one accepts the world as merely his idea, warns him that this view of it, however true it may be, is nevertheless one-sided, adopted in consequence of some arbitrary abstraction; and yet it is a conception from which he can never free himself. The defectiveness of this view will be corrected in the next book by means of a truth which is not so immediately certain as that from which

we start here—a truth at which we can arrive only by deeper research and more severe abstraction, by the separation of what is different and the union of what is identical. This truth, which must be very serious and impressive if not awful to every one, is that a man can also say and must say, "The world is my will."

In this first book, however, we must consider separately that aspect of the world from which we start, its aspect as knowable, and therefore, in the meantime, we must, without reserve, regard all presented objects, even our own bodies (as we shall presently show more fully), merely as ideas, and call them merely ideas; by so doing we always abstract from will (as we hope to make clear to every one further on), which by itself constitutes the other aspect of the world. For as the world is in one aspect entirely *idea*, so in another it is entirely *will*. A reality, however, which is neither of these two, but an object in itself (into which the thing in itself has unfortunately dwindled in the hands of Kant), is the phantom of a dream.

§ 2

That which knows all things and is known by none is the subject. Thus it is the supporter of the world, that condition of all phenomena, of all objects, which is always presupposed throughout experience; for all that exists, exists only for the subject. Every one finds himself to be subject, yet only in so far as he knows, not in so far as he is an object of knowledge. But his body is object, and therefore from this point of view we call it idea. For the body is an object among objects and is conditioned by the laws of objects, although it is an immediate object. Like all objects of perception, it lies within the universal forms of knowledge, time, and space, which are the conditions of multiplicity. The subject, on the contrary, which is always the knower, never the known, does not come under these forms, but is presupposed by them; it has therefore neither multiplicity nor its opposite, unity. We never know it, but it is always the knower wherever there is knowledge.

So then the world as idea, the only aspect in which we consider it at present, has two fundamental, necessary, and inseparable halves. The one half is the object, the forms of which are space and time, and, through these, multiplicity. The other half is the subject, which is not in space and time, for it is present, entire, and undivided, in every percipient being. So that any one percipient being, with the object, constitutes the whole world as idea just as fully as the existing millions could do; but if this one were to disappear, then the whole world as idea would cease to be. These halves are therefore inseparable even for thought, for each of the two has meaning and existence only through and for the other, each appears with the other and vanishes with it. They limit each other immediately; where the object begins the subject ends. The universality of this limitation is shown by the fact that the essential and hence universal forms of all objects, space, time, and causality, may, without knowledge of the object, be discovered and fully known from a consideration of the subject, i. e., in Kantian language, they lie *a priori* in our consciousness. That he discovered this is one of Kant's principal merits, and it is a great one. I however go beyond this, and maintain that the principle of sufficient reason is the general expression for all these forms of the object of which we are *a priori* conscious; and that therefore all that we know purely *a priori,* is merely the content of that principle and what follows from it; in it all our certain *a priori* knowledge is expressed. In my essay on the principle of sufficient reason I have shown in detail how every possible object comes under it, that is, stands in a necessary relation to other objects, on the one side as determined, on the other side as determining; this is of such wide application that the whole existence of all objects, so far as they are objects, ideas, and nothing more, may be entirely traced to this their necessary relation to each other, rests only in it, is in fact merely relative; but of this, more presently. I have further shown that the necessary relation which the

principle of sufficient reason expresses generally, appears in other forms corresponding to the classes into which objects are divided, according to their possibility; and again that by these forms the proper division of the classes is tested. I take it for granted that what I said in this earlier essay is known and present to the reader. * * *

§ 5

It is needful to guard against the grave error of supposing that because perception arises through the knowledge of causality, the relation of subject and object is that of cause and effect. For this relation subsists only between the immediate object and objects known indirectly, thus always between objects alone. It is this false supposition that has given rise to the foolish controversy about the reality of the outer world — a controversy in which dogmatism and skepticism oppose each other, and the former appears, now as realism, now as idealism. Realism treats the object as cause, and the subject as its effect; the idealism of Fichte reduces the object to the effect of the subject. Since however (and this cannot be too much emphasized) there is absolutely no relation according to the principle of sufficient reason between subject and object, neither of these views could be proved, and therefore skepticism attacked them both with success. Now, just as the law of causality precedes perception and experience as their condition, and therefore cannot (as Hume thought) be derived from them, so object and subject precede all knowledge, and hence the principle of sufficient reason in general, as its first condition; for this principle is merely the form of all objects, the whole nature and possibility of their existence as phenomena. But the object always presupposes the subject, and therefore between these two there can be no relation of reason and consequent. My essay on the principle of sufficient reason accomplishes just this, for it explains the content of that principle as the essential form of every object — that is to say, as the universal nature of

all objective existence, as something which pertains to the object as such; but the object as such always presupposes the subject as its necessary correlative; and therefore the subject remains always outside the province in which the principle of sufficient reason is valid. The controversy as to the reality of the outer world rests upon this false extension of the validity of the principle of sufficient reason to the subject also, and, starting with this mistake, it can never understand itself. On the one side realistic dogmatism, looking upon the idea as the effect of the object, desires to separate these two, idea and object, which are really one, and to assume a cause quite different from the idea, an object in itself, independent of the subject, a thing which is quite inconceivable; for even as object it presupposes subject, and so remains its idea. Opposed to this doctrine is skepticism, which makes the same false presupposition that in the idea we have only the effect, never the cause, therefore never real being; that we always know merely the action of the object. But this object, it supposes, may perhaps have no resemblance whatever to its effect, may indeed have been quite erroneously received as the cause, for the law of causality is first to be gathered from experience, and the reality of experience is then made to rest upon it. Thus both of these views are open to the correction, first, that object and idea are the same; second, that the true being of the object of perception is its action, that the reality of the thing consists in this, and the demand for an existence of the object outside the idea of the subject, and also for an essence of the actual thing different from its action, has absolutely no meaning, and is contradiction; and that the knowledge of the nature of the effect of any perceived object exhausts such an object itself, so far as it is object, i. e., idea, for beyond this there is nothing more to be known. So far then, the perceived world in space and time, which makes itself known as causation alone, is entirely real, and is throughout simply what it appears to be, and it appears wholly and without reserve

as idea, bound together according to the law of causality. This is its empirical reality. On the other hand, all causality is in the understanding alone, and for the understanding. The whole actual, that is, active world is determined as such through the understanding, and apart from it is nothing. This, however, is not the only reason for altogether denying such a reality of the outer world as is taught by the dogmatist, who explains its reality as its independence of the subject. We also deny it, because no object apart from a subject can be conceived without contradiction. The whole world of objects is and remains idea, and therefore wholly and forever determined by the subject; that is to say, it has transcendental ideality. But it is not therefore illusion or mere appearance; it presents itself as that which it is, idea, and indeed as a series of ideas of which the common bond is the principle of sufficient reason. It is according to its inmost meaning quite comprehensible to the healthy understanding, and speaks a language quite intelligible to it. To dispute about its reality can occur only to a mind perverted by over-subtilty, and such discussion always arises from a false application of the principle of sufficient reason, which binds all ideas together of whatever kind they may be, but by no means connects them with the subject, nor yet with a something which is neither subject nor object, but only the ground of the object — an absurdity, for only objects can be and always are the ground of objects. If we examine more closely the source of this question as to the reality of the outer world, we find that besides the false application of the principle of sufficient reason generally to what lies beyond its province, a special confusion of its forms is also involved; for that form which it has only in reference to concepts or abstract ideas is applied to perceived ideas, real objects; and a ground of knowing is demanded of objects, whereas they can have nothing but a ground of being. Among the abstract ideas, the concepts united in the judgment, the principle of sufficient reason appears in such a way that each of these has its worth, its validity, and

its whole existence, here called *truth,* simply and solely through the relation of the judgment to something outside of it, its ground of knowledge, to which there must consequently always be a return. Among real objects, ideas of perception, on the other hand, the principle of sufficient reason appears not as the principle of the ground of *knowing,* but of *being,* as the law of causality; every real object has paid its debt to it, inasmuch as it has come to be, i. e., has appeared as the effect of a cause. The demand for a ground of knowing has therefore here no application and no meaning, but belongs to quite another class of things. Thus the world of perception raises in the observer no question or doubt so long as he remains in contact with it; there is here neither error nor truth, for these are confined to the province of the abstract — the province of reflection. But here the world lies open for sense and understanding, presents itself with naïve truth as that which it really is — ideas of perception which develop themselves according to the law of causality.

So far as we have considered the question of the reality of the outer world, it arises from a confusion which amounts even to a misunderstanding of reason itself, and therefore thus far the question could be answered only by explaining its meaning. After examination of the whole nature of the principle of sufficient reason, of the relation of subject and object, and the special conditions of sense perception, the question itself disappeared because it had no longer any meaning. There is, however, one other possible origin of this question, quite different from the purely speculative one which we have considered, a specially empirical origin, though the question is always raised from a speculative point of view, and in this form it has a much more comprehensible meaning than it had in the first. We have dreams — may not our whole life be a dream? Or, more exactly, is there a sure criterion of the distinction between dreams and reality, between phantasms and real objects? The assertion that what is dreamt is less vivid and distinct than what we actually perceive is not to the point, because

no one has ever been able to make a fair comparison of the two; for we can compare the recollection of a dream only with the present reality. Kant answers the question thus: "The connection of ideas among themselves, according to the law of causality, constitutes the difference between real life and dreams." But in dreams, as well as in real life, everything is connected, individually at any rate, in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason in all its forms, and in this connection is broken only between life and dreams, or between one dream and another. Kant's answer therefore could only run thus: The *long* dream (life) has, throughout, complete connection according to the principle of sufficient reason; it has not this connection, however, with the *short* dreams, although each of these has in itself the same connection; the bridge is therefore broken between the former and the latter, and on this account we distinguish them.

But to institute an inquiry according to this criterion, as to whether something was dreamt or seen, would always be difficult and often impossible. For we are by no means in a position to trace link by link the causal connection between any experienced event and the present moment, but we do not on that account explain it as dreamt; therefore in real life we do not commonly employ that method of distinguishing between dreams and reality. The only sure criterion by which to distinguish them is in fact the entirely empirical one of awaking, through which at any rate the causal connection between dreamed events and those of waking life is distinctly and sensibly broken off. This is strongly supported by the remark of Hobbes in the second chapter of Leviathan, that we easily mistake dreams for reality if we have unintentionally fallen asleep without taking off our clothes, and much more so when it also happens that some undertaking or design fills all our thoughts and occupies our dreams as well as our waking moments. We then observe the awaking just as little as the falling asleep, and dream and reality run together and become confounded. In such a case, indeed, there is noth-

ing for it but the application of Kant's criterion; but if, as often happens, we fail to establish, by means of this criterion, either the existence of causal connection with the present or the absence of such connection, then it must forever remain uncertain whether an event was dreamt or really happened. Here, in fact, the intimate relationship between life and dreams is brought out very clearly, and we need not be ashamed to confess it, as it has been recognized and spoken of by many great men. The Vedas and Puranas have no better simile than a dream for the whole knowledge of the actual world, which they call the web of Mâyâ, and they use none more frequently. Plato often says that men live only in a dream; the philosopher alone strives to awake himself. Pindar says (ii. n. 135): *σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος* (*umbrae somnium homo*), and Sophocles:

> *Ὁρῶ γὰρ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν*
> *Εἴδωλ' ὅσοιπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν.*—Ajax, 125.

(*Nos enim, quicunque vivimus, nihil aliud esse comperio quam simulacra et levem umbram.*) Beside which most worthily stands Shakespeare:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep." — *Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. i.

Lastly, Calderon was so deeply impressed with this view of life that he sought to embody it in a kind of metaphysical drama — *Life a Dream.*

After these numerous quotations from the poets, perhaps I also may be allowed to express myself by a metaphor: Life and dreams are leaves of the same book. The systematic reading of this book is real life, but when the reading hours (that is, the day) are over, we often continue idly to turn over the leaves and read a page here and there without method or connection — often one we have read before, sometimes one that is new to us, but always in the same book. Such an isolated page is indeed out of connection with the systematic study of the book, but it does not

seem so very different when we remember that the whole continuous perusal begins and ends just as abruptly and may therefore be regarded as merely a larger single page.

Thus although individual dreams are distinguished from real life by the fact that they do not fit into that continuity which runs through the whole of experience, and the act of awaking brings this into consciousness, yet that very continuity of experience belongs to real life as its form, and the dream on its part can point to a similar continuity in itself. If, therefore, we consider the question from a point of view external to both, there is no distinct difference in their nature, and we are forced to concede to the poets that life is a long dream.

Let us turn back now from this quite independent empirical origin of the question of the reality of the outer world, to its speculative origin. We found that this consisted, first, in the false application of the principle of sufficient reason to the relation of subject and object; and second, in the confusion of its forms, inasmuch as the principle of sufficient reason of knowing was extended to a province in which the principle of sufficient reason of being is valid. But the question could hardly have occupied philosophers so constantly if it were entirely devoid of all real content, and if some true thought and meaning did not lie at its heart as its real source. Accordingly, we must assume that when the element of truth that lies at the bottom of the question first came into reflection and sought its expression, it became involved in these confused and meaningless forms and problems. This at least is my opinion, and I think that the true expression of that inmost meaning of the question, which it failed to find, is this: What is this world of perception besides being my idea? Is that of which I am conscious only as idea exactly like my own body, of which I am doubly conscious, in one aspect as *idea,* in another aspect as *will?* The fuller explanation of this question and its answer in the affirmative will form the content of the second book, and its consequences will occupy the remaining portion of this work.

Book II — The Objectification of the Will

§ 17

* * * What now impels us to inquiry is, that we are not satisfied with knowing that we have ideas, that they are such and such, and that they are connected according to certain laws, the general expression of which always is the principle of sufficient reason. We wish to know the significance of these ideas and ask whether this world is merely idea, in which case it would pass by us like an empty dream or a baseless vision, not worth our notice; or whether it is also something else, something more than idea — and, if so, what. Thus much is certain, that this something we seek for must be completely and in its whole nature different from the idea; that the forms and laws of the idea must therefore be completely foreign to it; further, that we cannot arrive at it from the idea under the guidance of the laws which merely combine objects, ideas, among themselves, and which are the forms of the principle of sufficient reason.

Thus we see already that we can never arrive at the real nature of things from without. However much we investigate, we can never reach anything but images and names. We are like a man who goes round a castle seeking in vain for an entrance, and sometimes sketching the façades.

§ 18

In fact, the meaning for which we seek of that world which is present to us only as our idea, or the transition from the world as mere idea of the knowing subject to whatever it may be beside this, would never be found if the investigator himself were nothing more than the pure knowing subject (a winged cherub without a body). But he is himself rooted in that world; he finds himself in it as an *individual,* that is to say, his knowledge, which is the necessary supporter of the whole world as idea, is yet always given through the medium of a body, whose affections are, as we have shown, the starting-point for the understanding in the perception of that world. This body

is, for the purely knowing subject as such, an idea like every other idea, an object among objects. Its movements and actions are so far known to him in precisely the same way as the changes of all other perceived objects, and would be just as strange and incomprehensible to him if their meaning were not explained for him in an entirely different way; otherwise he would see his actions follow upon given motives with the constancy of a law of nature, just as the changes of other objects follow upon causes stimuli, or motives, but he would not understand the influence of the motives any more than the connection between every other effect which he sees and its cause. He would then call the inner nature of these manifestations and actions of his body which he did not understand a force, a quality, or a character, as he pleased, but he would have no further insight into it. But all this is not the case; the answer to the riddle is rather given to the subject of knowledge who appears as an individual, and the answer is *will*. This and this alone gives him the key to his own existence, reveals to him the significance, shows him the inner mechanism of his being, of his action, of his movements. The body is given in two entirely different ways to the subject of knowledge, who becomes an individual only through his identity with it. It is given as an idea in intelligent perception, as an object among objects and subject to the laws of objects; and it is also given in quite a different way as that which is immediately known to every one, and is signified by the word *will*. Every true act of his will is also at once and without exception a movement of his body. The act of will and the movement of the body are not two different things objectively known, which the bond of causality unites; they do not stand in the relation of cause and effect; they are one and the same, but they are given in two entirely different ways — immediately, and again in perception for the understanding. The action of the body is nothing but the act of the will objectified, i. e., passed into perception. It will appear later that this is true of every movement of

the body, not merely those which follow upon motives, but also involuntary movements which follow upon mere stimuli, and, indeed, that the whole body is nothing but objectified will, i. e., will become idea. All this will be proved and made quite clear in the course of this work. In another respect, therefore, I shall call the body the *objectivity of will;* as in the previous book, and in the essay on the principle of sufficient reason, in accordance with the one-sided point of view intentionally adopted there (that of the idea), I called it *the immediate object.* Thus in a certain sense we may also say that will is the knowledge *a priori* of the body, and the body is the knowledge *a posteriori* of the will. Resolutions of the will which relate to the future are merely deliberations of the reason about what we shall will at a particular time, not real acts of will. Only the carrying out of the resolve stamps it as will, for till then it is never more than an intention that may be changed, and that exists only in the reason *in abstracto.* It is only in reflection that to will and to act are different; in reality they are one. Every true, genuine, immediate act of will is also, at once and immediately, a visible act of the body; and, corresponding to this, every impression upon the body is also, on the other hand, at once and immediately an impression upon the will. As such it is called pain when it is opposed to the will, gratification or pleasure when it is in accordance with it; the degrees of both are widely different. It is quite wrong, however, to call pain and pleasure ideas, for they are by no means ideas, but immediate affections of the will in its manifestation, the body — compulsory, instantaneous willing or not-willing of the impression which the body sustains. There are only a few impressions of the body which do not touch the will, and it is through these alone that the body is an immediate object of knowledge, for, as perceived by the understanding, it is already an indirect object like all others. These impressions are, therefore, to be treated directly as mere ideas, and excepted from what has been said. The impres-

sions we refer to are the affections of the purely objective senses of sight, hearing, and touch, though only so far as these organs are affected in the way which is specially peculiar to their specific nature. This affection of them is so excessively weak an excitement of the heightened and specifically modified sensibility of these parts that it does not affect the will, but only furnishes the understanding with the data out of which the perception arises, undisturbed by any excitement of the will. But every stronger or different kind of affection of these organs of sense is painful, that is to say, against the will, and thus they also belong to its objectivity. Weakness of the nerves shows itself in this, that the impressions which have only such a degree of strength as would usually be sufficient to make them data for the understanding reach the higher degree at which they influence the will, that is to say, give pain or pleasure, though more often pain, which is, however, to some extent deadened and inarticulate, so that not only particular tones and strong light are painful to us, but there ensues a generally unhealthy and hypochondriacal disposition which is not distinctly understood. The identity of the body and the will shows itself further, among other ways, in the circumstance that every vehement and excessive movement of the will, i. e., every emotion, agitates the body and its inner constitution directly, and disturbs the course of its vital functions.

Lastly, the knowledge which I have of my will, though it is immediate, cannot be separated from that which I have of my body. I know my will, not as a whole, not as a unity, not completely, according to its nature, but I know it only in its particular acts, and therefore in time, which is the form of the phenomenal aspect of my body, as of every object; therefore the body is a condition of the knowledge of my will; thus I cannot really imagine this will apart from my body. In the essay on the principle of sufficient reason, the will, or rather the subject of willing, is treated, indeed, as a special class of ideas or objects. But even

there we saw this object become one with the subject; that is, we saw it cease to be an object. We there called this union the miracle κατ' ἐξοχήν, and the whole of the present work is to a certain extent an explanation of this. So far as I know my will specially as object, I know it as body. But then I am again at the first class of ideas laid down in that essay, i. e., real objects. As we proceed we shall see always more clearly that these ideas of the first class obtain their explanation and solution from those of the fourth class given in the essay, which could no longer be properly opposed to the subject as object, and that, therefore, we must learn to understand the inner nature of the law of causality which is valid in the first class, and of all that happens in accordance with it from the law of motivation which governs the fourth class.

The identity of the will and the body, of which we have now given a cursory explanation, can be proved only in the manner we have adopted here. We have proved this identity for the first time, and shall do so more and more fully in the course of this work. By "proved" we mean raised from the immediate consciousness, from knowledge in the concrete to abstract knowledge of the reason, or carried over into abstract knowledge. On the other hand, from its very nature it can never be demonstrated, that is, deduced as indirect knowledge from some other more direct knowledge, just because it is itself the most direct knowledge; and if we do not apprehend it and stick to it as such, we shall expect in vain to receive it again in some indirect way as derivative knowledge. It is knowledge of quite a special kind, whose truth cannot therefore properly be brought under any of the four rubrics under which I have classified all truth in the essay on the principle of sufficient reason — the logical, the empirical, the metaphysical, and the metalogical; for it is not, like all these, the relation of an abstract idea to another idea, or to the necessary form of perceptive or of abstract ideation, but it is the relation of a judgment to the connection which an idea of percep-

tion, the body, has to that which is not an idea at all, but something *toto genere* different — will. I should like therefore to distinguish this from all other truth, and call it κατ' ἐξοχήν, *philosophical truth.* We can turn the expression of this truth in different ways and say: My body and my will are one; or, What as an idea of perception I call my body, I call my will, so far as I am conscious of it in an entirely different way which cannot be compared to any other; or, My body is the *objectivity* of my will.

§ 19

In the first book we were reluctantly driven to explain the human body as merely idea of the subject which knows it, like all the other objects of this world of perception. But it has now become clear that what enables us consciously to distinguish our own body from all other objects which in other respects are precisely the same, is that our body appears in consciousness in quite another way *toto genere* different from idea, and this we denote by the word *will;* and that it is just this double knowledge which we have of our own body that affords us information about it, about its action and movement following on motives, and also about what it experiences by means of external impressions; in a word, about what is it, not as idea, but as more than idea — that is to say, what it is *in itself.* None of this information have we got directly with regard to the nature, action, and experience of other real objects.

It is just because of this special relation to one body that the knowing subject is an individual. For regarded apart from this relation, his body is, for him, only an idea like all other ideas. But the relation through which the knowing subject is an *individual,* is just on that account a relation which subsists only between him and one particular idea of all those which he has. Therefore he is conscious of this one idea, not merely as an idea, but in quite a different way as a will. If, however, he abstracts from

that special relation, from that twofold and completely heterogeneous knowledge of what is one and the same, then that *one,* the body, is an idea like all other ideas. Therefore, in order to understand the matter, the individual who knows must either assume that what distinguishes that one idea from others is merely the fact that his knowledge stands in this double relation to it alone, that insight in two ways at the same time is open to him only in the case of this one object of perception, and that this is to be explained not by the difference of this object from all others, but only by the difference between the relation of his knowledge to this one object and its relation to all other objects. Or else he must assume that this one object is essentially different from all others, that it alone of all objects is at once both will and idea, while the rest are only ideas, i. e., only phantoms. Thus he must assume that his body is the only real individual in the world, i. e., the only phenomenon of will and the only immediate object of the subject. That the other objects, considered merely as *ideas,* are like his body — that is, like it, fill space (which itself can be present only as idea), and also, like it, are causally active in space, is indeed demonstrably certain from the law of causality which is *a priori* valid for ideas, and which admits of no effect without a cause; but apart from the fact that we can only reason from an effect to a cause generally, and not to a similar cause, we are still in the sphere of mere ideas, in which alone the law of causality is valid and beyond which it can never take us. But whether the objects known to the individual only as ideas are yet, like his own body, manifestations of a will, is, as was said in the First Book, the proper meaning of the question as to the reality of the external world. To deny this is *theoretical egoism,* which on that account regards all phenomena that are outside its own will as phantoms, just as in a practical reference exactly the same thing is done by practical egoism. For in it a man regards and

treats himself alone as a person, and all other persons as mere phantoms. Theoretical egoism can never be demonstrably refuted, yet in philosophy it has certainly never been used otherwise than as a skeptical sophism, i. e., a pretense. As a serious conviction, on the other hand, it could be found only in a madhouse, and as such it stands in need of a cure rather than a refutation. We do not therefore combat it any further in this regard, but treat it as merely the last stronghold of skepticism, which is always polemical. Thus our knowledge, which is always bound to individuality and is limited by this circumstance, brings with it the necessity that each of us can only *be one,* while, on the other hand, each of us can *know all;* and it is this limitation that creates the need for philosophy. We therefore who, for this very reason, are striving to extend the limits of our knowledge through philosophy, will treat this skeptical argument of theoretical egoism which meets us, as an army would treat a small frontier fortress. The fortress cannot indeed be taken, but neither can the garrison ever sally forth from it, and therefore we pass it by without danger and are not afraid to have it in our rear.

The double knowledge which each of us has of the nature and activity of his own body, and which is given in two completely different ways, has now been clearly brought out. We shall accordingly make further use of it as a key to the nature of every phenomenon in nature, and shall judge of all objects which are not our own bodies, and are consequently not given to our consciousness in a double way but only as ideas, according to the analogy of our own bodies, and shall therefore assume that as, in one respect, they are idea, just like our bodies, and in this respect are analogous to them, so, in another aspect, what remains of objects when we set aside their existence as idea of the subject, must in its inner nature be the same as that in us which we call *will.* For what other kind of existence or reality should we attribute to the rest of the material

world? Whence should we take the elements out of which we construct such a world? Besides will and idea nothing is known to us, or thinkable. If we wish to attribute the greatest known reality to the material world which exists immediately only in our idea, we give it the reality which our own body has for each of us; for that is the most real thing for every one. But if we now analyze the reality of this body and its actions, beyond the fact that it is our idea we find nothing in it except the will; with this its reality is exhausted. Therefore we can nowhere find another kind of reality which we can attribute to the material world. Thus if we hold that the material world is something more than merely our idea, we must say that besides being idea, that is, in itself * * * it is that which we find immediately in ourselves as *will.* * * *

§ 21

Whoever has now gained from all these expositions a knowledge *in abstracto,* and therefore clear and certain, of what every one knows directly *in concreto,* i. e., as feeling, a knowledge that his will is the real inner nature of his phenomenal being, which manifests itself to him as idea, both in his actions and in their permanent substratum, his body, and that his will is that which is most immediate in his consciousness, though it has not as such completely passed into the form of idea in which object and subject stand over against each other, but makes itself known to him in a direct manner, in which he does not quite clearly distinguish subject and object, yet is not known as a whole to the individual himself, but only in its particular acts — whoever, I say, has with me gained this conviction will find that of itself it affords him the key to the knowledge of the inmost being of the whole of nature; for he now transfers it to all those phenomena which are not given to him, like his own phenomenal existence, both in direct and indirect knowledge, but only in the latter, thus merely one-sidedly as *idea* alone. He will recognize this will of which

we are speaking not only in those phenomenal existences which exactly resemble his own, in men and animals as their inmost nature, but the course of reflection will lead him to recognize the force which germinates and vegetates in the plant, the force through which the crystal is formed, that by which the magnet turns to the North Pole, the force whose shock he experiences from the contact of two different kinds of metals, the force which appears in the elective affinities of matter as repulsion and attraction, decomposition and combination, and, lastly, even gravitation which acts so powerfully throughout matter, draws the stone to the earth and the earth to the sun — all these, I say, he will recognize as different only in their phenomenal existence, but in their inner nature as identical as that which is directly known to him so intimately and so much better than anything else, and which in its most distinct manifestation is called *will*. It is this application of reflection alone that prevents us from remaining any longer at the phenomenon, and leads us to the *thing in itself*. Phenomenal existence is idea and nothing more. All idea, of whatever kind it may be, all *object*, is *phenomenal* existence, but the *will* alone is a *thing in itself*. As such, it is throughout not idea, but *toto genere* different from it; it is that of which all idea, all object, is the phenomenal appearance, the visibility, the objectification. It is the inmost nature, the kernel, of every particular thing, and also of the whole. It appears in every blind force of nature and also in the preconsidered action of man; and the great difference between these two is merely in the degree of the manifestation, not in the nature of what manifests itself.

§ 25

We know that *multiplicity* in general is necessarily conditioned by space and time, and is only thinkable in them. * * * But we have found that time and space are forms of the principle of sufficient reason. In this principle all our knowledge *a priori* is expressed, but, as we showed

above, this *a priori* knowledge, as such, applies only to the knowableness of things, not to the things themselves, i. e., it is only our form of knowledge, it is not a property of the thing-in-itself. The thing-in-itself is, as such, free from all forms of knowledge, even the most universal, that of being an object for the subject. In other words, the thing-in-itself is something altogether different from the idea. If, now, this thing-in-itself is *the will*, as I believe I have fully and convincingly proved it to be, then, regarded as such and apart from its manifestation, it lies outside time and space, and therefore knows no multiplicity, and is consequently *one*. Yet, as I have said, it is not one in the sense in which an individual or a concept is one, but as something to which the condition of the possibility of multiplicity, the *principium individuationis*, is foreign. The multiplicity of things in space and time, which collectively constitute the objectification of will, does not affect the will itself, which remains indivisible notwithstanding it. It is not the case that, in some way or other, a smaller part of will is in the stone and a larger part in the man, for the relation of part and whole belongs exclusively to space and has no longer any meaning when we go beyond this form of perception. The more and the less have application only to the phenomenon of will, that is, its visibility, its objectification. Of this there is a higher grade in the plant than in the stone, in the animal a higher grade than in the plant; indeed, the passage of will into visibility, its objectification, has grades as innumerable as exist between the dimmest twilight and the brightest sunshine, the loudest sound and the faintest echo. We shall return later to the consideration of these grades of visibility which belong to the objectification of the will, to the reflection of its nature. But as the grades of its objectification do not directly concern the will itself, still less is it concerned by the multiplicity of the phenomena of these different grades, i. e., the multitude of individuals of each form, or the particular

manifestations of each force. For this multiplicity is directly conditioned by time and space, into which the will itself never enters. The will reveals itself as completely and as much in *one* oak as in millions. Their number and multiplication in space and time has no meaning with regard to it, but only with regard to the multiplicity of individuals who know in space and time, and who are themselves multiplied and dispersed in these. The multiplicity of these individuals itself belongs not to the will, but only to its manifestation. We may therefore say that if, *per impossibile*, a single real existence, even the most insignificant, were to be entirely annihilated, the whole world would necessarily perish with it. The great mystic Angelus Silesius feels this when he says—

> "I know God cannot live an instant without me;
> He must give up the ghost if I should cease to be."

Men have tried in various ways to bring the immeasurable greatness of the material universe nearer to the comprehension of us all, and then they have seized the opportunity to make edifying remarks. They have referred perhaps to the relative smallness of the earth, and indeed of man; or, on the contrary, they have pointed out the greatness of the mind of this man who is so insignificant—the mind that can solve, comprehend, and even measure the greatness of the universe, and so forth. Now, all this is very well, but to me, when I consider the vastness of the world, the most important point is this—that the thing-in-itself, whose manifestation is the world (whatever else it may be) cannot have its true self spread out and dispersed after this fashion in boundless space, but that this endless extension belongs only to its manifestation. The thing-in-itself, on the contrary, is present entire and undivided in every object of nature and in every living being. Therefore we lose nothing by standing still beside any single individual thing, and true wisdom is not to be gained by measuring

out the boundless world, or, what would be more to the purpose, by actually traversing endless space. It is rather to be attained by the thorough investigation of any individual thing, for thus we seek to arrive at a full knowledge and understanding of its true and peculiar nature.

The subject which will therefore be fully considered in the next book, and which has, doubtless, already presented itself to the mind of every student of Plato, is, that these different grades of the objectification of will which are manifested in innumerable individuals and exist as their unattained types or as the eternal forms of things, not entering themselves into time and space, which are the medium of individual things, but remaining fixed, subject to no change, always being, never becoming, while the particular things arise and pass away, always become and never are — that these *grades of the objectification of will* are, I say, simply *Plato's Ideas.* I make this passing reference to the matter here in order that I may be able in future to use the word *Idea* in this sense. In my writings, therefore, the word is always to be understood in its true and original meaning given to it by Plato, and has absolutely no reference to those abstract productions of dogmatizing scholastic reason, which Kant has inaptly and illegitimately used this word to denote, though Plato had already appropriated and used it most fitly. By Idea, then, I understand every definite and fixed grade of the objectification of will, so far as it is thing-in-itself, and therefore has no multiplicity. These grades are related to individual things as their eternal forms or prototypes. The shortest and most concise statement of this famous Platonic doctrine is given us by Diogenes Laertes (iii. 12): *"'Ο Πλάτων φησί, ἐν τῇ φύσει τὰς ἰδέας ἑστάναι, καθάπερ παραδείγματα, τὰ δ' ἄλλα ταύταις ἐοικέναι τούτων ὁμοιώματα καθέστωτα."*—*Plato ideas in natura velut exemplaria dixit subsistere; cetera his esse similia, ad istarum similitudinem consistentia.*

Book III — The Platonic Idea: the Object of Art

§ 32

It follows from our consideration of the subject, that, for us, Idea and thing-in-itself are not entirely one and the same, in spite of the inner agreement between Kant and Plato, and the identity of the aim they had before them or the conception of the world which roused them and led them to philosophize. The Idea is for us rather the direct, and therefore adequate, objectivity of the thing-in-itself, which is, however, itself the *will* — the will as not yet objectified, not yet become idea. For the thing-in-itself must, even according to Kant, be free from all the forms connected with knowing as such; and it is merely an error on his part that he did not count among these forms, before all others, that of being object for a subject, for it is the first and most universal form of all phenomena, i. e., of all idea; he should therefore have distinctly denied objective existence to his thing-in-itself, which would have saved him from a great inconsistency that was soon discovered. The Platonic Idea, on the other hand, is necessarily object, something known, an idea, and in that respect is different from the thing-in-itself, but in that respect only. It has merely laid aside the subordinate forms of the phenomenon, all of which we include in the principle of sufficient reason, or rather it has not yet assumed them; but it has retained the first and most universal form, that of the idea in general, the form of being object for a subject. It is the forms which are subordinate to this (whose general expression is the principle of sufficient reason) that multiply the Idea in particular transitory individuals, whose number is a matter of complete indifference to the Idea. The principle of sufficient reason is thus again the form into which the Idea enters when it appears in the knowledge of the subject as individual. The particular thing that manifests itself in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason is thus only an indirect objectification of the thing-in-itself (which is the will), for between it and the thing-in-itself stands

the Idea as the only direct objectivity of the will, because it has assumed none of the special forms of knowledge as such, except that of the idea in general, i. e., the form of being object for a subject. Therefore it alone is the most *adequate objectivity* of the will or thing-in-itself which is possible; indeed it is the whole thing-in-itself, only under the form of the idea; and here lies the ground of the great agreement between Plato and Kant, although, in strict accuracy, that of which they speak is not the same. But the particular things are no really adequate objectivity of the will, for in them it is obscured by those forms whose general expression is the principle of sufficient reason, but which are conditions of the knowledge which belongs to the individual as such. If it is allowable to draw conclusions from an impossible presupposition, we would, in fact, no longer know particular things, nor events, nor change, nor multiplicity, but would comprehend only Ideas — only the grades of the objectification of that one will, of the thing-in-itself, in pure unclouded knowledge. Consequently our world would be a *nunc stans*, if it were not that, as knowing subjects, we are also individuals, i. e., our perceptions come to us through the medium of a body, from the affections of which they proceed, and which is itself only concrete willing, objectivity of the will, and thus is an object among objects, and as such comes into the knowing consciousness in the only way in which an object can, through the forms of the principle of sufficient reason, and consequently already presupposes, and therefore brings in, time. Time is only the broken and piecemeal view which the individual being has of the Ideas, which are outside time, and consequently *eternal*. Therefore Plato says time is the moving picture of eternity: *αἰῶνος εἰκὼν κινητὴ ὁ χρόνος.*

§ 35

In order to gain a deeper insight into the nature of the world, it is absolutely necessary that we should learn to distinguish the will as thing-in-itself from its adequate objectivity, and also the different grades in which this

appears more and more distinctly and fully, i. e., the Ideas themselves, from the merely phenomenal existence of these Ideas in the forms of the principle of sufficient reason, the restricted method of knowledge of the individual. We shall then agree with Plato when he attributes actual being only to the Ideas, and allows only an illusive, dream-like existence to things in space and time, the real world for the individual. Then we shall understand how one and the same Idea reveals itself in so many phenomena, and presents its nature only bit by bit to the individual, one side after another. Then we shall also distinguish the Idea itself from the way in which its manifestation appears in the observation of the individual, and recognize the former as essential and the latter as unessential. Let us consider this with the help of examples taken from the most insignificant things, and also from the greatest. When the clouds move, the figures which they form are not essential, but indifferent to them; but that as elastic vapor they are pressed together, drifted along, spread out, or torn asunder by the force of the wind — this is their nature, the essence of the forces which objectify themselves in them, the Idea; their actual forms are only for the individual observer. To the brook that flows over stones, the eddies, the waves, the foam-flakes which it forms are indifferent and unessential; but that it follows the attraction of gravity, and behaves as inelastic, perfectly mobile, formless, transparent fluid — this is its nature; this, *if known through perception*, is its Idea; those accidental forms are only for us so long as we know as individuals. The ice on the window-pane forms itself into crystals according to the laws of crystallization, which reveal the essence of the force of nature that appears here, exhibit the Idea; but the trees and flowers which it traces on the pane are unessential, and are only there for us. What appears in the clouds, the brook, and the crystal is the weakest echo of that will which appears more fully in the plant, more fully still in the beast, and most fully in man. But only the essential in all these grades of its objectification constitutes the Idea; on the

other hand, its unfolding or development, because broken up in the forms of the principle of sufficient reason into a multiplicity of many-sided phenomena, is unessential to the Idea, lies merely in the kind of knowledge that belongs to the individual and has reality only for this. The same thing necessarily holds good of the unfolding of that Idea which is the completest objectivity of will. Therefore, the history of the human race, the throng of events, the change of times, the multifarious forms of human life in different lands and countries — all this is only the accidental form of the manifestation of the Idea, does not belong to the Idea itself, in which alone lies the adequate objectivity of the will, but only to the phenomenon which appears in the knowledge of the individual, and is just as foreign, unessential, and indifferent to the Idea itself as the figures which they assume are to the clouds, the form of its eddies and foam-flakes to the brook, or its trees and flowers to the ice.

To him who has thoroughly grasped this, and can distinguish between the will and the Idea, and between the Idea and its manifestation, the events of the world will have significance only so far as they are the letters out of which we may read the Idea of man, but not in and for themselves. He will not believe with the vulgar that time may produce something actually new and significant; that through it, or in it, something absolutely real may attain to existence, or indeed that it itself as a whole has beginning and end, plan and development, and in some way has for its final aim the highest perfection (according to their conception) of the last generation of man, whose life is a brief thirty years. Therefore he will just as little, with Homer, people a whole Olympus with gods to guide the events of time, as, with Ossian, he will take the forms of the clouds for individual beings; for, as we have said, both have just as much meaning as regards the Idea which appears in them. In the manifold forms of human life and in the unceasing change of events, he will regard the Idea only as the abid-

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ing and essential, in which the will to live has its fullest objectivity, and which shows its different sides in the capacities, the passions, the errors and the excellences of the human race; in self-interest, hatred, love, fear, boldness, frivolity, stupidity, slyness, wit, genius, and so forth — all of which, crowding together and combining in thousands of forms (individuals), continually create the history of the great and the little world in which it is all the same whether they are set in motion by nuts or by crowns. Finally, he will find that in the world it is the same as in the dramas of Gozzi, in all of which the same persons appear, with like intention, and with a like fate; the motives and incidents are certainly different in each piece, but the spirit of the incidents is the same; the actors in one piece know nothing of the incidents of another, although they performed in it themselves; therefore, after all experience of former pieces, Pantaloon has become no more agile or generous, Tartaglia no more conscientious, Brighella no more courageous, and Columbine no more modest.

Suppose we were allowed for once a clearer glance into the kingdom of the possible, and over the whole chain of causes and effects; suppose the earth-spirit appeared and showed us in a picture all the greatest men, enlighteners of the world, and heroes, that chance destroyed before they were ripe for their work, then the great events that would have changed the history of the world and brought in periods of the highest culture and enlightenment, but which the blindest chance, the most insignificant accident, hindered at the outset, and, lastly, the splendid powers of great men, that would have enriched whole ages of the world, but which, either misled by error or passion, or compelled by necessity, they squandered uselessly on unworthy or unfruitful objects, or even wasted in play; if we saw all this, we would shudder and lament at the thought of the lost treasures of whole periods of the world. But the earth-spirit would smile and say: "The source from which the individuals and their powers proceed is inexhaustible

and unending as time and space; for, like these forms of all phenomena, they also are only phenomena * * * No finite measure can exhaust that infinite source; therefore an undiminished eternity is always open for the return of any event or work that was nipped in the bud. In this world of phenomena true loss is just as little possible as true gain. The will alone is; it is the thing-in-itself, and the source of all these phenomena. Its self-knowledge and its assertion or denial * * * is the only event in-itself."

§ 36

History follows the thread of events; it is pragmatic so far as it deduces them in accordance with the law of motivation, a law that determines the self-manifesting will wherever it is enlightened by knowledge. At the lowest grades of its objectivity, where it still acts without knowledge, natural science, in the form of etiology, treats of the laws of the changes of its phenomena, and, in the form of morphology, of what is permanent in them. This almost endless task is lightened by the aid of concepts, which comprehend what is general in order that we may deduce from it what is particular. Lastly, mathematics treats of the mere forms, time and space, in which the Ideas, broken up into multiplicity, appear for the knowledge of the subject as individual. All these, of which the common name is science, proceed according to the principle of sufficient reason in its different forms, and their theme is always the phenomenon, its laws, connections, and the relations which result from them. But what kind of knowledge is concerned with that which is outside and independent of all relations, that which alone is really essential to the world, the true content of its phenomena, that which is subject to no change, and therefore is known with equal truth for all time—in a word, the *Ideas*, which are the direct and adequate objectivity of the thing-in-itself, the will? We answer, *Art*, the work of genius. It repeats or reproduces the eternal Ideas grasped through pure contemplation, the essential and abiding in all the phenomena of the world;

and according to what the material is in which it reproduces, it is sculpture or painting, poetry or music. Its one source is the knowledge of Ideas; its one aim the communication of this knowledge. While science, following the unresting and inconstant stream of the fourfold forms of reason and consequent, with each end attained sees further but can never reach a final goal nor attain full satisfaction, any more than by running we can reach the place where the clouds touch the horizon; art, on the contrary, is everywhere at its goal; for it plucks the object of its contemplation out of the stream of the world's course, and has it isolated before it. And this particular thing, which in that stream was a small perishing part, becomes to art the representative of the whole, an equivalent of the endless multitude in space and time. It therefore pauses at this particular thing; the course of time stops; the relations vanish for it; only the essential, the Idea, is its object. We may, therefore, accurately define it as the *way of viewing things independent of the principle of sufficient reason*, in opposition to the way of viewing them which proceeds in accordance with that principle, and which is the method of experience and of science. This last method of considering things may be compared to a line infinitely extended in a horizontal direction, and the former to a vertical line which cuts it at any point. Viewing things which proceed in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason is the rational plan, and it alone is valid and of use in practical life and in science. The method which looks away from the content of this principle is that of genius, which is valid and of use only in art. The first is the method of Aristotle; the second is, on the whole, that of Plato. The first is like the mighty storm, that rushes along without beginning and without aim, bending, agitating, and carrying away everything before it; the second is like the silent sunbeam, that pierces through the storm quite unaffected by it. The first is like the innumerable showering drops of the waterfall, which, constantly changing, never rest for an instant; the second is like the rainbow, quietly

resting on this raging torrent. Only through the pure contemplation described above, which ends entirely in the object, can Ideas be comprehended; and the nature of *genius* consists in preëminent capacity for such contemplation. Now, as this requires that a man should entirely forget himself and the relations in which he stands, *genius* is simply complete *objectivity*, i. e., the objective tendency of the mind, as opposed to the subjective, which is directed to one's own self — in other words, to the will. Thus genius is the faculty of continuing in the state of pure perception, of losing oneself in perception, and of enlisting in this service the knowledge which originally existed only for the service of the will; that is to say, genius is the power of leaving one's own interests, wishes, and aims entirely out of sight, and thus of entirely renouncing one's own personality for a time, so as to remain *pure knowing subject*, clear vision of the world — and this not merely at moments, but for a sufficient length of time and with sufficient consciousness to enable one to reproduce by deliberate art what has thus been apprehended, and "to fix in lasting thoughts the wavering images that float before the mind." It is as if, when genius appears in an individual, a far larger measure of the power of knowledge falls to his lot than is necessary for the service of an individual will; and this superfluity of knowledge, being free, now becomes subject purified from will, a clear mirror of the inner nature of the world. This explains the activity, amounting even to disquietude, of men of genius, for the present can seldom satisfy them, because it does not fill their consciousness. This gives them that restless aspiration, that unceasing desire for new things and for the contemplation of lofty things, and also that longing that is hardly ever satisfied, for men of similar nature and of like stature to whom they might communicate themselves; while the common mortal, entirely filled and satisfied by the common present, ends in it, and, finding everywhere his like, enjoys that peculiar satisfaction in daily life that is denied to genius.

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Book IV — The Assertion and Denial of the Will

§ 57

At every grade that is enlightened by knowledge, the will appears as an individual. The human individual finds himself as finite in infinite space and time, and consequently as a vanishing quantity compared with them. He is projected into them, and, on account of their unlimited nature, he has always a merely relative, never absolute *when* and *where* of his existence; for his place and duration are finite parts of what is infinite and boundless. His real existence is only in the present, whose unchecked flight into the past is a constant transition into death, a constant dying. For his past life, apart from its possible consequences for the present and the testimony regarding the will that is expressed in it, is now entirely done with, dead, and no longer anything; and, therefore, it must be, as a matter of reason, indifferent to him whether the content of that past was pain or pleasure. But the present is always passing through his hands into the past; the future is quite uncertain and always short. Thus his existence, even when we consider only its formal side, is a constant hurrying of the present into the dead past, a constant dying. But if we look at it from the physical side also, it is clear that, as our walking is admittedly merely a constantly prevented falling, the life of our body is only a constantly prevented dying, an ever-postponed death; finally, in the same way, the activity of our mind is a constantly deferred *ennui*. Every breath we draw wards off the death that is constantly intruding upon us; in this way we fight with it every moment, as also, at longer intervals, through every meal we eat, every sleep we take, every time we warm ourselves, etc. In the end death must conquer, for we became subject to him through birth, and he only plays for a little while with his prey before he swallows it. We pursue our life, however, with great interest and much solicitude as long as possible, as we blow out a soap-bubble as long and as large as possible, although we know perfectly well that it will burst.

We saw that the inner being of unconscious nature is a constant striving without end and without rest, and this appears to us much more distinctly when we consider the nature of brutes and man. Willing and striving is its whole being, which may be very well compared to an unquenchable thirst; but the basis of all willing is need, deficiency, and thus pain, for the nature of brutes and man is subject to pain originally and through its very being. If, on the other hand, it lacks objects of desire because it is at once deprived of them by a too easy satisfaction, a terrible void and *ennui* comes over it—i. e., its being and existence itself becomes an unbearable burden to it; thus its life swings a pendulum backward and forward between pain and *ennui*. This has also been compelled to express itself very oddly in this way: after man had transferred all pain and torments to hell, there then remained nothing over for heaven but *ennui*.

But the constant striving which constitutes the inner nature of every manifestation of will obtains its primary and most general foundation at the higher grades of objectification, from the fact that here the will manifests itself as a living body, with the iron command to nourish it; and what gives strength to this command is the fact that this body is nothing but the objectified will to live itself. Man, as the most complete objectification of that will, is consequently also the most necessitous of all beings; he is, through and through, concrete willing and needing; he is a concretion of a thousand necessities; with these he stands upon the earth, left to himself, uncertain about everything except his own need and misery. Consequently the care for the maintenance of that existence under exacting demands, which are renewed every day, occupies, as a rule, the whole of human life. To this is directly related the second claim, that of the propagation of the species. At the same time he is threatened from all sides by the most varied of dangers, from which it requires constant watchfulness to escape. With cautious steps and casting anxious

glances round him he pursues his path, for a thousand accidents and a thousand enemies lie in wait for him. Thus he went while yet a savage, thus he goes in civilized life; there is no security for him.—

> "Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periclis
> Degitur hocc' aevi, quodeunque est!" — LUCR. ii, 15.

The life of the great majority is only a constant struggle for this existence itself, with the certainty of losing it at last. But what enables them to endure this wearisome battle is not so much the love of life as the fear of death, which yet stands in the background as inevitable, and may come upon them at any moment. Life itself is a sea, full of rocks and whirlpools, which man avoids with the greatest care and solicitude, although he knows that even if, by dint of all his efforts and skill he succeeds in getting through, he yet by doing so comes nearer at every step to the greatest, the total, inevitable, and irremediable shipwreck, death — nay, even steers right upon it; this is the final goal of the laborious voyage, and worse for him than all the rocks from which he has escaped.

Now it is well worth observing that, on the one hand, the suffering and misery of life may easily increase to such an extent that death itself, in the flight from which the whole of life consists, becomes desirable, and we hasten toward it voluntarily; and again, on the other hand, that as soon as want and suffering permit rest to a man, *ennui* is at once so near that he necessarily requires diversion. The striving after existence is what occupies all living things and maintains them in motion. But when existence is assured, then they know not what to do with it; thus the second thing that sets them in motion is the effort to get free from the burden of existence, to make it cease to be felt, "to kill time," i. e., to escape from *ennui*. Accordingly we see that almost all men who are secure from want and care, when they have at last thrown off all other burdens become a burden to themselves, and regard as a gain

every hour they succeed in getting through, and thus every diminution of the very life which, till then, they have employed all their powers to maintain as long as possible. *Ennui* is by no means an evil to be lightly esteemed, for in the end it depicts on the countenance real despair. It makes beings who love each other so little as men do, seek one another eagerly, and thus it becomes the source of social intercourse. Moreover, even from motives of policy, public precautions are everywhere taken against it, as against other universal calamities. For this evil may drive men to the greatest excesses, just as much as its opposite extreme, famine — the people require *panem et circenses.* The strict penitentiary system of Philadelphia makes use of *ennui* alone as a means of punishment, through solitary confinement and idleness, and it is found so terrible that it has even led prisoners to commit suicide. As want is the constant scourge of the people, so *ennui* is that of the fashionable world; in middle-class life it is represented by the Sunday, and want by the six week days.

Thus, between desiring and attaining, all human life flows on. The wish is, in its nature, pain; the attainment soon begets satiety, for the end was only apparent; possession takes away the charm, and the wish, the need, presents itself under a new form; when it does not do so, then follow desolateness, emptiness, *ennui*, against which the conflict is just as painful as against want. That wish and satisfaction should follow each other neither too quickly nor too slowly, reduces the suffering which both occasion to the smallest amount, and constitutes the happiest life. For that which we might otherwise call the most beautiful part of life, its purest joys, if it were only because it lifts us out of real existence and transforms us into disinterested spectators of it, that is, pure knowledge, which is foreign to all willing, the pleasure of the beautiful, the true delight in art — this is granted to only a very few, because it demands rare talents, and to these few only as a passing dream. And then even these few, on account of their

higher intellectual power, are made susceptible of far greater suffering than duller minds can ever feel, and are also placed in lonely isolation by a nature which is obviously different from that of others; thus here, also, accounts are squared. But to the great majority of men purely intellectual pleasures are not accessible, for most persons are quite incapable of the joys which lie in pure knowledge; they are entirely given up to willing. If, therefore, anything is to win their sympathy, to be *interesting* to them, it must (as is implied in the meaning of the word) in some way excite their *will*, even if it is only through a distant and merely problematical relation to it; the will must not be left altogether out of the question, for their existence lies far more in willing than in knowing — action and reaction being their one element. We may find in trifles and everyday occurrences the naïve expressions of this quality. Thus, for example, at any prominent place they may visit, they write their names, in order thus to react, to affect the place since it does not affect them. Again, when they see a strange, rare animal, they cannot easily confine themselves to merely observing it; they must rouse it, tease it, play with it, merely to experience action and reaction; but this need for excitement of the will manifests itself very specially in the discovery and support of card-playing, which is quite peculiarly the very expression of the miserable side of humanity.

But whatever nature and fortune may have done, whoever a man be and whatever he may possess, the pain which is essential to life cannot be thrown off: *Πηλείδης δ' ὤμωξεν, ἰδὼν εἰς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν.* — *Pelides autem ejulavit, intuitus in cœlum latum.* And again: *Ζηνὸς μὲν παῖς ἦα Κρονίονος, αὐτὰρ ὀϊζὺν εἶχον ἀπειρεσίην.* — *Jovis quidem filius eram Saturnii; verum aerumnam habebam infinitam.* The ceaseless efforts to banish suffering accomplish no more than to make it change its form; it is essentially deficiency, want, care for the maintenance of life. If we succeed, which is very difficult, in removing pain in this form, it immediately assumes a

thousand others, varying according to age and circumstances, such as lust, passionate love, jealousy, envy, hatred, anxiety, ambition, covetousness, sickness, etc., etc. If at last it can find entrance in no other form, it comes in the sad gray garments of tediousness and *ennui*, against which we then strive in various ways. If finally we succeed in driving this away, we shall hardly do so without letting pain reënter in one of its earlier forms, and allowing the dance to begin again from the beginning; for all human life is tossed backward and forward between pain and *ennui*.

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§ 58

All satisfaction, or what is commonly called happiness, is always really and essentially only *negative*, and never positive. It is not an original gratification coming to us of itself, but must always be the satisfaction of a wish, for the wish, i. e., some want, is the condition which precedes every pleasure; but with the satisfaction the wish and therefore the pleasure cease. Thus the satisfaction or the pleasing can never be more than the deliverance from a pain, from a want; for such is not only every actual, open sorrow, but every desire, the importunity of which disturbs our peace, and, indeed, the deadening *ennui* also that makes life a burden to us. It is, however, hard to attain or achieve anything; difficulties and troubles without end are opposed to every purpose, and at every step hindrances accumulate. But when finally everything is overcome and attained, nothing can ever be gained but deliverance from some sorrow or desire, so that we find ourselves in just the same position as we occupied before this sorrow or desire appeared. All that is even directly given us is merely the want, i. e., the pain. The satisfaction and the pleasure we can know only indirectly through the remembrance of the preceding suffering and want, which cease with their appearance. Hence it arises that we are not properly conscious of the blessings and advantages we actually possess, nor do we prize them; but we think of them merely as a matter of course, for they gratify

us only negatively by restraining suffering. Only when we have lost them do we become sensible of their value; for the want, the privation, the sorrow, is the positive, manifesting itself directly. Thus also we are pleased by the remembrance of past need, sickness, want, etc., because this recollection furnishes the only means of enjoying the present blessings. And, further, it cannot be denied that in this respect, and from the view-point of egoism, which is the form of the will to live, the sight or the description of the sufferings of others affords us satisfaction and pleasure in precisely the way Lucretius beautifully and frankly expresses it in the beginning of the Second Book—

> "Suave, mari magno, turbantibus aequora ventis,
> E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem:
> Non, quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas;
> Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est."

Yet we shall see further on that this kind of pleasure, through cognition of our own well-being obtained in this way, lies very near the source of real, positive wickedness.

That all happiness is only of a negative, not a positive, nature, that just on this account it cannot furnish lasting satisfaction and gratification, but merely delivers us from some pain or want which must be followed either by a new pain, or by languor, empty longing, and *ennui*—this finds support in art, that true mirror of the world and life, and especially in poetry. Every epic and dramatic poem can represent only a struggle, an effort, a fight for happiness, but never enduring and complete happiness itself. It conducts its heroes through a thousand difficulties and dangers to the goal, yet, as soon as this is reached, it hastens to let the curtain fall; for then there remains nothing for it to do but to show that the glittering goal in which the hero expected to find happiness had only disappointed him, and that after its attainment he was no better off than before. Because a genuine enduring happiness is not possible, it cannot be the subject of art. Certainly the aim of the idyl is the description of such a happiness; but one also sees

that the idyl, as such, cannot continue. The poet always finds that it either becomes epical in his hands, and in this case is but a very insignificant epic, made up of trifling sorrows, trifling delights, and trifling efforts — this is the commonest case — or else it becomes a merely descriptive poem, depicting the beauty of nature, i. e., pure knowing, apart from will, which certainly, as a matter of fact, is the only pure happiness, for it is neither preceded by suffering or want, nor necessarily followed by repentance, sorrow, *ennui*, or satiety; yet this happiness cannot fill the whole life, but is only possible at moments. What we see in poetry we find again in music, in whose melodies we have recognized the universal expression of the inmost history of the self-conscious will, the most secret life, longing, suffering, and delight — the ebb and flow of the human heart. Melody is always a deviation from the key-note through a thousand capricious wanderings, even to the most painful discord, and then a final return to the key-note which expresses the satisfaction and appeasing of the will, but with which nothing more can then be done, and the continuance of which, any longer, would be only a wearisome and unmeaning monotony corresponding to *ennui*.

All that we intend to bring out clearly through these considerations and reflections — the impossibility of attaining lasting satisfaction and the negative nature of all happiness — finds its explanation in what is shown at the conclusion of the Second Book: that the will, of which human life, like every phenomenon, is the objectification, is a striving without aim or end. We find the stamp of this endlessness imprinted upon all the parts of its whole manifestation, from its most universal form, endless time and space, up to the most perfect of all phenomena, the life and striving of man. We may theoretically assume three extremes of human life, and treat them as elements of actual life. First, the powerful will, the strong passions (Radscha-Guna). It appears in great historical characters; it is described in the epic and the drama; but it can also show

itself in the little world, for the size of the objects is measured here by the degree in which they influence the will, not according to their external relations. Second, pure knowing, the comprehension of the Ideas, conditioned by the freeing of knowledge from the service of will — the life of genius (Satwa-Guna). Third and lastly, the greatest lethargy of the will, and also of the knowledge attaching to it, empty longing, life-benumbing languor (Tama-Guna). The life of the individual, far from becoming permanently fixed in one of these extremes, seldom touches any of them, and is for the most part only a weak and wavering approach to one or the other side, a needy desiring of trifling objects, constantly recurring, and so escaping *ennui*. It is really incredible how meaningless and void of significance when looked at from without, how dull and unenlightened by intellect when felt from within, is the course of the life of the great majority of men. It is a weary longing and complaining, a dream-like staggering through the four ages of life to death, accompanied by a series of trivial thoughts. Such men are like clockwork, which is wound up and goes it knows not why; and every time a man is begotten and born the clock of human life is wound up anew, to repeat the same old piece it has played innumerable times before, passage after passage, measure after measure, with insignificant variations. Every individual, every human being and his course of life, is but another short dream of the endless spirit of nature, of the persistent will to live; is only another fleeting form, which it carelessly sketches on its infinite leaf, space and time, allows to remain for a time so short that it vanishes into nothing in comparison with these, and then obliterates to make new room. And yet — and here lies the serious side of life — every one of these fleeting forms, these empty fancies, must be paid for by the whole will to live, in all its vehemence, with many and deep sufferings, and finally with a bitter death, long feared and coming at last. This is why the sight of a corpse makes us suddenly so serious.

The life of every individual, if we survey it as a whole and in general and lay stress only upon its most significant features, is really always a tragedy, but, gone through in detail, it has the character of a comedy. For the deeds and vexations of the day, the restless irritation of the moment, the desires and fears of the week, the mishaps of every hour, are all through chance, which is ever bent upon some jest, scenes of a comedy; but the never-satisfied wishes, the frustrated efforts, the hopes unmercifully crushed by fate, the unfortunate errors of the whole life, with increasing suffering and death at the end, are always a tragedy. Thus, as if fate would add derision to the misery of our existence, our life must contain all the woes of tragedy, and yet we cannot even assert the dignity of tragic characters, but in the broad detail of life must inevitably be the foolish characters of a comedy.

But to whatever measure great and small trials may fill human life, they are not able to conceal its insufficiency to satisfy the spirit; they cannot hide the emptiness and superficiality of existence, nor exclude *ennui,* which is always ready to fill up every pause that care may leave open. Hence it comes to pass that the human mind, not yet content with the cares, anxieties, and occupations which the actual world lays upon it, creates for itself an imaginary world also, in the form of a thousand different superstitions, and then finds all manner of employment with this, and wastes time and strength upon it as soon as the real world is willing to grant it the rest which it is quite incapable of enjoying. This is accordingly most palpably the case with nations for which life is made easy by the congenial nature of the climate and the soil — most of all with the Hindus, then with the Greeks, the Romans, and, later, with the Italians, the Spaniards, etc. Demons, gods, and saints man creates in his own image, and to them he must then unceasingly bring offerings, prayers, temple decorations, vows and their fulfilment, pilgrimages, salutations, ornaments for their images, etc. Their service mingles

everywhere with the real, and, indeed, obscures it. Every event of life is regarded as the reaction by these beings; intercourse with them occupies half the time of life, constantly sustains hope, and, by the charm of illusion, often becomes more interesting than intercourse with real beings.

It is the expression and symptom of the actual need of mankind, partly for help and support, partly for occupation and diversion; and if it often works in direct opposition to the first need (because when accidents and dangers arise valuable time and strength, instead of being directed to warding them off, are uselessly wasted on prayers and offerings), it serves the second end all the better by this imaginary converse with a visionary spirit world.

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§ 68

All suffering, since it is a mortification and a call to resignation, has potentially a sanctifying power. This is the explanation of the fact that every great misfortune or deep pain inspires a certain awe. But the sufferer as such becomes an object of genuine reverence only when, surveying the course of his life as a chain of sorrows, or mourning some great and incurable misfortune, he does not really look at the special combination of circumstances which has plunged his own life into suffering, nor stops at the single great misfortune that has befallen him, for in so far his knowledge still follows the principle of sufficient reason, clings to the particular phenomenon, and he still wills life, only not under the conditions which have become his; but only then, I say, is he truly worthy of reverence when he raises his glance from the particular to the universal, when he regards his suffering as merely an example of the whole, and, for him (since in a moral regard he partakes of genius), one case stands for a thousand, so that the whole of life conceived as essentially suffering brings him to resignation. Therefore it inspires reverence when, in Goethe's *Torquato Tasso,* the princess speaks of how her own life and that of her relations has always been sad and

joyless, and yet regards the matter from an entirely universal point of view.

A very noble character we always imagine with a certain trace of quiet sadness, which is anything but a constant fretfulness at daily annoyances (this would be an ignoble trait, and lead us to fear a bad disposition), but is a consciousness derived from knowledge of the vanity of all possessions, of the suffering of all life, not merely of his own. But such knowledge may primarily be awakened by the personal experience of suffering, especially some one great sorrow, as a single unfulfilled wish brought Petrarch to that state of resigned sadness concerning the whole of life which appeals to us so pathetically in his works; for the Daphne he pursued had to flee from his hands in order to leave him, instead of herself, the immortal laurel. When through such a great and irrevocable denial of fate the will is to some extent broken, almost nothing else is desired, and the character shows itself mild, sad, noble, and resigned. When, finally, grief has no definite object, but extends itself over the whole of life, then it is to a certain extent a going into itself, a withdrawal, a gradual disappearance of the will, whose visible manifestation, the body, it imperceptibly but surely undermines, so that a man feels a certain loosening of his bonds, a mild foretaste of that death which promises to be the dissolution at once of the body and of the will. Therefore a calm joy accompanies this grief, and it is this, as I believe, which the most melancholy of all nations has called "the joy of grief." But here also lies the danger of *sentimentality,* both in life itself and in the representation of it in poetry, when a man is always mourning and lamenting without courageously rising to resignation. In this way we lose both earth and heaven, and retain merely a watery sentimentality. Only if suffering assumes the form of pure knowledge, and if this, acting as a *quieter of the will,* brings about true resignation, is it the way of salvation and thereby worthy of reverence. Thus, we feel a certain respect at the sight of

From an Etching by Max Klinger

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MOTHER AND CHILD

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every great sufferer, which is akin to the feeling excited by virtue and nobility of character, and at the same time we feel somewhat a reproach in our own happy condition. We cannot help regarding every sorrow, both our own and those of others, as at least a potential advance toward virtue and holiness, and, on the contrary, pleasures and worldly satisfactions as a retrogression from them. This goes so far that every man who endures a great bodily or mental suffering, indeed every one who merely performs some physical labor which demands the greatest exertion, in the sweat of his brow and with evident exhaustion, yet with patience and without murmuring — every such man, I say, if we consider him with close attention, appears to us like a sick man who tries a painful cure, and who willingly, and even with satisfaction, endures the suffering it causes him, because he knows that the more he suffers the more the cause of his disease is affected and that therefore the present suffering is the measure of his cure.

According to what has been said, the denial of the will to live, which is just what is called absolute, entire resignation, or holiness, always proceeds from that quieter of the will which the knowledge of its inner conflict and essential vanity, expressing themselves in the suffering of all living things, becomes. The difference, which we have represented as two paths, consists in whether that knowledge is called up by suffering which is merely and purely *known* and is freely appropriated by means of the penetration of the *principium individuationis,* or by suffering which is directly *felt* by a man himself. True salvation, deliverance from life and suffering, cannot even be imagined without complete denial of the will. Till then, every one is simply this will itself, whose manifestation is an ephemeral existence, a constantly vain and empty striving, and the world full of suffering we have represented, to which all irrevocably and in like manner belong. For we found above that life is always assured to the will to live, and its one real form is the present from which they can

never escape, since birth and death reign in the phenomenal world. The Indian mythus expresses this by saying "they are born again." The great ethical difference of characters means this — that the bad man is infinitely far from the attainment of the knowledge from which the denial of the will proceeds, and therefore he is in truth *actually* exposed to all the miseries which appear in life as *possible;* for even the present fortunate condition of his personality is merely a phenomenon produced by the *principium individuationis,* and a delusion of Mâyâ, the happy dream of a beggar. The sufferings which in the vehemence and ardor of his will he inflicts upon others are the measure of the suffering, the experience of which in his own person cannot break his will and plainly lead it to the denial of itself. All true and pure love, on the other hand, and even all free justice, proceed from the penetration of the *principium individuationis,* which, if it appears with its full power, results in perfect sanctification and salvation, the phenomenon of which is the state of resignation described above, the unbroken peace which accompanies it, and the greatest delight in death.

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PARERGA AND PARALIPOMENA* (1851)

TRANSLATED BY T. BAILEY SAUNDERS, M.A.

I

ON GENIUS†

NO difference of rank, position, or birth, is so great as the gulf that separates the countless millions who use their head only in the service of their belly—in other words, look upon it as an instrument of the will, and those very few and rare persons who have the courage to say: No! my head is too good for that; it shall be active only in its own service; it shall try to comprehend the wondrous and varied spectacle of this world and then reproduce it in some form, whether as art or as literature, that may answer to my character as an individual. These are the truly noble, the real *noblesse* of the world; the others are serfs and go with the soil—*glebæ adscripti.* Of course, I am here referring to those who have not only the courage, but also the call, and therefore the right, to order the head to quit the service of the will with a result that proves the sacrifice to have been worth the making. In the case of those to whom all this can only partially apply, the gulf is not so wide; but even though their talent be small, so long as it is real, there will always be a sharp line of demarcation between them and the millions.

The most correct scale for adjusting the hierarchy of intelligences is furnished by the degree in which the mind takes merely individual or approaches universal views of things. The brute recognizes only the individual as such; its comprehension does not extend beyond the limits of the

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† From *Parerga and Paralipomena,* Chapter III, in part.

individual. But man reduces the individual to the general; herein lies the exercise of his reason; and the higher his intelligence reaches, the nearer do his general ideas approach the point at which they become universal. If this grasp of the universal is so deep as to be *intuitive,* and to apply not only to general ideas but to an individual object by itself, then there arises a knowledge of the *Ideas* in the sense used by Plato. This knowledge is of an esthetic character; when it is self-active it rises to genius and reaches the highest degree of intensity when it becomes philosophic — for then the whole of life and existence as it passes away, the world and all it contains, are grasped in their true nature by an act of intuition and appear in a form which forces itself upon consciousness as an object of meditation. Here reflection attains its highest point. Between it and the merely animal perception there are countless stages, which differ according to the approach made to a universal view of things.

The works of fine art, poetry and philosophy produced by a nation are the outcome of the superfluous intellect existing in it.

For him who can understand aright — *cum grano salis* — the relation between the genius and the normal man may, perhaps, be best expressed as follows: A genius is a man possessing a double intellect, one for himself and the service of his will; the other for the world, of which he becomes the mirror by virtue of his purely objective attitude toward it. The work of art or poetry or philosophy produced by the genius is simply the result, or quintessence, of this contemplative attitude, elaborated according to certain technical rules.

The normal man, on the other hand, has only a single intellect, which may be called *subjective* by contrast with the *objective* intellect of genius. However acute this subjective intellect may be — and it exists in very various degrees of perfection — it is never on the same level with the double intellect of genius, just as the open chest notes of the

human voice, however high, are essentially different from the falsetto notes. These, like the two upper octaves of the flute and the harmonics of the violin, are produced by the column of air dividing itself into two vibrating halves, with a node between them; while the open chest notes of the human voice and the lower octave of the flute are produced by the undivided column of air vibrating as a whole. This illustration may help the reader to understand that specific peculiarity of genius which is unmistakably stamped on the works, and even on the physiognomy, of him who is gifted with it. At the same time it is obvious that a double intellect like this must, as a rule, obstruct the service of the will; and this explains the poor capacity often shown by genius in the conduct of life. And what specially characterizes genius is that it has none of that sobriety of temper which is always to be found in the ordinary simple intellect, be it acute or dull.

The brain may be likened to a parasite which is nourished as a part of the human frame without contributing directly to its inner economy; it is securely housed in the topmost story, and there leads a self-sufficient and independent life. In the same way it may be said that a man endowed with great mental gifts leads, apart from the individual life common to all, a second life, purely of the intellect. He devotes himself to the constant increase, rectification and extension, not of mere learning, but of real systematic knowledge and insight, and remains untouched by the fate that overtakes him personally, so long as it does not disturb him in his work. It is thus a life which uplifts a man and sets him above fate and its changes. Always thinking, learning, experimenting, practising his knowledge, the man soon comes to look upon this second life as the chief mode of existence and his merely personal life as something subordinate, serving only to advance ends higher than itself.

An example of this independent, separate existence is furnished by Goethe. During the war in the Champagne,

and amid all the bustle of the camp, he made observations for his theory of color; and as soon as the numberless calamities of that war allowed him to retire for a short time to the fortress of Luxemburg, he took up the manuscript of his *Farbenlehre.* This is an example which we, the salt of the earth, should endeavor to follow, by never letting anything disturb us in the pursuit of our intellectual life, however much the storm of the world may invade and agitate our personal environment — always remembering that we are the sons, not of the bond-woman, but of the free. As our emblem and coat of arms, I propose a tree mightily shaken by the wind, but still bearing its ruddy fruit on every branch; with the motto *Dum convellor mitescunt,* or *Conquassata sed ferax.*

That purely intellectual life of the individual has its counterpart in humanity as a whole; for there, too, the real life is the life of the *will,* both in the empirical and in the transcendental meaning of the word. The purely intellectual life of humanity lies in its effort to increase knowledge by means of the sciences, and in the perfection of the arts. Both science and art thus advance slowly from one generation to another and grow with the centuries, every race as it hurries by furnishing its contribution. This intellectual life, like some gift from heaven, hovers over the stir and movement of the world; or it is, as it were, a sweet-scented air developed out of the ferment itself — the real life of mankind, dominated by will; and side by side with the history of nations the history of philosophy, science, and art takes its innocent and bloodless way.

The difference between the genius and the ordinary man is, no doubt, a *quantitative* one, in so far as it is a difference of degree; but one is tempted to regard it also as *qualitative* in view of the fact that ordinary minds, notwithstanding individual variation, have a certain tendency to think alike. Thus on similar occasions their thoughts at once take the same direction and run on the same lines; and this explains why their judgments constantly agree — not,

however, because they are based on truth. To such lengths does this go that certain fundamental views obtain among mankind at all times, and are always being repeated and brought forward anew, while the great minds of all ages are in open or secret opposition to them.

A genius is a man in whose mind the World as Idea reflects itself with a higher degree of clearness and a greater distinction of outline than is attained by ordinary people. It is from him that humanity may look for most instruction; for the deepest insight into the most important matters is to be acquired, not by an observant attention to detail, but by a close study of things as a whole. And if his mind reaches maturity the instruction he gives will be conveyed, now in one form, now in another. Thus genius may be defined as an eminently clear consciousness of things in general, and, therefore, also of that which is opposed to them — namely, one's own self.

The world looks up to a man thus endowed, and expects to learn something about life and its real nature. But several highly favorable circumstances must combine to produce genius, and this is a very rare event. It happens only now and then, let us say once in a century, that a man is born whose intellect so perceptibly surpasses the normal measure as to amount to that second faculty which seems to be accidental, as it is out of all relation to the will. He may remain a long time without being recognized or appreciated, stupidity preventing the one and envy the other. But when it is once discerned that a new genius has arisen, mankind will crowd round him and his works, in the hope that he may be able to enlighten some of the darkness of their existence or inform them about it. His message is, to some extent, a revelation, and he himself a higher being, even though he may be but little above the average standard.

Like the ordinary man, the genius is what he is chiefly for himself. This is essential to his nature — a fact which can neither be avoided nor altered. What he may be for

others remains a matter of chance and of secondary importance. In no case can people receive from his mind more than a reflection, and then only when he joins with them in the attempt to get his thought into their heads — where, however, it can never be anything but an exotic plant, stunted and frail.

In order to have original, uncommon, and perhaps even immortal thoughts, it is enough to estrange oneself so fully from the world of things for a few moments that the most ordinary objects and events appear quite new and unfamiliar; in this way their true nature is disclosed. This process cannot, perhaps, be said to be difficult; it is not in our power at all, but is just the province of genius. Yet, by itself, genius can produce original thoughts just as little as a woman by herself can bear children; outward circumstances must come to fructify genius, and be, as it were, a father to its progeny.

The mind of genius is among other minds what the carbuncle is among precious stones — it sends forth light of its own, while the others reflect only that which they have received. The relation of the genius to the ordinary mind may also be described as that of an idio-electrical body to one which is merely a conductor of electricity. The genius is therefore not fit to become a mere man of learning, who spends his life in teaching what he has learned; just as idio-electrical bodies are not conductors. Nay, genius stands to mere learning as the text to the notes. A man of learning is a man who has learned a great deal; a man of genius, one from whom we learn something which the genius has learned from nobody. Great minds, of which there is scarcely one in a hundred millions, are thus the lighthouses of humanity; and without them mankind would lose itself in the boundless sea of monstrous error and bewilderment.

But the mere man of learning — a Göttingen professor or *librarius,* for instance — looks upon the genius much as we look upon a hare, which is good to eat after it has been

killed and dressed up, but, so long as it is alive, it is only good to shoot at.

He who wishes to win gratitude from his contemporaries must adjust his pace to theirs; but great things are never produced in this way. And he who wants to do great things must direct his gaze to posterity, and in firm confidence elaborate his work for coming generations. No doubt the result may be that he will remain quite unknown to his contemporaries, and comparable to a man who, compelled to spend his life upon a lonely island, with great effort sets up a monument there in order to transmit to future seafarers the knowledge of his existence. If he considers it a hard fate, let him console himself with the reflection that the ordinary man who lives only for practical ends often suffers likewise, and without having any compensation to hope for, inasmuch as he may, under favorable conditions, spend a life of material production, earning, buying, building, fertilizing, laying out, founding, establishing, beautifying, with daily effort and unflagging zeal, and all the time think that he is working for himself — and yet in the end it is his descendants who reap the benefit of it all, and sometimes not even his descendants. It is the same with the man of genius; he, too, hopes for his reward and for honor, at least; but at last finds that he has worked for posterity alone. Both, to be sure, have inherited a great deal from their ancestors.

The compensation I have mentioned as the privilege of genius lies, not in what it is to others, but in what it is to itself. What man has, in any real sense, more truly lived than he whose moments of thought make their echoes heard through the tumult of centuries? Perhaps, after all, it would be the best thing for a genius to attain undisturbed possession of himself by spending his life in enjoying the pleasure of his own thoughts, his own works, and by admitting the world only as the heir of his ample existence; then the world would find the mark of his existence only after his death, like the marks in the Ichnolith.

Nor is it only in the activity of his highest powers that the genius surpasses ordinary people. A man who is unusually well-knit, supple, and agile, will perform all his movements with exceptional ease, even with comfort, because he takes a direct pleasure in an activity for which he is particularly well equipped, and therefore often exercises it without any object. Further, if he is an acrobat or a dancer, not only does he take leaps which other people cannot execute, but he also betrays rare elasticity and agility in those easier steps which others can also perform, and even in ordinary walking. In the same way a man of superior mind will not only produce thoughts and works which could never have come from another, for it will not be here alone that he will display his greatness; but, as knowledge and thought form a mode of activity natural and easy to him, he will also delight himself in them at all times, and so will apprehend small matters, which are within the range of other minds, more easily, quickly, and correctly than they. Thus he will take a direct and lively pleasure in every increase of knowledge, every problem solved, every witty thought, whether of his own or another's, and so his mind will have no further aim than to be constantly active. This will be an inexhaustible spring of delight; and boredom, that spectre which haunts the ordinary man, can never come near him.

Then, too, the masterpieces of past and contemporary men of genius exist in their fulness for him alone. If a great product of genius is recommended to the ordinary, simple mind, it will take as much pleasure therein as the victim of gout receives in being invited to a ball. The one goes for the sake of formality, and the other reads the book so as not to be in arrears. For La Bruyère was quite right when he said: "All the wit in the world is lost upon him who has none." The whole range of thought of a man of talent, or of a genius, compared with the thoughts of the common man, is, even when directed to objects essentially the same, like a brilliant oil-painting, full of life, compared with a mere outline or a weak sketch in water-color.

All this is part of the reward of the man of genius, and compensates him for a lonely existence in a world with which he has nothing in common and no sympathies. But since size is relative, it comes to the same thing whether I say, Caius was a great man, or, Caius had to live among wretchedly small people; for Brobdignak and Lilliput vary only in the point from which they start. However great, then, however admirable or entertaining a long posterity may think the author of immortal works, during his lifetime he will appear to his contemporaries small, wretched, and insipid in proportion. This is what I mean by saying that as there are three hundred feet from the base of a tower to the summit, so there are exactly three hundred from the summit to the base. Great minds thus owe little ones some indulgence; for it is only in virtue of these little minds that they themselves are great.

Let us, then, not be surprised if we find men of genius generally unsociable and repellant. It is not their want of sociability that is to blame. Their path through the world is like that of a man who goes for a walk on a bright summer morning. He gazes with delight on the beauty and freshness of nature, but he has to rely wholly on that for entertainment; for he can find no society but the peasants as they bend over the earth and cultivate the soil. Thus it often happens that a great mind prefers his own monologue to the dialogues which are recited in this world. If he, however, condescends now and then to take part in the latter, their hollowness may possibly drive him back to his soliloquy; for in forgetfulness of his interlocutor, or caring little whether he understands or not, he talks to him as a child talks to a doll.

Modesty in a great mind would, no doubt, be pleasing to the world; but, unluckily, it is a *contradictio in adjecto*. It would compel a genius to give the thoughts and opinions, nay, even the manners and mannerisms of the million, preference over his own, to set a higher value upon them, and, wide apart as they are, to bring his views into

harmony with theirs, or even suppress them altogether, so as to let the others hold the field. In that case, however, he would either produce nothing at all, or else his achievements would be just upon a level with theirs. Great, genuine, and extraordinary work can be done only in so far as its author disregards the method, the thoughts, the opinions of his contemporaries, and quietly works on, in spite of their criticism, on his side despising what they praise. No one becomes great without arrogance of this sort. Should his life and work fall upon a time which cannot recognize and appreciate him, he is at any rate true to himself, like some noble traveler forced to pass the night in a miserable inn; when morning comes, he contentedly goes his way.

A poet or philosopher should have no fault to find with his age, if it only permits him to do his work undisturbed in his own corner; nor with his fate, if the corner granted him permits him to follow his vocation without having to think about other people.

For the brain to be a mere laborer in the service of the belly is indeed the common lot of almost all those who do not live on the work of their hands; and they are far from being discontented with their lot. But it strikes despair into a man of great mind, whose brain-power goes beyond the measure necessary for the service of the will; and he prefers, if need be, to live in the narrowest circumstances, so long as they afford him the free use of his time for the development and application of his faculties — in other words, if they give him the leisure which is invaluable to him. It is otherwise with ordinary people; for them leisure has no value in itself, nor is it, indeed, without its dangers, as these people seem to know. The technics of our time, which has reached unprecedented perfection, has, by increasing and multiplying objects of luxury, given the favorites of fortune a choice between obtaining, by increased effort, more leisure and culture upon one side, and additional luxury and good living upon the other. True

to their character, they choose the latter and prefer champagne to freedom, being thus entirely consistent in their choice; for, to them, every exertion of the mind which does not serve the aims of the will is folly. Intellectual effort for its own sake they call eccentricity; therefore persistence in the aims of the will and the belly will be concentricity; and, to be sure, the will is the centre, the kernel of the world.

But, in general, it is very seldom that such an alternative is presented. For as most men have no superfluity of money, but only just enough for their needs, so it is with intelligence; they possess just enough to suffice for the service of the will, that is, for the carrying on of their business. This done, they are content to gape or to indulge in sensual pleasures or childish amusements, cards or dice; or they will converse in the dullest way, or dress up and make obeisance to one another. And how few are those who have even a slight superfluity of intellectual power! Like those who have some money to spare, they too seek for themselves pleasure — but it is the pleasure of the intellect. Either they will pursue some liberal study which brings them in nothing, or they will practise some art; and, in general, they will be capable of taking an objective interest in things, so that it will be possible to converse with them. But with the others it is better not to enter into any relations at all; for, except when they tell the results of their own experience or give an account of their special vocation, or at any rate impart what they have learned from some one else, their conversation will not be worth listening to; and if anything is said to them they will not only rarely grasp or understand it aright, but it will, in most cases, be opposed to their own opinions. Balthazar Gracian describes them very strikingly as men who are not men — *hombres che non lo son.* And Giordano Bruno says the same thing: "What a difference there is in having to do with men compared with those who are only made in their image and likeness!" And how wonderfully this passage agrees with that remark in the Kurral: "The common

people seem to be men, but I have never seen anything quite like them."

To satisfy the need of cheerful entertainment, and to insure oneself against feeling solitary, let me recommend the company of dogs, whose moral and intellectual qualities may almost always afford delight and gratification; but with them, as with men, we should always be careful to avoid being unjust. For I am often surprised by the cleverness, and now and again by the stupidity, of my dog; and I have similar experiences with mankind. Countless times, in indignation at their incapacity, their total lack of discernment, their bestiality, I have been forced to echo the old complaint that folly is the mother and the nurse of the human race —

Humani generis mater nutrixque profecto
Stultitia est.

But at other times I have been astounded that from such a race there could have gone forth so many arts and sciences, abounding in so much use and beauty, even though it has always been the few that produce them. Yet these arts and sciences have struck root, established and perfected themselves; and the race has with persistent fidelity preserved Homer, Plato, Horace and others of their kind for thousands of years by copying and treasuring their writings, thus saving them from oblivion in spite of all the evils and atrocities that have happened in the world. By such means mankind has proved that it appreciates the value of these things, and that it can at the same time form a correct view of special individual achievements or recognize at their true worth indications of judgment and intelligence. When this takes place among those who belong to the great multitude it is by a kind of inspiration, and sometimes indeed a correct opinion will be formed by the multitude itself; but this is only when the chorus of praise has grown full and complete. It is then like the sound of untrained voices; where there are enough of them, it is always harmonious.

But, generally speaking, those who emerge from the multitude, those who are called men of genius, are merely the *lucida intervalla* of the whole human race. They achieve that which others could not possibly achieve. Their originality is so great that not only is their divergence from others obvious, but their individuality is expressed with such force that all the men of genius who have ever existed show, every one of them, peculiarities of character and mind; so that the gift of the work of each individual is such as he alone of all men could ever have presented to the world. This is what makes that simile of Ariosto's so true and so justly celebrated: *Natura lo fece e poi ruppe lo stampo:* "After Nature stamps a man of genius, she breaks the die."

But there is always a limit to human capacity; and no one can be a great genius without having some decidedly weak side, it may even be some intellectual narrowness — in other words, there will be some faculty in which he is now and then inferior even to men of moderate endowments. It will be a faculty which, if strong, might have been an obstacle to the exercise of the qualities in which he excels. What this weak point is, it will always be hard to define with any accuracy, even in a given case. It may be better expressed indirectly; thus Plato's weak point is exactly that in which Aristotle is strong, and *vice versa;* and so, too, Kant is deficient just where Goethe is great.

Now mankind is fond of venerating something, but its veneration is generally directed to the wrong object, and it remains so directed until posterity comes to set it right. But the educated public is no sooner set right in this than the veneration which is due to genius degenerates, just as the veneration which the faithful pay to their saints easily passes into a frivolous worship of relics. Thousands of Christians adore the relics of a saint whose life and doctrine are unknown to them; and the religion of thousands of Buddhists lies more in veneration of the Holy Tooth or some such object, or the vessel that contains it, or the

Holy Bowl, or the fossil footstep, or the Holy Tree which Buddha planted, than in the thorough knowledge and faithful practise of his high teaching. Petrarch's house in Arqua; Tasso's supposed prison in Ferrara; Shakespeare's house in Stratford, with his chair; Goethe's house in Weimar, with its furniture; Kant's old hat; the autographs of great men — these things are gaped at with interest and awe by many who have never read their works, and who can do nothing else than just gape. For the more intelligent however among them are moved by a wish to see the objects which the great man habitually had before his eyes, and, by a strange illusion, these produce the mistaken notion that with the objects they are bringing back the man himself, or that something of him must cling to them. Akin to such people are those who earnestly strive to acquaint themselves with the subject-matter of a poet's works, such as the Faust legend and its literature, or to unravel the personal circumstances and events in his life which have suggested particular passages. This is as though the audience in a theatre were to admire a fine scene, and then rush upon the stage to look at the scaffolding that supports it. There are in our day enough instances of these critical investigators making special studies of Friederike in Sesenheim, Gretchen in the Weissadlergasse, the Family of Lotte in Werther, etc. They prove the truth of the saying that mankind is interested, not in the *form* of a work, that is, in its manner of treatment, but in its actual matter. All it cares for is the theme. To read a philosopher's biography, instead of studying his thoughts, is like neglecting a picture and attending only to the style of its frame, debating whether it is carved well or ill, and what was the cost of gilding it.

This is all very well. However, there is another class of persons whose interest is also directed to material and personal considerations, but they go much further and carry it to a point where it becomes absolutely contemptible. To reward a great man for having opened up to them the treasures of his inmost being, and, by a supreme effort

of his faculties, produced works which not only redound to their elevation and enlightenment, but will also benefit their posterity to the tenth and twentieth generation; in return of his having presented mankind with a matchless gift these varlets think themselves justified in sitting in judgment upon his personal morality, and trying if they cannot discover here or there some spot in him which will soothe the pain they feel at the sight of so great a mind — a pain excited by comparison with the overwhelming feeling of their own nothingness.

This is the real source of all those prolix discussions, carried on in countless books and reviews, on the moral aspect of Goethe's life, and whether he ought not to have married one or other of the girls with whom he fell in love in his young days; whether, again, instead of honestly devoting himself to the service of his master, he should not have been a man of the people, a German patriot, worthy of a seat in the *Paulskirche,* and so on. Such crying ingratitude and malicious detraction prove that these self-constituted judges are as great knaves morally as they are intellectually, which is saying a great deal.

A man of talent will strive for money and glory; but the spring that moves genius to the production of its works is not so easy to name; wealth is seldom its reward, neither is it glory — only a Frenchman could mean that — for glory is such an uncertain thing, and, if you look at it closely, of so little value; — besides it never corresponds to the effort you have made —

Responsura tuo nunquam est par fama labori.

Nor, again, is it exactly the pleasure it gives you, for this is almost outweighed by the greatness of the effort. It is rather a peculiar kind of instinct, which drives the man of genius to give permanent form to what he sees and feels, without being conscious of any further motive. It works, in the main, by a necessity similar to that which makes a tree bear its fruit; and no external condition is needed but the ground upon which it is to thrive.

On a closer examination it seems as though, in the case of a genius, the will to live, which is the spirit of the human species, were conscious of having by some rare chance and for a brief period attained a greater clearness of vision, and were now trying to secure it, or at least the outcome of it, for the whole species, to which the individual genius in his inmost being belongs; so that the light which he sheds about him may pierce the darkness and dulness of ordinary human consciousness and there produce some good effect.

Arising in some such way, this instinct drives the genius to carry his work to completion, without thinking of reward or applause or sympathy; to leave all care for his own personal welfare; to make his life one of industrious solitude, and to strain his faculties to the utmost. He thus comes to think more about posterity than about contemporaries; because, while the latter can only lead him astray, posterity forms the majority of the species, and time will gradually bring the discerning few who can appreciate him. Meanwhile it is with him as with the artist described by Goethe; he has no princely patron to prize his talents, no friend to rejoice with him—

Ein Fürst der die Talente schätzte,
Ein Freund der sich mit mir ergötzte,
Die haben leider mir gefehlt.

His work is, as it were, a sacred deposit and the true fruit of his life, and his aim in storing it away for a more discerning posterity will be to make it the property of mankind. An aim like this far surpasses all others, and for it he wears the crown of thorns which is one day to bloom into a wreath of laurel. All his powers are concentrated in the effort to complete and secure his work—just as the insect, in the last stage of its development, uses its whole strength on behalf of a brood it will never live to see; it puts its eggs in some place of safety, where, as it well knows, the young will one day find life and nourishment, and then cheerfully dies.

II

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF THE WORLD*

Unless *suffering* is the direct and immediate object of life, our existence is the most purposeless thing in the world. For it is absurd to assume that the endless pain originating in the misery so essential to life, with which the world is replete on all sides, should be without purpose and merely accidental. Each individual case of misfortune appears, it is true, as an exception; but misfortune as such is the rule.

I know of no greater absurdity than that propounded by most metaphysical systems in declaring evil to be negative in its essence, while it is precisely the one positive thing in this world. * * * Leibniz is particularly concerned to defend this absurdity; and he seeks to strengthen his position by using a palpable and paltry sophism. On the contrary, the good, i. e., every kind of happiness and satisfaction, is negative, or, in other words, nothing but the annulling of desire and ending of pain.

This explains the fact that we generally find pleasure to be not nearly so pleasant as we expected, and pain very much more painful.

The pleasure in this world, it has been said, outweighs the pain; or, at any rate, there is an even balance between the two. If the reader wishes to see shortly whether this statement is true, let him compare the respective feelings of two animals, one of which is engaged in eating the other.

The most effective consolation in misfortune or affliction of any kind is the thought of other people who are in a still worse plight than ourselves; and in this a form of consolation open to every one. But what an awful fate this means for mankind as a whole!

We are like lambs in a field, disporting themselves under the eye of the butcher, who chooses out first one and then

* *Parerga and Paralipomena*, II, Chapter XII.

another for his prey. So it is that in our good days we are all unconscious of the evil Fate may have presently in store for us — sickness, persecution, poverty, mutilation, loss of sight or reason, death, etc.

No little part of the torment of existence lies in this, that Time is continually pressing upon us, never letting us take breath, but always coming after us like a taskmaster with a whip. It spares only him whom it delivers over to the misery of boredom.

But misfortune has its uses; for, as our bodily frame would burst asunder if the pressure of the atmosphere were removed, so, if the lives of men were relieved of all need, hardship and adversity, if everything they took in hand were successful, they would be so swollen with arrogance that, though they might not burst, they would present the spectacle of unbridled folly — nay, they would go mad. And I may say, further, that a certain amount of care or pain or trouble is necessary for every man at all times in order to go straight, just as a ship needs its ballast.

Certain it is that *work, worry, labor* and *trouble* form the lot of almost all men their whole life long. But if all wishes were fulfilled as soon as they arose, how would men occupy their lives? What would they do with their time? If the world were a paradise of luxury and ease, a land flowing with milk and honey, where every Jack obtained his Jill at once and without any difficulty, men would either die of boredom or hang themselves; or there would be wars, massacres, and murders; so that in the end mankind would inflict more suffering on itself than it has now to accept at the hands of Nature. Consequently, for creatures of this kind no other stage, no other existence is as fit as that offered us by this world of ours.

In early youth, as we contemplate our coming life, we are like children in a theatre before the curtain is raised, sitting there in high spirits and eagerly waiting for the play to begin. It is a blessing that we do not know what is really going to happen. Could we foresee it, there are

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ON THE RAILS — MAX KLINGER

times when children might seem like innocent prisoners, condemned, not to death, but to life, and as yet all unconscious of what their sentence means. Nevertheless every man desires to reach old age — in other words, a state of life of which it may be said: "It is bad today, and it will be worse tomorrow; and so on till the worst of all."

If you try to imagine, as nearly as you can, what an amount of misery, pain and suffering of every kind the sun shines upon in its course, you will admit that it would be much better if on the earth, as little as on the moon, the sun were able to call forth the phenomena of life, and if, here as there, the surface were still in a crystalline state.

Again, you may look upon life as an episode unnecessarily disturbing the blessed calm of non-existence. And, in any case, even though things have gone with you tolerably well, the longer you live the more clearly you will feel that, on the whole, life is *a disappointment — nay, a cheat.*

If two men who were friends in their youth meet again when they are old, after having been separated for a lifetime, the chief feeling they will have at the sight of each other will be one of complete disappointment at life as a whole; because their thoughts will be carried back to that earlier time when life had seemed so fair as it lay spread out before them in the rosy light of dawn, had promised so much — and then performed so little. This feeling will so completely predominate every other that they will not even consider it necessary to give it words, but, on either side, it will be silently assumed and form the ground-work of all they have to talk about.

He who lives to see two or three generations is like a man who sits some time in the conjurer's booth at a fair, and witnesses the performance twice or thrice in succession. The tricks were meant to be seen only once; so that, when they are no longer a novelty and an illusion, their effect is gone.

While no man is greatly to be envied for his lot, there are countless numbers whose fate is to be deplored.

Life is a task to be done. The Latin equivalent for "he died": *defunctus est,* is a very expressive one; it means that the man has fulfilled his function.

If children were brought into the world by an act of pure reason alone, would the human race continue to exist? Would not a man rather have so much sympathy with the coming generation as to spare it the burden of existence, or, at any rate, not take it upon himself to impose that burden upon it in cold blood?

I shall be told again, I suppose, that my philosophy is comfortless — because I speak the truth; and people prefer to be assured that everything the Lord has made is good. Go to the priests, then, and leave philosophers in peace! At any rate, do not ask us to accommodate our doctrines to the lessons you have been taught. That is what those rascals of sham philosophers will do for you. Ask *them* for any doctrine you please, and you will get it. Your university professors are bound to preach optimism; and it is an easy and agreeable task to upset their theories.

I have reminded the reader that every state of welfare, every feeling of satisfaction, is negative in its character; that is to say, it consists in freedom from pain, which is the positive element of existence. It follows, therefore, that the happiness of any given life is to be measured, not by its joys and pleasures, but by the extent to which it has been free from suffering — from positive evil. If this is the true viewpoint, the lower animals appear to enjoy a happier destiny than man. Let us examine the matter a little more closely.

However varied the forms that human happiness and misery may take, leading a man to seek the one and shun the other, the material basis of it all is bodily pleasure or bodily pain. This basis is very restricted — it is simply health, food, protection from wet and cold, the satisfaction of the sexual instinct; or else the absence of these things. Consequently, as far as real physical pleasure is concerned, the man is not better off than the brute, except in so far

as the higher possibilities of his nervous system make him more sensitive to every kind of pleasure, but also, it must be remembered, to every kind of pain. But then, compared with the brute, how much stronger are the passions aroused in him! What an immeasurable difference there is in the depth and vehemence of his emotions! — and yet, in the one case, as in the other, all to produce the same result in the end, namely: health, food, clothing, and so on.

The chief source of all this passion is that concern for what is absent and future, which, with man, exercises such a powerful influence upon all he does. It is this that is the real origin of his cares, his hopes, his fears — emotions which affect him much more deeply than could ever be the case with those present joys and sufferings to which the brute is confined. In his powers of reflection, memory, and foresight, man possesses, as it were, a machine for condensing and storing up his pleasures and his sorrows. But the brute has nothing of the kind; whenever it is in pain, it is as though it were suffering for the first time, even though the same thing should have previously happened to it times out of number. It has no power of summing up its feelings; hence its careless and placid temper — how much it is to be envied! But in man reflection comes in, with all the emotions to which it gives rise; and, taking up the same elements of pleasure and pain which are common to him and the brute, it develops his susceptibility to happiness and misery to such a degree that, at one moment, the man is brought in an instant to a state of delight that may even prove fatal, at another to the depths of despair and suicide.

If we carry our analysis a step further, we shall find that, in order to increase his pleasures, man has intentionally added to the number and pressure of his needs, which in their original state were not much more difficult to satisfy than those of the brute. Hence luxury in all its forms: delicate food, the use of tobacco and opium, spirituous liquors, fine clothes, and the thousand and one things that he considers necessary to his existence.

And above and beyond all this, there is a separate and peculiar source of pleasure and, consequently, of pain, which man has established for himself, also as the result of using his powers of reflection; and this occupies him out of all proportion to its value, nay, almost more than all his other interests put together — I mean ambition and the feeling of honor and shame; in plain words, what he thinks about the opinion other people have of him. Taking a thousand forms, often very strange ones, this becomes the goal of almost all the efforts he makes that are not rooted in physical pleasure or pain. It is true that, besides the sources of pleasure which he has in common with the brute, man has the pleasures of the mind as well. These admit of many gradations, from the most innocent trifling or the merest talk up to the highest intellectual achievements; but there is the accompanying boredom to be set against them on the side of suffering. Boredom is a form of suffering unknown to brutes, at any rate in their natural state; it is only the very cleverest of them which show faint traces of it when they are domesticated; whereas, in the case of man, it has become a downright scourge. The crowd of miserable wretches whose one aim in life is to fill their purses, but never to put anything into their heads, offers a singular instance of this torment of boredom. Their wealth becomes a punishment by delivering them up to the misery of having nothing to do; for, to escape it, they will rush about in all directions, traveling here, there and everywhere. No sooner do they arrive in a place than they are anxious to know what amusements it affords — just as beggars are asking where they could receive a dole! Of a truth, need and boredom are the two poles of human life. Finally, I may mention that, as regards the sexual relation, man is committed to a peculiar arrangement which drives him obstinately to choose one person. This feeling grows, now and then, into a more or less passionate love, which is the source of little pleasure and much suffering.

It is, however, a wonderful thing that the mere addition

of thought should serve to raise such a vast and lofty structure of human happiness and misery, resting, too, on the same narrow basis of joy and sorrow as man holds in common with the brute, and exposing him to such violent emotions, to so many storms of passion, so much convulsion of feeling, that what he has suffered stands written in permanent traits in the lines on his face. And yet, when all is told, he has been struggling ultimately for the very same things that the brute has attained, and with an incomparably smaller expenditure of passion and pain.

But all this contributes to increase the measure of suffering in human life out of all proportion to its pleasures; and the pains of life are made much worse for man by the fact that death is something very real to him. The brute flies from death instinctively without really knowing what it is, and therefore without ever contemplating it in the way natural to a man, who has this prospect always before his eyes. So that even if only a few brutes die a natural death, and most of them live only just long enough to transmit their species, and then, if not earlier, become the prey of some other animal — whilst man, on the other hand, manages to make so-called natural death the rule, to which, however, there are a good many exceptions — the advantage is on the side of the brute, for the reason stated above. But the fact is that man attains the natural term of years just as seldom as the brute, because the unnatural way in which he lives, and the strain of work and emotion, lead to a degeneration of the race; and so his goal is not often reached.

The brute is much more content with mere existence than man; the plant is wholly so; and man finds satisfaction in existence just in proportion as he is dull and obtuse. Accordingly, the life of the brute carries less of sorrow with it, but also less of joy, when compared with the life of man; and while this may be traced, on the one side, to freedom from the torment of *care* and *anxiety*, it is also due to the fact that *hope*, in any real sense, is unknown to

the brute. It is thus deprived of any share in that which gives us the most and the best of our joys and pleasures — the mental anticipation of a happy future, and the inspiriting play of phantasy, both of which we owe to our power of imagination. If the brute is free from care, it is also, in this sense, without hope; this, in either case, is because its consciousness is limited to the present moment, to what it can actually see before it. The brute is the present moment personified, and hence what elements of fear and hope exist in its nature — and they do not go very far — arise only in relation to objects that lie before it and within reach of those impulses; whereas a man's range of vision embraces the whole of his life, and extends far into the past and the future.

But just on this account, there is one respect in which brutes show real wisdom when compared with us — I mean their quiet placid enjoyment of the present moment. The tranquility of mind which this seems to give them often puts us to shame for the many times we allow our thoughts and our cares to make us restless and discontented. And, even those pleasures of hope and anticipation which I have been mentioning are not to be had for nothing. The delight which a man has in hoping for and looking forward to some special satisfaction is a part of the real pleasure attaching to it enjoyed in advance. This is afterward deducted; for the more we look forward to anything the less satisfaction we find in it when it comes. But the brute's enjoyment is not anticipated and therefore suffers no deduction, so that the actual pleasure of the moment comes to it whole and unimpaired. In the same way, too, evil presses upon the brute only with its own intrinsic weight; whereas, with us, the fear of its coming often makes its burden ten times more grievous.

It is just this characteristic way in which the brute gives itself up entirely to the present moment that contributes so much to the delight we take in our domestic pets. They are the present moment personified, and in some respects

they make us feel the value of every hour, free of care, while we, going beyond it with our thoughts and preoccupations, disregard it. But man, that selfish and heartless creature, misuses this quality of the brute to be more content than we are with mere existence, and often works it to such an extent that he allows the brute absolutely nothing more than mere bare life. The bird which was made so that it might rove over half the world, he shuts up into the space of a cubic foot, there to die a slow death in longing and crying for freedom; for in a cage it does not sing for the pleasure of it. And when I see how man misuses the dog, his best friend, and ties up this intelligent animal with a chain, I feel the deepest sympathy with the brute and burning indignation against its master.

We shall see later that, by taking a very high point of view, it is possible to justify the sufferings of mankind. But this justification cannot apply to animals, whose sufferings, while in a great measure brought about by men, are often considerable, even apart from their agency; and so we are forced to ask: Why and for what purpose does all this torment and agony exist? There is nothing here to give the will pause; it is not free to deny itself and so obtain redemption. There is only one consideration that may serve to explain the sufferings of animals — namely, this: that the will to live, which underlies the whole world of phenomena, must in their case satisfy its cravings by feeding upon itself. This it does by forming a gradation of phenomena, every one of which exists at the expense of another. I have shown, however, that the capacity for suffering is less in animals than in man. Any further explanation that may be given of their fate will be in the nature of hypothesis, if not actually mythical in its character; and I may leave the reader to speculate upon the matter for himself.

Brahma is said to have produced the world by a kind of fall or mistake; and in order to atone for his folly he is bound to remain in it himself until he works out his redemp-

tion. As an account of the origin of things, that is admirable! According to the doctrines of Buddhism, the world came into being as the result of some inexplicable disturbance in the heavenly calm of Nirvana, that blessed state obtained by expiation, which had endured so long a time — the change taking place by a kind of fatality. This explanation must be understood as having at bottom some moral bearing, although it is illustrated by an exactly parallel theory in the domain of physical science, which places the origin of the sun in a primitive streak of mist, formed one knows not how. Subsequently, by a series of moral errors, the world became gradually worse and worse — true of the physical orders as well — until it assumed the dismal aspect it wears today. Excellent! The Greeks looked upon the world and the gods as the work of an inscrutable necessity — a passable explanation; we may be content with it until we can get a better. Again, Ormuzd and Ahriman are rival powers, continually at war. That is not bad. But that a God like Jehovah should have created this world of misery and woe, out of pure caprice and because he enjoyed doing it, and should then have clapped his hands in praise of his own work and declared everything to be "very good" — that will not do at all! In its explanation of the origin of the world, Judaism is inferior to any other form of religious doctrine professed by a civilized nation, and it is quite in keeping with this that it is the only one which presents no trace whatever of any belief in the immortality of the soul.

Even though Leibniz' contention, that this is the best of all possible worlds, were correct, that would not give us yet a *Theodicy*. For he is the Creator not of the world only, but of possibility itself, and, therefore, he ought to have so ordered possibility as that it would admit of something better.

There are two things which make it impossible to believe that this world is the successful work of an all-wise, all-good, and, at the same time, all-powerful Being: first, the

misery which abounds in it everywhere; and, second, the obvious imperfection of its highest product, man, who is a burlesque caricature of what he should be. These things cannot be reconciled with any such belief; on the contrary, they are just the facts which support what I have been saying; they are our authority for viewing the world as the outcome of our own misdeeds, and, therefore, as something that had better not have been. Whilst, under the former hypothesis, they amount to a bitter accusation against the Creator, and supply material for sarcasm; under the latter they form an indictment against our own nature, our own will, and teach us a lesson of humility. They lead us to see that, like the children of a libertine, we come into the world with the burden of sin upon us, and that it is only through having continually to atone for this sin that our existence is so miserable and that its end is death.

There is nothing more certain than the general truth that it is the grievous *sin of the world* which has produced the grievous *suffering of the world.* I am not referring here to the physical connection between these two things lying in the realm of experience; my meaning is metaphysical. Accordingly, the sole thing that reconciles me to the Old Testament is the story of the Fall. In my eyes, it is the only metaphysical truth in that book, even though it appears in the form of an allegory. There seems to me no better explanation of our existence than that it is the result of some false step, some sin of which we are paying the penalty. I cannot refrain from recommending to the thoughtful reader a popular, but, at the same time, profound treatise on this subject by Claudius,* which exhibits the essentially pessimistic spirit of Christianity. It is entitled: *Cursed be the ground for thy sake.*

Between the ethics of the Greeks and the ethics of the Hindoos there is a glaring contrast. In the one case (with

* Matthias Claudius (1740–1815), a popular poet, and friend of Klopstock, Herder and Lessing. He edited the *Wandsbecker Bote,* in the fourth part of which appeared the treatise mentioned above.— TRANSLATOR.

the exception, it must be confessed, of Plato), the object of ethics is to enable a man to lead a happy life; in the other, it is to free and redeem him from life altogether — as is directly stated in the very first words of the *Sankhya Karika.*

Allied with this is the contrast between the Greek and the Christian idea of death. It is strikingly presented in a visible form on a fine antique sarcophagus in the gallery at Florence, which exhibits, in relief, the whole series of ceremonies attending a wedding in ancient times, from the formal offer to the Evening when Hymen's torch lights the happy couple home. Compare with that the Christian coffin, draped in mournful black and surmounted with a crucifix! How much significance there is in these two ways of finding comfort in death. They are opposed to each other, but each is right. The one points to the *affirmation* of the will to live, which remains sure of life for all time, however rapidly its forms may change. The other, in the symbol of suffering and death, points to the *denial* of the will to live, to redemption from this world, the domain of death and devil. And in the question between the affirmation and the denial of the will to live, Christianity is in the last resort right.

The contrast which the New Testament presents when compared with the Old, according to the ecclesiastical view of the matter, is just that existing between my ethical system and the moral philosophy of Europe. The Old Testament represents man as under the dominion of Law, in which, however, there is no redemption. The New Testament declares Law to have failed, frees man from its dominion,* and, in its stead, preaches the kingdom of grace to be won by faith, love of one's neighbor, and entire sacrifice of self. This is the path of redemption from the evil of the world. The spirit of the New Testament is undoubtedly asceticism, however your protestants and rationalists may twist it to suit their purpose. Asceticism is the denial

* Cf. Romans vii; Galatians ii., iii.

of the will to live; and the transition from the Old Testament to the New, from the dominion of Law to that of Faith, from justification by works to redemption through the Mediator, from the domain of sin and death to eternal life in Christ, means, when taken in its real sense, the transition from the merely moral virtues to the denial of the will to live. My philosophy shows the metaphysical foundation of justice and the love of mankind, and points to the goal to which these virtues necessarily lead if they are practised in perfection. At the same time it is candid in confessing that a man must turn his back upon the world, and that the denial of the will to live is the way of redemption. It is therefore really at one with the spirit of the New Testament, whilst all other systems are couched in the spirit of the Old — that is to say, theoretically as well as practically, their result is Judaism — which is mere despotic theism. In this sense, then, my doctrine might be called the only true Christian philosophy — however paradoxical a statement this may seem to people who take superficial views instead of penetrating to the heart of the matter.

If you want a safe compass to guide you through life and to banish all doubt as to the right way of looking at it, you cannot do better than accustom yourself to regard this world as a penitentiary, a sort of penal colony, or ἐργαστήριον, as the earliest philosophers called it. Amongst the Christian Fathers, Origen, with praiseworthy courage, took this view, which is justified both objectively and theoretically. I refer, not to my own philosophy alone, but to the wisdom of all ages, as expressed in Brahmanism and Buddhism, and in the sayings of Greek philosophers like Empedocles and Pythagoras; as also by Cicero, in his remark that the wise men of old used to teach that we come into this world to pay the penalty of crime committed in another state of existence — a doctrine which formed part of the initiation into the mysteries. And Vanini — whom his contemporaries burned, finding that an easier task than

to confute him — puts the same thing in a very forcible way. "Man," he says, "is so full of every kind of misery that, were it not repugnant to the Christian religion, I should venture to affirm that if evil spirits exist at all they have passed into human form and are now atoning for their crimes." And true Christianity — using the word in its right sense — also regards our existence as the consequence of sin and error.

If you accustom yourself to this view of life you will regulate your expectations accordingly, and cease to look upon all its disagreeable incidents, great and small, its sufferings, its worries, its misery, as anything unusual or irregular; nay, you will find that everything is as it should be in a world where each of us pays the penalty of existence in his own peculiar way. Amongst the evils of a penal colony is the society of those who form it; and, if the reader is worthy of better company, he will need no words from me to remind him of what he has to put up with at present. If he has a soul above the common, or if he is a man of genius, he will occasionally feel like some noble prisoner of state, condemned to work in the galleys with common criminals; and he will follow his example and try to isolate himself.

In general, however, it should be said that this view of life will enable us to contemplate the so-called imperfections of the great majority of men, their moral, intellectual and physiognomical deficiencies and the resulting base type of countenance, without any surprise, to say nothing of indignation; for we shall never cease to reflect where we are, and that the men about us are beings conceived and born in sin, and living to atone for it. That is what Christianity means in speaking of the sinful nature of man.

*Pardon's the word to all!** Whatever folly men commit, be their shortcomings or their vices what they may, let us exercise forbearance, remembering that when these

* *Cymbeline*, Act v. Sc. 5.

faults appear in others it is our follies and vices that we behold. They are the shortcomings of humanity to which we belong, whose faults, one and all, we share — yes, even those very faults at which we now wax so indignant merely because they are not appearing just now in ourselves. They are faults that do not lie on the surface, but exist in the very depths of our nature; and should anything call them forth they will come and show themselves, just as we now see them in others. One man, it is true, may have faults that are absent in his fellow, and it is undeniable that the sum total of bad qualities is in some cases very large; for the difference of individuality between man and man passes all measure.

In fact, the conviction that the world and man is something that had better not have been is of a kind to fill us with indulgence toward one another. Nay, from this point of view, we might well consider the proper form of address to be, not *Monsieur, Sir, mein Herr,* but *my fellow-sufferer, Socî malorum, compagnon de misères!* This may perhaps sound strange, but it is in keeping with the facts; it puts others in a right light; and it reminds us of that which is, after all, the most necessary thing in life — the tolerance, patience, regard, and love of neighbor, of which every one stands in need, and which, therefore, every man owes to his fellow.

III

ON SUICIDE*

As far as I know, none but the votaries of monotheistic, that is to say, Jewish religions, look upon suicide as a crime. This is all the more striking, inasmuch as neither in the Old nor in the New Testament is there to be found any formal prohibition or even positive disapproval of it, so that religious teachers are forced to base their condem-

* *Parerga and Paralipomena,* II, Chapter XIII.

nation of suicide on philosophical grounds of their own invention. These are so very bad that writers of this kind endeavor to make up for the weakness of their arguments by the strong terms in which they express their abhorrence of the practice; in other words, they use foul language against it. They tell us that suicide is the greatest piece of cowardice, that only a madman could be guilty of it, and other insipidities of the same kind; or else they make the nonsensical remark that suicide is *wrong*, when it is quite obvious that there is nothing in the world to which every man has a more unassailable right than to his own life and person.

Suicide is even accounted a crime, and a crime which, especially under the vulgar bigotry that prevails in England, is followed by an ignominious burial and the seizure of the man's property; for that reason, in a case of suicide, the jury almost always brings in a verdict of insanity.

Now let the reader's own moral feelings decide as to whether or not suicide is a criminal act. Think of the impression that would be made upon you by the news that some one you knew had committed the crime, say, of murder or theft, or been guilty of some act of cruelty or deception, and compare it with your feelings when you hear that he has met a voluntary death. While in the first case a lively sense of indignation and extreme resentment will be aroused, and you will call loudly for punishment or revenge, in the other case you will be moved to grief and sympathy; and mingled with your thoughts will be admiration for his courage, rather than the moral disapproval which follows upon a wicked action. Who has not had acquaintances, friends, relatives, who of their own free will have left this world; and are these to be thought of with horror as criminals? Most emphatically—No! I am rather of the opinion that the clergy for once should be challenged to explain what right they have to go into the pulpit, or take up their pens, and stamp as a crime an action which many men whom we hold in affection and

honor have committed, and to refuse an honorable burial to those who relinquish this world voluntarily. They have no Biblical authority to boast of, as justifying their condemnation of suicide — nay, not even any philosophical arguments that will hold water; and it must be understood that it is arguments we want, and that we will not be put off with mere phrases or words of abuse. If the criminal law forbids suicide, that is not an argument valid in the Church, and, besides, the prohibition is ridiculous; for what penalty can frighten a man who is not afraid of death itself? If the law punishes people for trying to commit suicide, it is punishing the want of skill that makes the attempt a failure.

The ancients, moreover, were very far from regarding the matter in that light. Pliny says: "Life is not so desirable a thing as to be protracted at any cost. Whoever you are, you are sure to die, even though your life has been full of abomination and crime. The chief of all remedies for a troubled mind is the feeling that among all the blessings which Nature gives to man there is none greater than an opportune death; and the best of it is that every one can avail himself of it." And elsewhere the same writer declares: "Not even to God are all things possible; for he could not compass his own death, if he willed to die, and yet in all the miseries of our earthly life this is the best of his gifts to man." Nay, in Massilia and on the isle of Ceos, the man who could give valid reasons for relinquishing his life was handed the cup of hemlock by the magistrate, and that, too, in public. And in ancient times how many heroes and wise men died a voluntary death. Aristotle, it is true, declared suicide to be an offense against the State, although not against the person; but in Stobæus' exposition of the Peripatetic ethics there is the following remark: "The good man should flee life when his misfortunes become too great; the bad man, also, when he is too prosperous." And similarly: "So he will marry and beget children and take part in the affairs of the State,

and, generally, practise virtue and continue to live; and then, again, if need be, and at any time necessity compels him, he will depart to his place of refuge in the tomb." And we find that the stoics actually praised suicide as a noble and heroic action, as hundreds of passages show, above all in the works of Seneca who expresses the strongest approval of it. As is well known, the Hindoos look upon suicide as a religious act, especially when it takes the form of cremation of widows, but also when it consists in casting oneself under the wheels of the chariot of the gods at Juggernaut, or offering oneself for food to the crocodiles in the Ganges, or in the holy tanks in the temples, and so on. The same thing occurs on the stage — that mirror of life. For example, in *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, a celebrated Chinese play, almost all the noble characters end by suicide, without the slightest hint anywhere (nor does it occur to the spectator) that they are committing a crime. Yea, in our own theatre it is much the same — Palmira, for instance, in *Mahomet*, or Mortimer in *Maria Stuart*, Othello, Countess Terzky. Is Hamlet's monologue the meditation of a criminal? He merely declares that, if we had any certainty of being absolutely annihilated by it, death would be infinitely preferable in view of the real condition of the world. But *there lies the rub!*

The reasons, however, advanced against suicide by the clergy of monotheistic, that is to say, Jewish religions, and by those philosophers who adapt themselves thereto, are weak sophisms which can easily be refuted. The most thorough-going refutation of them is given by Hume in his *Essay on Suicide.* This did not appear until after his death, when it was immediately suppressed owing to the scandalous bigotry and outrageous ecclesiastical tyranny that prevailed in England; hence only a very few copies of it were sold under cover of secrecy and at a high price. This and another treatise by that great man have come to us from Basle, and we may be thankful for the reprint. It is a great disgrace to the English nation that a purely

philosophical treatise, which, proceeding from one of the first thinkers and writers in England, aimed at refuting the current arguments against suicide by the light of cold reason, should be forced to sneak about in that country, as though it were some rascally production, until at last it found refuge on the Continent; at the same time it shows what a good conscience the Church has in such matters.

In my chief work I have explained the only valid reason existing against suicide on the score of morality. It is this: that suicide thwarts the attainment of the highest moral aim by the fact that, for a real release from this world of misery, it substitutes one that is merely apparent.* But from *aberration* to a *crime*, as the clergy of Christendom wish us to regard suicide, there is a far cry.

The inmost kernel of Christianity is the truth that suffering — *the Cross* — is the real end and object of life. Hence Christianity condemns suicide as thwarting this end, while the ancient world, taking a lower point of view, held it in approval, nay, in honor. But if that is to be accounted a valid reason against suicide it involves the recognition of asceticism — that is to say, it is valid only from a much higher ethical view-point than has ever been adopted by moral philosophers in Europe. If we abandon that high point of view, there is no tenable reason left, on the score of morality, for condemning suicide. The extraordinary energy and zeal with which the clergy of monotheistic religions attack suicide is not supported either by any passages in the Bible or by any considerations of weight, so that it looks as though they must have some secret reason for their contention. May it not be this — that the

* According to Schopenhauer, moral freedom — the highest ethical aim — is to be obtained only by a denial of the will to live. Far from being a denial, suicide is an emphatic assertion of this will. For it is in fleeing from the pleasures, not from the sufferings of life, that this denial consists. When a man destroys his existence as an individual, he is not by any means destroying his will to live. On the contrary, he would like to live if he could do so with satisfaction to himself; if he could assert his will against the power of circumstance; but circumstance is too strong for him.— TRANSLATOR.

voluntary surrender of life is a poor compliment for Him who said that "all things were very good"? This offers us another instance of the forced optimism of these religions — denouncing suicide to escape being denounced by it.

It will generally be found that, as soon as the terrors of life reach the point at which they outweigh the terrors of death, a man will put an end to his life. But the terrors of death offer considerable resistance; they stand like sentinels at the gate leading out of this world. Perhaps there is no man alive who would not have already put an end to his life, if this end had been of a purely negative character, a sudden stoppage of existence. But there is something positive about it; it is the destruction of the body; and a man shrinks from that, because his body is the manifestation of the will to live.

However, the struggle with those sentinels is, as a rule, not so hard as it may seem from a long way off, mainly in consequence of the antagonism between the ills of the body and the ills of the mind. If we are in great bodily pain, or the pain lasts a long time, we become indifferent to other troubles; all we think about is to get well. In the same way great mental suffering makes us insensible to bodily pain and we despise it; nay, if it should outweigh the other, it distracts our thoughts, and we welcome it as a pause in mental suffering. It is this feeling that makes suicide easy, for the bodily pain that accompanies it loses all significance in the eyes of one who is tormented by an excess of mental suffering. This is especially evident in the case of those who are driven to suicide by some purely morbid and exaggerated despondency. No special effort to overcome their feelings is necessary, nor do such people require to be worked up in order to take the step, but as soon as the keeper into whose charge they are given leaves them for a couple of minutes they quickly bring their life to an end.

When, in some dreadful and ghastly dream, we reach

the moment of greatest horror, it awakes us, thereby banishing all the hideous shapes that were born of the night. Life is a dream; and when the moment of greatest horror compels us to break it off, the same thing happens.

Suicide may also be regarded as an experiment — a question which man puts to Nature, trying to force her to an answer. The question is this: What change will death produce in a man's existence and in his insight into the nature of things? It is a clumsy experiment to make; for it involves the destruction of the very consciousness which puts the question and awaits the answer.

IV

ON THINKING FOR ONESELF*

A LIBRARY may be very large; but if it is in disorder, it is not so useful as one that is small but well arranged. In the same way a man may have a great mass of knowledge, but if he has not worked it up by thinking it over for himself it has much less value than a far smaller amount which he has thoroughly pondered. For it is only when a man looks at his knowledge from all sides and combines the things he knows by comparing truth with truth, that he obtains a complete hold over it and gets it into his power. A man cannot turn over anything in his mind unless he knows it; he should, therefore, learn something; but it is only when he has turned it over that he can be said to know it.

Reading and learning are things that any one can do of his own free will; but not so *thinking*. Thinking must be kindled, like a fire by a draught; it must be sustained by some interest in the matter in hand. This interest may be of purely objective kind, or merely subjective. The latter comes into play in things only that concern us personally; objective interest is confined to heads that think by nature,

* *Parerga and Paralipomena*, II, Chapter XXII.

to whom thinking is as natural as breathing, but they are very rare. This is why most men of learning show so little of it.

It is incredible what a different effect is produced upon the mind by thinking for oneself, as compared with reading. It carries on and intensifies that original difference in the nature of two minds which leads the one to think and the other to read. What I mean is that reading forces alien thoughts upon the mind — thoughts which are as foreign to the drift and temper in which it may be for the moment as the seal is to the wax on which it stamps its imprint. The mind is through the process of reading entirely under compulsion from without; it is driven to think this or that, though for the moment it may not have the slightest impulse or inclination to do so.

But when a man thinks for himself he follows the impulse of his own mind, which is determined for him at the time either by his environment or some particular recollection. The visible world of a man's surroundings does not, as reading does, impress a *single* definite thought upon his mind, but merely gives the matter and occasion which lead him to think what is appropriate to his nature and present temper. So it is that much reading deprives the mind of all elasticity; it is like keeping a spring continually under pressure. The safest way of having no thoughts of one's own is to take up a book every moment one has nothing else to do. It is this practise which explains why erudition makes most men more stupid and silly than they are by nature, and precludes their writings from obtaining any measure of success. They remain, in Pope's words —

For ever reading, never to read! *

Men of learning are those who have done their reading in the pages of a book. Thinkers and men of genius are those who have gone straight to the book of Nature; it is they who have enlightened the world and carried humanity further on its way.

* *Dunciad*, iii. 194.

If a man's thoughts are to have truth and life in them, they must, after all, be his own fundamental thoughts; for these are the only ones that he can fully and wholly understand. To read another's thoughts is like taking the leavings of a meal to which we have not been invited, or putting on the clothes which some unknown visitor has laid aside.

The thought we read is as slightly related to the thought which springs up in ourselves as the fossil-impress of some prehistoric plant is to a plant budding forth in springtime.

Reading is nothing more than a substitute for independent thinking, it means putting the mind into leading-strings. Besides, many books serve only to show how many false paths there are, and how widely astray a man may wander if he follows any of them. But he who is guided by his genius, he who thinks for himself spontaneously and exactly, possesses the only compass by which he can steer aright. A man should read only when his own thoughts stagnate at their source, which will happen often enough even with the best of minds. On the other hand, to take up a book for the purpose of scaring away one's own original thoughts is sin against the Holy Spirit; it is like running away from Nature to look at a herbarium of dried plants or gaze at a landscape in copperplate.

A man may have discovered some portion of truth or wisdom after spending a great deal of time and trouble in thinking it over for himself and adding thought to thought; and it may sometimes happen that he could have found it all ready to hand in a book and spared himself the trouble — but, even so, it is a hundred times more valuable if he has acquired it by thinking it out for himself. For it is only when we gain our knowledge in this way that it enters as an integral part, a living member, into the whole system of our thought; that it stands in complete and firm relation with what we know; that it is understood with all that underlies it and follows from it; that it wears the color, the precise shade, the distinguishing mark, of our own way of thinking; that it comes exactly at the right

time, just as we felt the necessity for it; that it stands fast and cannot be forgotten. This is the perfect application, nay, the interpretation, of Goethe's advice to earn our inheritance for ourselves so that we may really possess it:

Was du ererbt von dienen Vätern hast,
*Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.**

The man who thinks for himself forms his own opinions and learns the authorities for them afterward, when they serve but to strengthen his belief in them and in himself. But the book-philosopher starts from the authorities; he reads other people's books, collects their opinions, and so builds for himself a form which resembles an automaton made up of anything but flesh and blood. Contrarily, he who thinks for himself creates a work like a living man as made by Nature. For the work comes into being as a man does; the thinking mind is impregnated from without, and it then forms and bears its child.

Truth made one's own merely by learning is like an artificial limb, a false tooth, a waxen nose — at best, like a nose made out of another's flesh; it adheres to us only because it is put on. But truth acquired by thinking of our own is like a natural limb; *it* really belongs to us. This is the fundamental difference between the thinker and the mere man of learning. The intellectual attainments of a man who thinks for himself resemble a fine painting, where the light and shade are correct, the tone sustained, the color perfectly harmonized; it is true to life. On the other hand, the intellectual attainments of the mere man of learning are like a large palette, full of all sorts of colors, which at most are systematically arranged but are devoid of harmony, connection, and meaning.

Reading is thinking with some one else's head instead of one's own. To think with one's own head is always to aim at developing a coherent whole — a system, even though it be not a strictly complete one; and nothing hinders

* *Faust*, i. 329.

this so much as too strong a current of others' thoughts, such as comes of continual reading. These thoughts, springing every one of them from different minds, belonging to different systems, and tinged with different colors, never of themselves flow together into an intellectual whole; they never form a unity of knowledge, or insight, or conviction, but, rather, fill the head with a Babylonian confusion of tongues. The mind that is overloaded with alien thought is thus deprived of all clear insight, and so well-nigh disorganized. This is a state of things observable in many men of learning; and it makes them inferior in sound sense, correct judgment, and practical tact, to many illiterate persons who, after obtaining a little knowledge from without, by means of experience, intercourse with others, and a small amount of reading, have always subordinated it to, and embodied it with, their own thought.

The really scientific *thinker* does the same thing as these illiterate persons, but on a larger scale. Although he has need of much knowledge and so must read a great deal, his mind is nevertheless strong enough to master it all, to assimilate and incorporate it with the system of his thoughts, and so to make it fit in with the organic unity of his insight, which, though vast, is always growing. And in the process, his own thought, like the bass in an organ, always dominates everything, and is never drowned by other tones, as happens with minds which are full of mere antiquarian lore, where shreds of music, as it were, in every key, mingle confusedly, and no fundamental note is heard at all.

Those who have spent their lives in reading and have taken their wisdom from books, are like people who have obtained precise information about a country from the descriptions of many travelers. Such people can tell a great deal about it, but, after all, have no connected, clear, and profound knowledge of its real condition. On the other hand, those who have spent their lives in independent thinking resemble the travelers themselves; they alone

really know what they are talking about; they are acquainted with the actual state of affairs, and are quite at home on the subject.

The thinker stands in the same relation to the ordinary book-philosopher that an eye-witness does to the historian; he speaks from direct personal knowledge. That is why all those who think for themselves come, in the last analysis, to much the same conclusion. The differences they present are due to their different points of view; and when these do not affect the matter they all speak alike, merely expressing the result of their own objective perception of things. There are many passages in my works which I have given to the public only after some hesitation, because of their paradoxical nature; and afterward I have experienced a pleasant surprise in finding the same opinion recorded in the works of great men who lived long ago.

The book-philosopher, however, merely reports what one person has said and another meant, the objections raised by a third, and so on. He compares different opinions, ponders, criticises, and tries to get at the truth of the matter; herein he is on a par with the critical historian. For instance, he will set out to inquire whether Leibnitz was not for some time a follower of Spinoza, and questions of a like nature. The curious student of such matters may find conspicuous examples of what I mean in Herbart's *Analytical Elucidation of Morality and Natural Right*, and in the same author's *Letters on Freedom*. Surprise may be felt that a man of this kind should put himself to so much trouble, for if he would only examine the matter for himself he would speedily attain his object by the exercise of a little thought. But there is a small difficulty in the way — it does not depend upon his own will. A man can always sit down and read, but not — think. It is with thoughts as with men — they cannot always be summoned at pleasure; we must wait for them to come. Thought about a subject must appear of itself, by a happy and harmonious combination of external stimulus with mental

temper and attention; and it is just that which never seems to come to these people.

This truth may be illustrated by what happens in the case of matters affecting our own personal interest. When it is necessary to come to some resolution in a matter of that kind, we cannot well sit down at any given moment and think over the merits of the case and make up our mind; for, if we try to do so, we often find ourselves unable, at that particular moment, to keep our mind fixed upon the subject; it wanders off to other things. Aversion to the matter in question is sometimes to blame for this. In such a case we should not use force, but wait for the proper frame of mind to come of itself. It often comes unexpectedly and returns again and again; and the variety of temper in which we approach it at different moments puts the matter always in a fresh light. It is this slow process which is understood by the term "a ripe resolution." For the work of coming to a resolution must be distributed, since in the process much that is overlooked at one moment occurs to us at another; and the repugnance vanishes when we find, as we usually do, on a closer inspection, that things are not so bad as they seemed.

This rule applies to the life of the intellect as well as to matters of practice. A man must wait for the right moment. Not even the greatest mind is capable of thinking for itself at all times; hence a great mind does well to spend its leisure in reading, which, as I have said, is a substitute for thought for it brings stuff to the mind by letting another person do the thinking; and yet that is always done in a manner not our own. Therefore, a man should not read too much if he would not have his mind become accustomed to the substitute and thereby forget the reality, or would not form the habit of walking in well-worn paths, or, by following an alien course of thought, grow a stranger to his own. Least of all should a man quite withdraw his gaze from the real world for the mere sake of reading; as the impulse and the temper which prompt to thought of

one's own come far oftener from the world of reality than from the world of books. The real life that a man sees before him is the natural subject of thought; and the genuineness of its strength can more easily than anything else rouse and influence the thinking mind.

After these considerations, it will not be matter for surprise that a man who thinks for himself can easily be distinguished from the book-philosopher by the character of his delivery, by his marked earnestness, and the originality, directness, and personal conviction that stamp all his thoughts and expressions. The book-philosopher, on the other hand, lets it be seen that everything he has is second-hand, that his ideas are like the lumber and trash of an old furniture-shop, collected into a heap from all quarters. Mentally, he is dull and pointless — a reprint of a reprint. His literary style is made up of conventional, nay, vulgar phrases, and terms that happen to be current — in this respect being much like a small State where all the money that circulates is foreign, because it has no coinage of its own.

Mere experience can as little as reading supply the place of thinking. It stands to thinking in the same relation in which eating stands to digestion and assimilation. When experience boasts that to its discoveries alone is due the advancement of human knowledge, it is as though the mouth were to claim the whole credit of maintaining the body in health.

The works of all truly capable minds are distinguished by a character of *decision* and *definiteness*, which means that they are clear and free from obscurity. A truly capable mind always knows definitely and clearly what it is that it wants to express, whether its medium is prose, verse, or music. Other minds are not decisive and not definite, and by this they may be known for what they are.

The characteristic sign of a mind of the highest order is that it always judges at first hand. Everything it advances is the result of thinking for itself, and this is

everywhere evident by the way in which it gives its thoughts utterance. Such a mind is like a Prince. In the realm of intellect its authority is imperial, whereas the authority of minds of a lower order is delegated only, as may be seen in their style, which has no independent stamp of its own.

Every one who really thinks for himself is so far like a monarch. His position is undelegated and supreme. His judgments, like royal decrees, spring from his own sovereign power and proceed directly from himself. He acknowledges authority as little as a monarch admits a command; he subscribes to nothing but what he has himself authorized. The myriads of common minds, laboring under all sorts of current opinions, authorities, prejudices, are like the subjects of a monarch who silently obey the law and accept their orders from above.

Those who are so zealous and eager to settle debated questions by citing authorities are really glad when they are able to put the understanding and insight of others into the field in place of their own — which are wanting. The number of these is legion. For, as Seneca says, there is no man but prefers belief to the exercise of judgment — *unusquisque mavult credere quam judicare.* In their controversies such people make a promiscuous use of the weapon of authority and strike out at one another with it. If any one chances to become involved in such a contest he will do well not to try reason and argument as a mode of defense; for against a weapon of that kind these people are like Siegfrieds, with a skin of horn, and dipped in the flood of incapacity for thinking and judging. They will meet his attack by bringing up their authorities as a way of abashing him — *argumentum ad verecundiam* — and then cry out that they have won the battle.

In the world of reality, be it never so fair, felicitous, and pleasant, we always live subject to the law of gravity, which we have constantly to overcome; but in the world of intellect we are disembodied spirits, free from the law of gravity and not subject to distress. Thus it is that

there exists no happiness on earth like that which, at the auspicious moment, a fine and fruitful mind finds in itself.

The presence of a thought is like the presence of a woman we love; we fancy we shall never forget the thought nor become indifferent to the dear one — but out of sight, out of mind! The finest thought runs the risk of being irrevocably forgotten if we do not write it down, and the darling of being deserted if we do not marry her.

There are plenty of thoughts which are valuable to the man who thinks them; but only few of them which have enough strength to produce repercussive or reflex action — I mean, to win the reader's sympathy after they have been put on paper.

But still it must not be forgotten that a true value attaches only to what a man has thought in the first instance *for himself.* Thinkers may be classed according as they think chiefly for themselves or for others. The former are the genuine, independent thinkers; they are the true *philosophers;* they alone are in earnest; the pleasure and the happiness of their existence consist in thinking. The others are the *sophists;* they want to seem that which they are not, and seek their happiness in what they hope to get from the world — they are in earnest about nothing else. To which of these two classes a man belongs may be seen by his whole style and manner. Lichtenberg is an example for the former class; Herder already belongs to the second.

When one considers how vast and how close to us is *the problem of existence* — this equivocal, tortured, fleeting, dreamlike existence of ours — so vast and so close that a man no sooner discovers it than it overshadows and obscures all other problems and aims; and when one considers how all men, with few and rare exceptions, have no clear consciousness of this problem, nay, seem to be quite unaware of its presence but busy themselves with everything rather than with this, and live on, taking no thought but for the passing day and the hardly longer span of their own personal future, either expressly discarding the prob-

lem or else over-ready to come to terms with it by adopting some system of popular metaphysics and letting it satisfy them — when, I say, one takes all this to heart, one may come to the opinion that man may be said to be *a thinking being* only in a very remote sense and henceforth will feel no special surprise at any trait of human thoughtlessness or folly, but will know, rather, that the normal man's intellectual range of vision does indeed extend beyond that of the brute whose whole existence is, as it were, a continual present, with no consciousness of the past or the future — though not such an immeasurable distance as is generally supposed. This is, in fact, corroborated by the way in which most men converse, their thoughts being chopped up fine, like chaff, so that it is impossible for them to sustain a connected conversation.

If this world were peopled by really thinking beings it could never be that noise of every kind would be allowed such generous limits, as is the case with the most horrible and at the same time aimless form of it.* If nature had meant man to think, she would not have given him ears at all — or, at any rate, she would have furnished them with air-tight flaps, such as are the enviable possession of the bat. But, in truth, man is a poor animal, like the rest, and his powers are meant only to maintain him in the struggle for existence; therefore he must needs keep his ears always open, to announce of themselves, by night as by day, the approach of the pursuer.

V

ON STYLE†

Style is the physiognomy of the mind, and is more infallible than that of the body. To imitate another man's style is like wearing a mask, which, be it never so fine, is

* Schopenhauer refers to the cracking of whips.— Translator.

† *Parerga and Paralipomena*, II, Chapter XXIII.

not long in arousing disgust and abhorrence, because it is lifeless; therefore even the ugliest living face is better. Hence those who wrote in Latin and copy the manner of the ancients may be said to speak through a mask; the reader, it is true, hears what they say, but he cannot observe their physiognomy too — he cannot see their *style*. With the Latin works of writers who think for themselves the case is different and their style is visible — writers, I mean, who have not condescended to any sort of imitation, such as Scotus Erigena, Petrarch, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, and many others. And affectation in style is like making grimaces. Further, the language in which a man writes is the physiognomy of the nation to which he belongs; but here there are many hard and fast differences, beginning from the language of the Greeks down to that of the Caribbean islanders. One ought to discover stylistic mistakes in the writings of others in order to avoid them in his own.

To form a provisional estimate of the value of a writer's productions, it is not directly necessary to know the subject on which he has thought, or what it is that he has said about it; that would imply a perusal of all his works. It will be enough, to begin with, to know *how* he has thought; this, which means the essential temper or general quality of his mind, may be precisely determined by his style. A man's style shows the *formal* nature of all his thoughts — the formal nature which can never change, be the subject or the character of his thoughts what it may; it is, as it were, the dough out of which all the contents of his mind are kneaded. When Eulenspiegel was asked how long it would take to walk to the next village, he gave the seemingly incongruous answer: *Walk*. He wanted to find out by the man's pace the distance he would cover in a given time. In the same way, when I have read a few pages of an author, I know fairly well how far he can bring me.

Every mediocre writer tries to mask his own natural style, because in his heart he knows the truth of what I

am saying. He is thus forced, at the outset, to give up any attempt at being absolutely frank — a privilege which is reserved for superior minds, conscious of their own worth and therefore sure of themselves. What I mean is that these mediocre writers are absolutely unable to resolve upon writing just as they think, because they have a notion that, were they to do so, their work might possibly look very simple. For all that, it would not be without its value. If they would only go honestly to work, and say, quite simply, the few things they have really thought and just as they have thought them, these writers would be readable and, within their own proper sphere, even instructive.

But, instead of this, they try to make the reader believe that their thoughts have gone much further and deeper than is really the case. They say what they have to say in long sentences that wind about in a forced and unnatural way; they coin new words and write prolix periods which go round and round the thought and wrap it up in a sort of disguise. They tremble between the two separate aims of communicating what they want to say and of concealing it. Their object is to dress it up so that it may look learned or deep, in order to give people the impression that there is very much more in it than for the moment meets the eye. They either jot down their thoughts bit by bit, in short, ambiguous, and paradoxical sentences, which apparently hint at much more than they really say — of this kind of writing Schilling's treatises on natural philosophy are a splendid instance; or else they hold forth with a deluge of words and the most intolerable diffusiveness, as though the Lord knows what amount of endeavor were necessary to make the reader understand the deep meaning of their sentences, whereas it is some quite simple if not actually trivial idea — examples of which may be found in plenty in the popular works of Fichte, and the philosophical manuals of a hundred other miserable dunces not worth mentioning; or, again, they try to write in some particular

style which they have been pleased to take up and think very distinguished, a style, for example, *par excellence* profound and scientific, where the reader is tormented to death by the narcotic effect of long-spun periods without a single idea in them — such as are furnished in a special measure by those most impudent of all mortals, the Hegelians; or it may be that it is a genial style they have striven after, where it seems as though their object were to go crazy altogether; and so on in many other cases. All these endeavors to put off the *nascetur ridiculus mus* — to avoid showing the funny little creature that is born after such mighty throes — often make it difficult to know what it is that they really mean. And then, too, they write down words, nay, even whole sentences, without attaching any meaning to them themselves, but in the hope that some one else will get sense out of them.

And what is at the bottom of all this? Nothing but the untiring effort to sell words for thoughts; a mode of merchandise that is always trying to make fresh openings for itself, and by means of odd expressions, turns of phrase, and combinations of every sort, whether new or used in a new sense, to produce the appearance of clever thought in order to make up for the very painfully-felt lack of it.

It is amusing to see how writers with this object in view will attempt first one mannerism and then another, as though they were putting on the mask of intellect? This mask may possibly deceive the inexperienced for a while, until it is seen to be a dead thing, with no life in it at all; it is then laughed at and exchanged for another. Such an author will at one moment write in a dithyrambic vein, as though he were tipsy; at another, nay, on the very next page, his learning will assume the pompous, severe, profound, and prolix style, stumbling on in the most cumbrous way and chopping up everything very small — like the late Christian Wolf, only in a modern dress. Longest of all lasts the mask of unintelligibility; but this is only in Germany, whither it was introduced by Fichte, perfected by

Schilling, and carried to its highest pitch in Hegel — always with the best results.

And yet nothing is easier than to write so that no one can understand; just as, contrarily, nothing is more difficult than to express deep thoughts in such a way that every one must necessarily grasp them. All the arts and tricks I have been mentioning are rendered superfluous if the author really has any brains; for that allows him to show himself as he is, and confirms to all time Horace's maxim that good sense is the source and origin of good style —

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

But those authors I have named are like certain workers in metal, who try a hundred different compounds to take the place of gold — the one metal, and that which can never have any substitute. Rather than do that, there is nothing against which a writer should be more upon his guard than the manifest endeavor to exhibit more wit than he really has, because this makes the reader suspect that he possesses very little, since as a rule man only affects to have that which he really does not possess.

That is why it is praise to an author to say that he is *naïve;* it means that he need not shrink from showing himself as he is. Generally speaking, to be naïve is to be attractive; while lack of naturalness is everywhere repulsive. As a matter of fact we find that every real thinker tries to express his thoughts as purely, clearly, definitely, and shortly as possible. Simplicity has always been held to be a mark of truth; it is also a mark of genius. Style receives its beauty from the thought it expresses; but with sham-thinkers the thoughts are supposed to be fine because of the style. Style is nothing but the mere silhouette of thought; and an obscure or bad style means a dull or confused brain.

The first rule, then, and almost sufficient in itself for a good style, is that *the author should have something to say.* Ah, how much it means! The neglect of this rule is

a fundamental trait in the philosophical writing, and, in fact, in all the reflective literature of my country, more especially since Fichte. These scribblers all let it be seen that they want to appear as though they had something to say — whereas really they have nothing to say. Writing of this kind was brought in by the pseudo-philosophers at the universities, and now it is current everywhere, even among the first literary notables of the age. It is the mother of that strained and vague style where there seem to be two or even more meanings in the sentence; also of that prolix and cumbrous manner of expression, called *le stile empesé;* again, of that mere waste of words which consists in pouring them out like a flood; finally, of that trick of concealing the direst poverty of thought under a farrago of never-ending chatter, which clacks away like a windmill and quite stupefies one — stuff which a man may read for hours together without getting hold of a single clearly expressed and definite idea. However, German people are easy-going, and have formed the habit of reading page upon page of all sorts of such verbiage, without having any particular idea of what the author really means. They fancy it is all as it should be, and fail to discover that he is writing simply for writing's sake.

On the other hand, a good author, fertile in ideas, soon wins his reader's confidence that, when he writes, he has really and truly *something to say;* and this gives the intelligent reader patience to follow him with attention. Such an author, just because he really has something to say, will never fail to express himself in the simplest and most straightforward manner; because his object is to awake the very same thought in the reader that he happens to have in himself, and no other. So he will be able to affirm with Boileau that his thoughts are everywhere open to the light of day, and that his verse always says something, whether it says it well or ill —

Ma pensée au grand jour partout s' offre et s' expose,
Et mon vers, bien ou mal, dit toujours quelque chose;

while of the writers previously described it may be asserted, in the words of the same poet, that they talk much and never say anything at all—*qui parlant beaucoup ne disent jamais rien.*

Another characteristic of such writers is that they always avoid positive expressions wherever they can possibly do so, in order to leave a loophole for escape in case of need. Hence they never fail to choose the more *abstract* word, while people with real wit use the more *concrete,* because the latter brings things more within the range of actual clearness, which is the source of all evidence.

There are many examples proving this preference for abstract expression; and a particularly ridiculous one is afforded by the use of the verb "to condition" in the sense of "to cause" or "to produce." People say "to condition something" instead of "to cause it," because being abstract and indefinite it says less; it affirms that *A* cannot happen without *B,* instead of that *A* is caused by *B.* A back door is always left open, and this suits people whose secret knowledge of their own incapacity inspires them with a perpetual terror of all positive expression; while with other nations it is merely the effect of that national tendency by which everything that is stupid in literature or ill-mannered in life is immediately imitated—a fact proved in either case by the rapid way in which it spreads. The Englishman uses his own judgment in what he writes as well as in what he does; but there is no nation of which this eulogy is less true than of the Germans. The consequence of this state of things is that the word "cause" has during the last ten years or so almost disappeared from the language of literature, and people talk only of "condition." The fact is worth mentioning because it is so characteristically ridiculous.

The very fact that these commonplace authors are never more than half-conscious when they write would be enough to account for their dullness of mind and the tedious things they produce. I say they are only half-conscious, because

they really do not themselves understand the meaning of the words they use; they take words ready-made and commit them to memory. Hence, when they write, it is not so much words as whole phrases that they put together — *phrases banales;* this is the explanation of that palpable lack of clearly expressed thought in what they say. The fact is that they do not possess the die to give this stamp to their writing; clear thought of their own is just what they do not possess. And what do we find in its place? — a vague, enigmatical intermixture of words, current phrases, hackneyed terms and fashionable expressions — the result being that the foggy stuff they write is like a page printed with very old type.

On the other hand a man of real genius really speaks to us when he writes, and that is why he is able to rouse our interest and commune with us. It is the genial author alone who puts individual words together with a full consciousness of their meaning and chooses them with deliberate design; consequently his style stands to that of the writer described above much as a picture that has been really painted to one that has been produced by the use of a stencil. In the one case, every word, as in the painting every touch of the brush, has a special purpose; in the other, all is done mechanically. The same distinction may be observed in music. For just as Lichtenberg says that Garrick's soul seemed to be in every muscle in his body, so it is the omnipresence of intellect that always and everywhere characterizes the work of genius.

With regard to the tediousness above alluded to, of a certain kind of literature, we must, however, make the general remark that there are two kinds of tediousness, an objective and subjective one. A work is objectively tedious when it contains the defect in question — that is to say, when its author has no perfectly clear thought or knowledge to communicate. For if a man has any clear thought or knowledge in him, he endeavors to communicate the same in a straight line, and furnishes therefore every-

where ideas clearly coined, and is, consequently, neither diffused nor unmeaning, nor confused, in a word not tedious. In such a case, even though the author is at bottom in error, the error is at any rate clearly worked out and well thought over, so that it is at least formally correct, and thus some value always attaches to the work; but for the same reason a work that is objectively tedious is at all times devoid of any value whatever.

The subjective of tediousness is only relative; a reader may find a work dull because he has no interest in the subject, and this means that his intellect is restricted. The best work may, therefore, be tedious subjectively — tedious, I mean, to this or that particular person; just as, contrarily, the worst work may be subjectively engrossing to this or that particular person who has an interest in the question treated of, or in the writer of the book.

It would generally serve our German writers in good stead if they would see that, whilst a man should, if possible, think like a great genius, he should talk the same language as every one else. Authors should use common words to say uncommon things; but they do just the opposite. We find them trying to wrap up trivial ideas in grand words, and to clothe their very ordinary thoughts in the most extraordinary phrases, the most far-fetched, unnatural, and out-of-the-way expressions. Their sentences perpetually stalk about on stilts. They take so much pleasure in bombast, and write in such a high-flown, bloated, affected, hyperbolical and acrobatic style that their prototype is Ensign Pistol, whom his friend Falstaff once impatiently told to say what he had to say *like a man of this world.**

There is no expression in the German language exactly answering to the French *stile empesé;* but the thing itself exists all the more often. When associated with affectation it is in literature what assumption of dignity, grand airs, and primness are in society — and equally intolerable.

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* *King Henry IV.*, Part II, Act V, Scene 3.

Dullness of mind is fond of donning this dress, just as in ordinary life it is stupid people who like being demure and formal.

An author who writes in the prim style resembles a man who dresses himself up in order to avoid being confounded or put on the same level with the mob — a risk never run by the *gentleman,* even in his worst clothes. The plebeian may be known by a certain showiness of attire and a wish to have everything spick and span; and, in the same way, the commonplace writer is betrayed by his prim style.

Nevertheless, an author follows a false aim if he tries to write exactly as he speaks. There is no style of writing that should not have a certain trace of kinship with the lapidary style, which is, indeed, the ancestor of all styles. For to write as one speaks is just as reprehensible as the opposite fault, to speak as one writes; for this gives a pedantic effect to what one says, and at the same time makes one hardly intelligible.

An obscure and vague manner of expression is always and everywhere a very bad sign. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it comes from vagueness of thought; and this again almost always means that there is something radically wrong and incongruous about the thought itself — in a word, that it is incorrect. When a right thought springs up in the mind, it strives after clearness and is not long in reaching it; for clear thought easily finds words to fit it. If a man is capable of thinking anything at all, he is also always able to express it in clear, intelligible, and unambiguous terms. Those writers who construct difficult, obscure, involved, and equivocal sentences, most certainly do not know aright what it is that they want to say; they have only a dull consciousness of it, still struggling for a thought. Often, indeed, their desire is to conceal from themselves and others that they really have nothing at all to say. They wish to appear as is the case with Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, to know what they do not know, to think what they do not think, to say what they do not say.

If a man has some real communication to make, which will he choose — an indistinct or a clear way of expressing himself? Already Quintilian remarks that things which are said by a highly educated man are often easier to understand and much clearer; and that the less educated man is, the more obscurely he will write — *plerumque accidit ut faciliora sint ad intelligendum et lucidiora multo quæ a doctissimo quoque dicuntur. * * * Erit ergo etiam obscurior quo quisque deterior.*

An author should, further, avoid enigmatical phrases; he should know whether he wants to say a thing or not. It is this indecision of style that makes our German writers so insipid — the only exception to this rule arising when remarks are made that are in some way improper.

As exaggeration generally produces an effect the opposite of that aimed at, so words, it is true, serve to make thought intelligible — but only up to a certain point; if words are heaped up beyond it the thought becomes more and more obscure. To find where the point lies is the problem of style, and the business of the critical faculty; for a word too much always defeats its purpose. This is what Voltaire means when he says that *the adjective is the enemy of the substantive.* But, as we have seen, many writers try to conceal their poverty of thought under a flood of verbiage.

Accordingly, let all redundancy be avoided, all insertion of unimportant remarks not worth perusal. A writer must spare the reader's time, patience, and attention; he will thereby convince him that what he writes is worth careful study and will reward the time spent upon it. It is always better to omit something good than to add what is not worth saying at all. This is the right application of Hesiod's maxim, πλέον ἥμισυ πάντος — the half is more than the whole. The secret to be tiresome is to say everything: *Le secret pour être ennuyeux c'est de tout dire.* Therefore, if possible, the quintessence only! Mere leading thoughts! Nothing that the reader would and could think for himself. To use

many words to communicate few thoughts is everywhere the unmistakable sign of mediocrity. To gather much thought into few words stamps the man of genius.

Truth is most beautiful undraped, and the impression it produces is deep in proportion as its expression has been simple. This is so, partly because it then takes unobstructed possession of the hearer's whole soul, and leaves no by-thought to distract him; partly, also, because he feels that here he is not being deluded or cheated by the arts of rhetoric, but that all the effect of what is said comes from the thing itself. For instance, what declamation on the vanity of human existence could ever be more telling than the words of Job?—"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

For the same reason Goethe's naïve poetry is incomparably greater than Schiller's rhetoric; it is this, again, that makes many popular songs so affecting. As in architecture an excess of decoration is to be avoided, so in the art of literature a writer must guard against all rhetorical finery, all useless amplification, and all superfluity of expression in general—in a word, he must strive after *chastity* of style. Every word that can be spared is hurtful if it remains. The law of simplicity and naïveté holds good of all fine arts, for it is compatible even with the highest degree of sublimity.

True brevity of expression consists in everywhere saying only what is worth saying, and in avoiding tedious detail about things which every one can supply for himself. This involves correct discrimination between what is necessary and what is superfluous. On the other hand, a writer ought never to sacrifice clearness to brevity, to say nothing of grammar. It shows lamentable want of judgment to weaken the expression of a thought or to stunt even the meaning of a period for the sake of using a few words less. But this is the precise endeavor of that false brevity now-

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THE BOWMEN

adays so much in vogue, which proceeds by leaving out useful words, yea by sacrificing grammar and logic. Nowadays in Germany the bad scribblers are seized by the mania of false brevity, and use it with incredible lack of understanding. It is not only that such writers in order to spare a word make a single verb or adjective do duty for several different periods, which one has to read through without understanding them, and as if groping in the dark until one reaches at last the final word and begins to see daylight; but they also practise, in many other respects, an unseemly economy of speech, in the effort to effect what they foolishly take to be brevity of expression and conciseness of style. By omitting something that might have thrown a light over the whole sentence, they turn it into a conundrum which the reader tries to solve by going over it again and again.

It is wealth and weight of thought, and nothing else, that gives brevity to style and makes it concise and pregnant. If a writer's ideas are important, luminous, and generally worth communicating, they will necessarily furnish matter and substance enough to fill out the periods which give them expression, and make these in all their parts both grammatically and lexicographically complete; and so much will this be the case that no one will ever find them hollow, empty, or feeble. The diction will everywhere be brief and pregnant and allow the thought to find intelligible and easy expression, and even unfold and move about with grace.

Therefore, instead of contracting his words and forms of speech, let a writer enlarge his thoughts. If a man has become thin through illness and finds his clothes too large, it is not by cutting them down but by recovering his usual bodily condition that he ought to make them fit him again.

Let me here mention an error of style very prevalent nowadays, and, in the degraded state of literature and the neglect of ancient languages, always on the increase; I mean *subjectivity*. A writer commits this error when he thinks it enough if he himself knows what he means and

wants to say, and takes no thought for the reader who is left to get at the bottom of it as best he can. This is as though the author were holding a monologue, whereas it ought to be a dialogue — and a dialogue, too, in which he must express himself all the more clearly for the very reason that he cannot hear the questions of his interlocutor.

Style should for this very reason never be subjective, but *objective;* and it will not be objective unless the words are so set down that they directly force the reader to think precisely the same thing as the author thought when he wrote them. Nor will this result be obtained unless the author has always been careful to remember that thought so far follows the law of gravity that it travels from head to paper much more easily than from paper to head; therefore he must facilitate the latter passage by every means in his power. If he does this, a writer's words will have a purely objective effect, like that of a finished oil painting; whilst the subjective style is not much more certain in its working than spots on the wall, which look like figures only to one whose phantasy has been accidentally aroused by them; other people see nothing but spots and blurs. The difference in question applies to the art of representation as a whole, but it shows itself also in particular instances. For example, in a recently published work I found the following sentence: "I have not written in order to increase the number of existing books." This means just the opposite of what the writer wanted to say, and is nonsense as well.

He who writes carelessly confesses thereby at the very outset that he does not attach much importance to his own thoughts. For it is only where a man is convinced of the truth and importance of his thoughts that he feels the enthusiasm necessary for an untiring and assidous effort to find the clearest, finest, and strongest expression for them — just as for sacred relics or priceless works of art there are provided silvern or golden receptacles. It was this feeling that led the ancients, whose thoughts, expressed

in their own words, have lived thousands of years and therefore bear the honored title of *classics*, always to write with care. Plato, indeed, is said to have written the introduction to his *Republic* seven times over in different ways.*

The Germans, however, distinguish themselves from other nations through slovenliness of style and dress, and the carelessness in both these directions has its common origin in our national character.

But as neglect of dress betrays want of respect for the company a man meets, so a hasty, careless, bad style shows an offensive lack of regard for the reader, who then rightly punishes it by refusing to read the book. It is especially amusing to see reviewers criticising the works of others in their own most careless style — the style of a hireling. It is as though a judge were to come into court in dressing-gown and slippers! How carefully written, on the other hand, are *The Edinburgh Review* and *Le Journal des Savants*. If I see a man badly and dirtily dressed, I feel some hesitation, at first, in entering into conversation with him; so when, on taking up a book, I am struck at once by the negligence of its style, I put it away.

Good writing should be governed by the rule that a man can think only one thing clearly at a time, and, therefore, that he should not be expected to think two or even more things in one and the same moment. But this is what is done when a writer breaks up his principal sentence into little pieces, pushing into the gaps thus made two or three other thoughts by way of parenthesis, thereby unnecessarily and wantonly confusing the reader. And here it is again my own countrymen who are chiefly in fault. That German lends itself more than all other living languages to this way of writing makes the procedure possible, but does not justify it. No prose reads more easily or pleasantly than French, because, as a rule, it is free from the

* It is a fact worth mentioning that the first twelve words of the *Republic* are placed in the exact order which would be natural in English.— TRANSLATOR.

defect in question. The Frenchman strings his thoughts together, as far as he can, in the most logical and natural order, and so lays them before his reader one after the other for convenient deliberation, to the end that every one of them may receive undivided attention. The German, on the other hand, weaves them together into a structure of sentences which he twists and crosses, and crosses and twists again; and this because he wants to say six things all at once, instead of advancing them one by one. His aim should be to attract and hold the reader's attention; but, above and beyond neglect of this aim, he demands from the reader that he shall set the above-mentioned rule at defiance, and think three or four different thoughts at one and the same time — or, since that is impossible, that his thoughts shall succeed each other as quickly as the vibrations of a chord. In this way an author lays the foundation of his *stile empesé*, which is then carried to perfection by the use of high-flown, pompous expressions to communicate the simplest things, and by other artifices of the same kind.

In those long sentences rich in involved parentheses, like a box of boxes one within another, or padded out like roast geese stuffed with apples, it is really the *memory* that is chiefly taxed; while it is the understanding and the judgment which should be called into play, instead of having their activity thereby actually burdened and weakened.* This kind of sentence furnishes the reader with mere half-phrases, which he is then called upon to collect carefully and store up in his memory, as though they were the pieces of a torn letter, afterward to be completed and made into sense by the other halves to which they respectively belong. He is therefore expected to go on reading for a little without exercising any thought, exerting only his memory, in

* This sentence in the original is obviously meant to illustrate the fault of which it speaks. It does so by the use of a construction very common in German, but happily unknown in English; where, however, the fault itself exists none the less, though in a different form.— TRANSLATOR.

the hope that, when he comes to the end of the sentence, he may see daylight and receive in the bargain something to think about; and he is thus given a great deal to learn by heart before obtaining anything to understand. This is manifestly wrong and an abuse of the reader's patience.

The ordinary writer, however, has an unmistakable preference for this style, because it causes the reader to spend time and trouble in understanding that which he would have understood in a moment without it; and this makes it look as though the writer had more depth and intelligence than the reader. This is, indeed, one of those artifices referred to above, by means of which mediocre authors unconsciously, and as it were by instinct, strive to conceal their poverty of thought and give an appearance of the opposite. Their ingenuity in this respect is really astounding.

It is manifestly against all sound reason to put one thought obliquely on top of another, as though both together formed a wooden cross; but this is what is done where a writer interrupts what he has begun to say, for the purpose of inserting some quite alien matter, thus depositing with the reader a meaningless half-sentence and bidding him keep it until the completion comes. It is much as though a man were to treat his guests by handing them an empty plate, in the hope of something appearing upon it. And commas used for a similar purpose belong to the same family as notes at the foot of the page and parentheses in the middle of the text—nay, all three differ only in degree. If Demosthenes and Cicero occasionally inserted incased periods of this kind, well, they would have done better to refrain.

But this style of writing becomes the height of absurdity when the parentheses are not even fitted into the frame of the sentence, but wedged in so as directly to shatter it. If, for instance, it is an impertinent thing to interrupt another person when he is speaking, it is no less impertinent to interrupt oneself. But all bad, careless, and

hasty authors, who scribble with the bread actually before their eyes, use this style of writing six times on a page, and rejoice in it. It consists in — it is advisable to give rule and example together, wherever it is possible — breaking up one phrase in order to glue in another. Nor is it merely out of laziness that they write thus. They do it out of stupidity; they think there is a charming *légèreté* about it; that it gives life to what they say. No doubt there are a few rare cases where such a form of sentence may be pardonable.

Few write in the way in which an architect builds — who, before he sets to work, sketches out his plan and thinks it out to its smallest details. Most people, rather, write only as though they were playing dominoes; and as in this game the pieces are arranged half by design, half by chance, so it is with the sequence and connection of their sentences. They have only a bare idea of what the general shape of their work will be and how all this will end. Many are ignorant even of this, and write as the coral-insects build; period joins to period, as chance would have it.

Beside, life nowadays goes at a gallop; and the way in which this affects literature is to make it extremely superficial and slovenly.

VI

ON WOMEN*

Schiller's poem in honor of women, *Würde der Frauen*, is the result of much careful thought, and it appeals to the reader by its antithetic style and its use of contrast; but as an expression of the true praise which should be accorded to them, it is, I think, inferior to these few words of Jouy's: "Without women the beginning of our life would be helpless; the middle, devoid of pleasure; and the end, of consolation." The same thing is more feelingly expressed by Byron in *Sardanapalus:*

* *Parerga and Paralipomena*, II, Chapter XXVII.

"The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them."

(Act I, Scene 2.)

These two passages indicate the right point of view for the appreciation of women.

You need only look at the way in which she is formed to see that woman is not meant to undergo great labor, whether of the mind or of the body. She pays the debt of life, not by what she does, but by what she suffers — by the pains of child-bearing and care for the child, and by submission to her husband, to whom she should be a patient and cheering companion. The keenest sorrows and joys are not for her, nor is she called upon to display a great deal of strength. The current of her life should be more gentle, peaceful and trivial than man's, without being essentially happier or unhappier.

Women are directly fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood, by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous and shortsighted; in a word, they are big children all their life long — a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the full-grown male, who alone represents the *genus homo* in the strict sense of the word. See how a girl will fondle a child for days together, dance with it and sing to it; and then think what a man, with the best will in the world, could do if he were put in her place.

With young girls Nature seems to have had in view what, in the language of the drama, is called *a coup de théâtre*. For a few years she dowers them with a wealth of beauty and is lavish in her gift of charm, at the expense of the rest of their life, in order that during those years they may capture the fancy of some man to such a degree that

he is carried away into undertaking the honorable care of them, in some form or other, as long as they live — a step for which there would not appear to be any sufficient warranty if reason only directed his thoughts. Accordingly Nature has equipped woman, as she does all her creatures, with the weapons and implements requisite for the safeguarding of her existence, and for just as long as it is necessary for her to have them. Here, as elsewhere, Nature proceeds with her usual economy; for just as the female ant, after fecundation, loses her wings, which are then superfluous, nay, actually a danger to the business of breeding, so, after giving birth to one or two children, a woman generally loses her beauty — probably, indeed, for similar reasons.

And so we find that young girls, in their hearts, look upon domestic affairs or work of any kind as of secondary importance, if not actually as a mere jest. The only business that really claims their earnest attention is love, making conquests, and everything connected with this — dress, dancing, and so on.

The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower it is in arriving at maturity. A man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties hardly before the age of twenty-eight; a woman, at eighteen. And then, too, in the case of woman, it is only reason of a sort — very niggardly in its dimensions. That is why women remain children their whole life long, never seeing anything but what is quite close to them, cleaving to the present moment, taking appearance for reality, and preferring trifles to matters of the first importance. For it is by virtue of his reasoning faculty that man does not live in the present only, like the brute, but looks about him and considers the past and the future; and this is the origin of prudence, as well as of that care and anxiety which so many people exhibit. Both the advantages and the disadvantages which this involves are shared by the woman to a smaller extent because of her weaker power of reason-

ing. She may, in fact, be described as intellectually short-sighted, because, while she has an intuitive understanding of what lies quite close to her, her field of vision is narrow and does not reach to what is remote, so that things which are absent or past or to come have much less effect upon women than upon men. This is the reason why women are more often inclined to be extravagant, and sometimes carry their inclination to a length that borders upon madness. In their hearts women think that it is men's business to earn money and theirs to spend it — if possible during their husband's life, but, at any rate, after his death. The very fact that their husband hands them over his earnings for purposes of housekeeping strengthens them in this belief.

However many disadvantages all this may involve, there is at least this to be said in its favor: that the woman lives more in the present than the man, and that, if the present is at all tolerable, she enjoys it more eagerly. This is the source of that cheerfulness which is peculiar to woman, fitting her to amuse man in his hours of recreation, and, in case of need, to console him when he is borne down by the weight of his cares.

It is by no means a bad plan to consult women in matters of difficulty, as the Germans used to do in ancient times; for their way of looking at things is quite different from ours, chiefly through the fact that they like to take the shortest way to their goal, and, in general, manage to fix their eyes upon what lies before them; while we, as a rule, see far beyond it, just because it is in front of our noses. In cases like this, we need to be brought back to the right perspective, so as to recover the near and simple view.

Then, again, women are decidedly more sober in their judgment than we are, so that they do not see more in things than is really there; while, if our passions are aroused, we are apt to see things in an exaggerated way, or imagine what does not exist.

The weakness of their reasoning faculty also explains why it is that women show more sympathy for the unfortunate than men do, and so treat them with more kindness and interest; and why it is that, on the contrary, they are inferior to men in point of justice, honesty, and conscientiousness. For it is just because their reasoning power is weak that present circumstances have such a hold over them, and those concrete things which lie directly before their eyes exercise a power which is seldom counteracted to any extent by abstract principles of thought, by fixed rules of conduct, firm resolutions, or, in general, by consideration for the past and the future, or regard for what is absent and remote. Accordingly, they possess the first and main elements that go to make a virtuous character, but they are deficient in those secondary qualities which are often a necessary instrument in the formation of it.

Hence it will be found that the fundamental fault of the female character is that it has *no sense of justice.* This is mainly due to the fact, already mentioned, that women are defective in the powers of reasoning and deliberation; but it is also traceable to the position which Nature has assigned to them as the weaker sex. They are dependent, not upon strength, but upon craft; hence their instinctive capacity for cunning, and their ineradicable tendency to lie. For as lions are provided with claws and teeth, and elephants and boars with tusks, bulls with horns, and the cuttle fish with its cloud of inky fluid, so Nature has equipped woman, for her defense and protection, with the arts of dissimulation; and all the power which Nature has conferred upon man in the shape of physical strength and reason has been bestowed upon women in this form. Hence dissimulation is innate in woman, and almost as much a quality of the stupid as of the clever; it is as natural for them to make use of it on every occasion as it is for those animals to employ their means of defense when they are attacked; they have a feeling that in doing so they are only within their rights. Therefore a woman

who is perfectly truthful and not given to dissimulation is perhaps an impossibility, and for this very reason women are so quick at seeing through dissimulation in others that it is not a wise thing to attempt it with them. But this fundamental defect which I have stated, with all that it entails, gives rise to falsity, faithlessness, treachery, ingratitude, and so on. Perjury in a court of justice is more often committed by women than by men; it may, indeed, be generally questioned whether women ought to be sworn at all. From time to time one finds repeated cases everywhere of ladies, who want for nothing, taking things from shop-counters when no one is looking, and making off with them.

Nature has appointed that the propagation of the species shall be the business of men who are young, strong and handsome, to the end that the race may not degenerate. This is the firm will and purpose of Nature in regard to the species, and it finds its expression in the passions of women; there is no law that is older or more powerful than this. Woe, then, to the man who sets up claims and interests that will conflict with it; for whatever he may say and do, they will be unmercifully crushed at the first serious encounter! For the innate rule that governs women's conduct, though it is secret and unformulated, nay, unconscious in its working—is this: "We are justified in deceiving those who think they have acquired rights over the species by paying little attention to the individual, that is, to us. The constitution and, therefore, the welfare of the species have been placed in our hands and committed to our care, through the control we obtain over the next generation, which proceeds from us; let us discharge our duties conscientiously." But women have no abstract knowledge of this leading principle; they are conscious of it only as a concrete fact, and have no other method of giving expression to it than the way in which they act when the opportunity arrives. And then their conscience does not trouble them so much as we fancy; for in the

darkest recesses of their heart they are aware that, in committing a breach of their duty toward the individual, they have all the better fulfilled their duty toward the species, which is infinitely greater.

And since women exist in the main solely for the propagation of the species, and are not destined for anything else, they live, as a rule, more for the species than for the individual, and in their hearts take the affairs of the species more seriously than those of the individual. This gives their whole life and being a certain levity; the general bent of their character is in a direction fundamentally different from that of man; and it is this which produces that discord in married life which is so frequent, and almost the normal state.

The natural feeling between men is mere indifference, but between women it is actual enmity. The reason of this is that trade-jealousy — *odium figulinum* — which, in the case of men, does not go beyond the confines of their own particular pursuit, but with women embraces the whole sex, since they have only one trade. Even when they meet in the street women look at one another like Guelphs and Ghibellines. And it is a patent fact that when two women make first acquaintance with each other they behave with more constraint and dissimulation than two men would show in a like case; and hence it is that an exchange of compliments between two women is a much more ridiculous proceeding than between two men. Further, whilst a man will, as a general rule, always preserve a certain amount of consideration and humanity in speaking to others, even to those who are in a very inferior position, it is intolerable to see how proudly and disdainfully a fine lady will generally behave toward one who is in a lower social rank (I do not mean a woman who is in her service) whenever she speaks to her. The reason of this may be that, with women, differences of rank are much more precarious than with us and can quicker change or disappear altogether, because, while a hundred considerations decide our position in the world, only one weighs with them, i. e., with

which man they have found favor; and also that they stand in much nearer relations with one another than men do, in consequence of the one-sided nature of their calling. This makes them endeavor to lay stress upon differences of rank.

It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of *the fair sex* to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race; for the whole beauty of the sex is bound up with this impulse. Instead of calling them beautiful, there would be more warrant for describing women as the unesthetic sex. Neither for music, nor for poetry, nor for fine art, have they really and truly any sense or susceptibility; it is a mere mockery if they make a pretense of it in order to enhance their endeavor to please. Hence, as a result of this, they are incapable of taking a *purely objective interest* in anything, and the reason of it seems to me to be as follows: A man tries to acquire *direct* mastery over things, either by understanding them or by forcing them to do his will; but a woman is always and everywhere reduced to obtaining this mastery *indirectly,* that is, through a man, whom alone it directly wishes to dominate. And so it lies in woman's nature to look upon everything only as a means for conquering man; or, if she takes an interest in anything else it is simulated — a mere roundabout way of gaining her ends by coquetry and feigning what she does not feel. Rousseau already had declared: "Women have, in general, no love of any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius."

No one who sees at all below the surface can have failed to remark the same thing. You need only observe the kind of attention women bestow upon a concert, an opera, or a play — the childish simplicity, for example, with which they keep on chattering during the finest passages in the greatest masterpieces. If it is true that the Greeks excluded women from their theatres, they were quite right in what they did; at any rate you would have been able to hear what was said upon the stage. In our day we ought to

add to the *taceat mulier in ecclesia* ("Let a woman keep silent in the Church") the saying "Let a woman keep silent in the theatre," or, if we prefer, substitute the first by the second dictum, and put it up in big letters on the stage curtain.

And you cannot expect anything else of women if you consider that the most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine, and original; or given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere. This is most strikingly shown in regard to painting, where mastery of technique is at least as much within their power as within ours — and hence they are diligent in cultivating it; but still they have not a single great painting to boast of, just because they are deficient in that objectivity of mind which is so indispensable in painting. They never get beyond a subjective point of view. It is quite in keeping with this that ordinary women have no real susceptibility for art at all; for Nature proceeds in strict sequence — *non facit saltum.* And Huarte in his *Examen de ingenios para las sciencias* — a book which has been famous for three hundred years — denies women the possession of all the higher faculties. The case is not altered by particular and partial exceptions; taken as a whole, women are, and remain, thoroughgoing philistines, and quite incurable; hence, with that absurd arrangement which allows them to share the rank and title of their husbands, they are a constant stimulus to his ignoble ambitions. And, further, it is just because they are philistines that modern society, where they take the lead and set the tone, is in such a bad way. Napoelon's saying — that "women have no rank" — should be adopted as the right point of view in determining their position in society; and as regards their other qualities Chamfort makes the very true remark: "They are made to trade with our weaknesses and our follies, but not with our reason. The sympathies that exist between them and men are skin-deep only, and do not touch the mind or the soul

or the character." They form the *sexus sequior*—the second sex, inferior in every respect to the first; their infirmities should be treated with consideration, but to show them great reverence is extremely ridiculous and lowers us in their own eyes. When Nature made two divisions of the human race, she did not draw the line exactly through the middle. These divisions are polar and opposed to each other, it is true; but the difference between them is not qualitative merely—it is also quantitative.

This is just the view which the Ancients took of woman, and the view which people in the East take now; and their judgment as to her proper position is much more correct than ours, with our old French notions of gallantry and our preposterous system of reverence—that highest product of Teutonico-Christian stupidity. These notions have served only to make women more arrogant and overbearing, so that one is occasionally reminded of the holy apes in Benares, which, in the consciousness of their sanctity and inviolable position, think they can do exactly as they please.

But in the West the woman, and especially the *lady,* finds herself in a false position; for woman, rightly called by the ancients *sexus sequior,* is by no means fit to be the object of our respect and veneration, or to hold her head higher than man and be on equal terms with him. The consequences of this false position are sufficiently obvious. Accordingly it would be a very desirable thing if this Number Two of the human race were in Europe also relegated to her natural place, and an end put to that lady-nuisance, which not only moves all Asia to laughter but would have been ridiculed by Greece and Rome as well. It is impossible to calculate the good effects which such a change would bring about in our social, civil and political arrangements. There would be no necessity for the Salic law—it would be a superfluous truism. The European *lady,* par excellence, is a being who should not exist at all; she should be either a housewife or a girl who hopes to become one; and she should be brought up, not to be arrogant, but to be

domestic and submissive. It is just because there are such people as *ladies* in Europe that the women of the lower classes, that is to say, the great majority of the sex, are much more unhappy than they are in the East. And even Lord Byron says: "Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks — convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and the feudal ages — artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home — and be well fed and clothed — but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion — but to read neither poetry nor politics — nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music — drawing — dancing — also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?"

The laws of marriage prevailing in Europe consider the woman as the equivalent of the man — start, that is to say, from a wrong position. In our part of the world, where monogamy is the rule, to marry means to have one's rights and double one's duties. Now when the laws gave women equal rights with man they ought to have endowed her also with a masculine intellect. But the fact is that, just in proportion as the honors and privileges which the laws accord to women exceed the amount which Nature gives, there is a diminution in the number of women who really participate in these privileges; and all the remainder are deprived of their natural rights by just so much as is given to the others over and above their share. For the institution of monogamy and the laws of marriage which it entails bestow upon the woman an unnatural position of privilege by considering her throughout as the full equivalent of the man, which is by no means the case; and, seeing this, men who are shrewd and prudent very often scruple to make so great a sacrifice and to acquiesce in so unfair an arrangement.

Consequently, whilst among polygamous nations every woman is provided for, where monogamy prevails the number of married women is limited, and there remains over

an enormous number of women without stay or support, who, in the upper classes, vegetate as useless old maids, and in the lower succumb to hard work for which they are not suited, or else become *filles de joie* whose life is as destitute of joy as it is of honor. Yet under the circumstances they are a necessity, and their position is openly recognized as serving the special end of warding off temptation from those women favored by fate, who have found, or may hope to find, husbands. In London alone there are 80,000 prostitutes. What are they but the women, who, under the institution of monogamy, have come off worst? Theirs is a dreadful fate — they are human sacrifices offered up on the altar of monogamy. The women whose wretched position is here alluded to are the inevitable set-off to the European lady with her arrogance and pretension. Polygamy is therefore a real benefit to the female sex if it is taken as a whole. And, from another point of view, there is no true reason why a man whose wife suffers from chronic illness, or remains barren, or has gradually become too old for him, should not take a second. The motives which induce so many people to become converts to Mormonism appear to be just those which militate against the unnatural institution of monogamy.

Moreover, the bestowal of unnatural rights upon women has imposed upon them unnatural duties, yet a breach of which, however, makes them unhappy. Let me explain. A man may often think that his social or financial position will suffer if he marries, unless he makes some brilliant alliance. His desire will then be to win a woman of his own choice under conditions other than those of marriage, such as will secure her position and that of the children. However fair, reasonable, fit, and proper these conditions may be, if the woman consents by foregoing that disproportionate amount of privilege which marriage alone can bestow, she to some extent loses her honor, because marriage is the basis of civic society; and she will lead a life, to a certain degree, dishonorable and sad besides, since human nature is so constituted that we pay an atten-

tion to the opinion of other people which is out of all proportion to its value. On the other hand, if she does not consent, she runs the risk either of having to be given in marriage to a man whom she does not like, or of being landed high and dry as an old maid; for the period during which she has a chance of being settled for life is very short. And in view of this aspect of the institution of monogamy, Thomasius' profoundly learned treatise *De Concubinatu* is well worth reading; for it shows that, among all civilized nations and in all ages down to the Lutheran Reformation, concubinage was permitted — nay, that it was an institution which was to a certain extent actually recognized by law and attended with no dishonor; it was only the Lutheran Reformation that degraded it from this position. It was seen to be a further justification for the marriage of the clergy, and then, after that, the Catholic Church did not dare to remain behindhand in the matter.

There is no use arguing about polygamy; it must be taken as *de facto* existing everywhere, and the only question is as to how it shall be regulated. Where are there, then, any real monogamists. We all live, at any rate, for a time, and most of us, always, in polygamy. And so, since every man needs many women, there is nothing fairer than to allow him, nay, to make it incumbent upon him, to provide for many women. This will reduce woman to her true and natural position as a subordinate being; and the *lady* — that monster of European civilization and Teutonico-Christian stupidity, with her ridiculous pretensions to respect and veneration — will disappear from the world, leaving only *women,* but no more *unhappy women,* of whom Europe is now full. The Mormons are right.

In India no woman is ever independent, but, in accordance with the law of Manu, she stands under the control of her father, her husband, her brother, or her son. It is, to be sure, a revolting thing that a widow should immolate herself upon her husband's funeral pyre; but it is also revolting that she should spend her husband's money with

her paramours — the money for which he toiled his whole life long in the consoling belief that he was providing for his children. Happy are those who have kept the middle course — *medium tenuere beati!*

The natural love of a mother for her child is, with the lower animals as with men, of a purely *instinctive* character, and so it ceases when the child is no longer in a physically helpless condition. After that, the first love should give way to one that is based on habit and reason; but this often fails to make its appearance, especially where the mother did not love the father. The love of a father for his child is of a different order and more likely to last, because it has its foundation in the fact that in the child he recognizes his own inner self — that is to say, his love for it is metaphysical in its origin.

In almost all nations, whether of the ancient or the modern world, even amongst the Hottentots, property is inherited by the male descendants alone; it is only in Europe that a departure has taken place — but not, however, among the nobility. That the property which has cost men long years of toil and continued effort and been won with so much difficulty should afterward come into the hands of women, who then, in their lack of reason, squander it in a short time or otherwise fool it away, is a grievance and a wrong, as serious as it is common, which should be prevented by limiting the right of women to inherit. In my opinion the best arrangement would be that by which women, whether widows or daughters, should never receive anything beyond the interest for life on property secured by mortgage, and in no case the property itself, or the capital, except where all male descendants fail. The people who make money are men, not women; and it follows from this that women are neither justified in having unconditional possession of it, nor are they fit persons to be intrusted with its administration. When wealth, in any true sense of the word — that is to say, funds, houses or land — is to go to them as an inheritance, they should never be allowed the free disposition of it. In their

case a guardian should always be appointed; and hence they should never be given the free control of their own children, wherever it can be avoided. The vanity of women, even though it should not prove to be greater than that of men, has this much danger in it that it takes an entirely material direction. They are vain, I mean, of their personal beauty, and then of finery, show and magnificence — that is just why they are so much in their element in society. It is this, too, which makes them so inclined to be extravagant, all the more as their reasoning power is low. Accordingly we find an ancient writer describing woman as in general of an extravagant nature — *Γυνὴ τὸ σύνολον ἔστι δαπανηρὸν φύσει.* But with men vanity often takes the direction of non-material accomplishment, such as intellect, learning, courage, etc.

In his *Politics* Aristotle explains the great disadvantage which accrued to the Spartans from the fact that they conceded too much to their women by giving them the right of inheritance and dower and a great amount of independence, and he shows how much this contributed to Sparta's fall. May it not be the case in France that the influence of women, which went on increasing steadily from the time of Louis XIII., was to blame for that gradual corruption of the Court and the Government which brought about the Revolution of 1789, of which all subsequent disturbances have been the fruit? However that may be, the false position which women occupy, demonstrated as it is, in the most glaring way, by the institution of the *lady,* is a fundamental defect in our social state, and this defect, proceeding from the very heart of it, must spread its baneful influence in all directions.

That woman is by nature meant to obey may be seen by the fact that every woman who is placed in the unnatural position of complete independence, immediately attaches herself to some man by whom she allows herself to be guided and ruled. It is because she needs a lord and master. If she is young, it will be a lover; if she is old, a confessor.

THE PROSE WORKS OF RICHARD WAGNER

By Walter R. Spalding, A.M.

Associate Professor of Music, Harvard University,

HAT Wagner for a large part of the expression of himself and his ideals should have recourse to the medium of words is but natural when we note tendencies which are manifested from the earliest years of his career. Many of his subsequent gigantic conceptions are clearly foreshadowed in the ideal schemes which began to occupy his thoughts at a preternaturally early age. While a mere boy he was an omnivorous reader, becoming acquainted with Shakespeare, Goethe, and Homer, of whose *Iliad* he had translated twelve books by his thirteenth year. At the same time he compounded a grand tragedy based on elements from Hamlet and King Lear. The plan was so vast that forty-two human beings died in the course of the piece, and so, to quote Wagner's own words, "I saw myself compelled to call the greater number back as ghosts, since otherwise the last acts would have been short of characters." Truly a striking, though humorous example of his power to cope with dramatic exigencies! From the outset Wagner was so dissatisfied with the insipidity of the conventional operatic text and so despairing of any real union between librettist and composer that he decided to write his own texts. He acquired thereby great facility in verbal expression, though it would be too much to say that his essays are models either of clearness or conciseness. His style in fact is recognized as one of the most difficult and obscure of modern German writers. The most important single factor in Wagner's conception of what opera should be was the stress laid on the dramatic worth of the words, no longer merely accessory to the

music, but compelling intelligent appreciation on the part of the listener. Although in Wagner's case a distinction must be made between a musical dramatist and a dramatic poet pure and simple, his texts considered as literature stand the test in many respects, and the *Mastersingers* is undoubtedly one of the great comedies in the German language. Seldom is found such a broad philosophy of life coupled with so much romantic freshness and charm. In addition to the texts of his musical dramas, as he wished them called, there are ten large volumes of esthetic and critical prose works, numerous letters to Liszt, Uhlig, Roeckel and others, and lastly the recently published Autobiography, which makes the puzzle even more perplexing between Wagner's genius and independence as an artist and his weakness as a man. In sheer bulk, then, the words from his pen would probably outnumber the musical notes.

It is now universally acknowledged that Wagner was one of the great constructive forces of the nineteenth century — a genius of such tremendous individuality that we cannot rejoice in the glorious art-works thereby created without at the same time granting that such a personality is of necessity egotistical and one-sided, and anything but clear-headed in settling abstract questions of race, religion, and politics. As to the style of the Autobiography in distinction from the essays we find a great deal of real charm and wit. Wagner had a happy knack for story telling and the work reveals his astounding memory for details and the vividness of his emotional impressions. The most important of Wagner's theories and artistic ideals which he felt it necessary to set before the public that the individual character of his music dramas might be grasped, are contained in *Art and Revolution* (1849), the *Art-Work of the Future* (1849), *A Communication to my Friends* (1851), and *Opera and Drama* (1851). When these essays were first published, the astounding mental energy displayed, the wide range of subjects touched upon, the fiery

zeal and sincerity of utterance quite blinded the reader's judgment. It was evident that Wagner was the most "intellectual musician" who had yet appeared, but to decide just how much permanent knowledge he was contributing to philosophy, sociology, and the arts outside his own special domain has required the slow test of time. Since then his prose works have been keenly criticised by such able and fair-minded writers as Newman, Krehbiel, and Symons, and now no one save the extreme Wagnerite considers his views on anything disconnected with music of great account. The ideas are interesting from a psychological point of view as showing what a restless, inquisitive brain Wagner had, putting forth tentacles in every direction, but are certainly not worth combating, for the fallacies and contradictions in which he constantly involves himself are too palpable. So great indeed was Wagner's individuality and so peculiar the composition of his musical powers that any phase of human activity which could not be explained in terms of his own ideas was incomprehensible, and those who supported it necessarily in the wrong. And yet Wagner belongs in that small class of great geniuses concerning whom everything must be taken into account. In attempting to estimate his power we are reminded of the saying that talent must justify itself by its works, but genius needs no justification in achievement; its mere presence in the world discharges its obligations. His prose works compel our admiration for their scope and for the unselfishness of the ideals set forth, and although there is some chaff there is also a large amount of wheat. These works are also in a class by themselves, in that we have in them, as the French critic Baudelaire has pointed out, the picture of a creative artist not building his work on *a priori* theories, but formulating his principles as they were justified from actual experimentation. In a *Communication to My Friends* Wagner tells us that none of his innovations was "prompted by reflection, but solely by practical experience and the nature of his artistic aim."

Hence this philosophical autobiography reveals more clearly than ever before the growth of an artistic personality. To estimate fairly Wagner's theoretical writings we must not consider them from the present period, when many of his most daring innovations have been accepted as the standard method of uniting music and the drama, but should project ourselves backward in spirit to the time of their first enunciation. Then there is seen to be something glorious in Wagner's egotism and uncompromising ideality, and our blood is fired as we realize the synthetic power of this man, who himself dramatic poet, composer, conductor, inventor of wonderful scenic effects, and master of stage-setting, could strive so persistently — in the case of the Tetralogy for twenty years — for a logical union of the several factors in the composite art of opera and in most cases succeed so adequately.

Judged as literature, the texts of the music dramas have had various estimates set upon them. Wagner's extreme worshippers claim that the *Ring, Tristan,* and the *Mastersingers* are dramatic poems of the highest rank for their nobility of purpose and vigor of diction. There is no doubt that Wagner was striving for a moral and uplifting effect, however much his message may be clouded by abstruse metaphysics and by his inherent incapacity to comprehend the practical causes of sin and sorrow in the world. Thus in the *Ring* a powerful sermon is preached against the greed for money as an end in itself, and at the expense of unselfish love.* In *Tristan* the dramatic motto is the undying power of the love of man and woman eager to face physical death itself rather than live apart. And in this most touching drama the man and woman do actually die; there is no theatrical compromise. The symbolic comedy of the *Mastersingers* is an eloquent presentation of the claims of ideality versus pedantry, and preaches the lesson that real genius, though based on the work of the

* For suggestive comments on the work see Bernard Shaw's essay "The Perfect Wagnerite."

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RICHARD WAGNER

past, must yet be given free opportunity for self-expression, unhampered by petty rules. To other critical scholars, however, the texts are merely words to be set to music, admirably suited, to be sure, for this purpose. It must be acknowledged that an impartial study of the texts reveals many rhapsodical, disjointed passages which can hardly be glorified by the title of poetry; and the conviction is borne in upon us that the words as a whole are planned with reference to musical possibilities and demands. This is as it should be, for all specious reasoning to the contrary, the chief factor in opera in the generic sense of the term is the music. We must never forget that in listening to a Wagner opera the emotional power of the music, especially through the medium of the orchestra, throws such a glamor over us that it is very difficult to judge of the intrinsic meaning of the words. They are in many cases only a medium for the presentation of broad emotions. Jean Marnold, an astute and distinguished French critic, has recently suggested that *Tristan and Isolde* be given without voices or stage setting, in order that the auditor's entire attention may be centered on the eloquent music of the orchestra, which is really the chief message. Wagner says in a letter to Roeckel, "I now realize myself how much of the whole spirit and meaning of my poem (referring to the *Ring*) is only made clear by the music; I cannot now for my life even look at the words without the musical accompaniment." Wagner was primarily a man of transcendent musical power, but with sufficient dramatic ability to fashion the best texts which had so far existed for intensification by means of music. The French critic Lichtenberger in his *Wagner, Poéte et Penseur* says that "there are in *Tristan* long passages where the verse is resolved, so to speak, in the music; where it is reduced to being merely the support, almost indifferent by itself, of the chanted melody; where the poet, conscious of his impotence to express in clear and logical ideas the pure sentiment that sings through his melodies, replaces

the regular phrase by a series of broken interjections, exclamations with scarcely a link between them, and offering to the intelligence only a sense extremely vague." This is very sound criticism, and for such reasons no selections from Wagner's dramatic texts have been given, since only the lesser half of his genius would thereby be presented. Those who claim for him on the strength of the words alone a place in the front rank of German poets can be indorsed only with qualifications.

When Wagner was dealing with matters connected with his own special art he was on sure ground, and great praise must be given to his essays *On Conducting, On the Application of Music to the Drama* and to those which deal with the inner meaning and proper interpretation of certain masterpieces such as Beethoven's *Coriolanus* Overture, his Third and Ninth Symphonies, and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*. These essays, although of prime importance only to the trained musician, yet contain much which should be of interest to the general reader. They show that Wagner could be lucid, when unencumbered by abstract metaphysical theorizings, and they redound to his credit as much as the carefully planned treatise of a man of science. On the whole Wagner's best piece of critical and esthetic writing is the essay on Beethoven (1871). Here also he indulges in considerable special pleading in the endeavor to weld together Schopenhauer's philosophy and Beethoven's music into a suitable foundation for the Wagnerian Music Drama. He, however, shows an admirable psychologic insight into the peculiar quality of Beethoven's music, and his speculations concerning the real nature of music which in the deepest sense is indefinable, like soul or imagination, are very thoughtful. The following sentence, for example, is fraught with genuine meaning: "Whereas plastic art merely effects the temporary liberation of the intellect from service to the individual will through our discarding all relations of the object contemplated to that will, music effects this freeing of the will at her first entry, inasmuch as she withdraws us at once from any concern

with the relation of things outside us, and — as pure form set free from matter — shuts us off from the outer world, as it were, to let us gaze into the inmost essence of ourselves and all things." Or, in the words of Newman, "the musician's state is similar to the internal ecstacy of the saint."

It is not meant that this preface should be one of fault finding. When every critical allowance has been made, there remains something vast in Wagner's prose works akin to the emotional ardor of his music. No ordinary brain could have marshalled so many statements, misdirected though they often be, and the passionate insistence on the rightness of his special point of view takes us captive in spite of ourselves, especially when we bear in mind that this pleading was not for any personal advantage, but solely for the advancement of art. For full twenty years Wagner's theories were vituperated by every critic in Europe — the generous attitude of Liszt and a very few enlightened spirits being striking exceptions — and nothing but the unconquerable courage of a veritable giant kept him from succumbing. The unerring insight of the German Emperor, William the First, is worthy of note, who on once seeing Wagner conduct an orchestra said, "I should like that man to command my armies." His fiery eloquence in fact quite disarms ordinary criticism, and we are compelled to grant him a place by himself, not expecting to find in one of his temperament the impartial analytical power of a better balanced man. When all is said and done, content is to be reckoned above style, and there is much gold in Wagner's mass of material. All contemporary evidence testifies that he was a ready and impressive speaker, and the speech on the burial of Weber's body in German soil (see p. 250) holds a high place among tributes of devotion.

The following selections present to the general reader a side comparatively little known of one of the great geniuses of the German race, and should be helpful toward

a more comprehensive estimate of his power and versatility. In this age of compromises it is stimulating to be brought into touch with any one so passionately in earnest as Wagner was, who proved once and for all that genius and ideality are indestructible, however much they may be hampered for a time.

RICHARD WAGNER

ART AND REVOLUTION*

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

IN any serious investigation of the essence of our art of today, we cannot make one step forward without being brought face to face with its intimate connection with the Art of ancient Greece. For, in point of fact, our modern art is but one link in the artistic development of the whole of Europe; and this development found its starting-point with the Greeks.

After it had overcome the raw religion of its Asiatic birthplace, built upon the nature-forces of the earth, and had set the *fair, strong manhood of freedom* upon the pinnacle of its religious convictions — the Grecian spirit, at the flowering-time of its art and polity, found its fullest expression in the god Apollo, the head and national deity of the Hellenic race.

It was Apollo — he who had slain the Python, the dragon of Chaos; who had smitten down the vain sons of boastful Niobe by his death-dealing darts; who, through his priestess at Delphi, had proclaimed to questioning man the fundamental laws of the Grecian race and nation, thus holding up to those involved in passionate action, the peaceful, undisturbed mirror of their inmost, unchangeable Grecian nature,— it was this Apollo who was the fulfiller of the will of Zeus upon the Grecian earth; who was, in fact, the Grecian people.

Not as the soft companion of the Muses — as the later and more luxurious art of sculpture has alone preserved his likeness — must we conceive the Apollo of the spring-time of the Greeks; but it was with all the traits of ener-

* From *The Art Work of the Future.* Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

getic earnestness, beautiful but strong, that the great tragedian Æschylus knew him. Thus, too, the Spartan youths learnt the nature of the god, when by dance and joust they had developed their supple bodies to grace and strength; when the boy was taken from those he loved, and sent on horse to farthest lands in search of perilous adventure; when the young man was led into the circle of fellowship, his only password that of his beauty and his native worth in which alone lay all his might and all his riches. With such eyes also the Athenian saw the god, when all the impulses of his fair body, and of his restless soul, urged him to the new birth of his own being through the ideal expression of art; when the voices, ringing full, sounded forth the choral song, singing the deeds of the god, the while they gave to the dancers the mastering measure that meted out the rhythm of the dance — which dance itself, in graceful movements, told the story of those deeds; and when above the harmony of well-ordered columns he wove the noble roof, heaped one upon the other the broad crescents of the amphitheatre, and planned the scenic trappings of the stage. Thus, too, inspired by Dionysus, the tragic poet saw this glorious god: when, to all the rich elements of spontaneous art, the harvest of the fairest and most human life, he joined the bond of speech, and concentrating them all into one focus, brought forth the highest conceivable form of art — the Drama.

The deeds of gods and men, their sufferings, their delights, as they — in all solemnity and glee, as eternal rhythm, as everlasting harmony of every motion and of all creation, — lay disclosed in the nature of Apollo himself; here they became actual and true. For all that in them moved and lived, as it moved and lived in the beholders, here found its perfected expression; where ear and eye, as soul and heart, lifelike and actual, seized and perceived all, and saw all in spirit and in body revealed; so that the imagination need no longer vex itself with the attempt to conjure up the image. Such a tragedy-day was a Feast of the God; for

here the god spoke clearly and intelligibly forth, and the poet, as his high-priest, stood real and embodied in his art-work, led the measures of the dance, raised the voices to a choir, and in ringing words proclaimed the utterances of godlike wisdom.

Such was the Grecian work of art; such their god Apollo, incarnated in actual, living art; such was the Grecian people in its highest truth and beauty.

This race, in every branch, in every unit, was rich in individuality, restless in its energy, in the goal of one undertaking seeing but the starting-point of a fresh one; in constant mutual intercourse, in daily-changing alliances, in daily-varying strifes; today in luck, tomorrow in mischance; today in peril of the utmost danger, tomorrow absolutely exterminating its foes; in all its relations, both internal and external, breathing the life of the freest and most unceasing development. This people, streaming in its thousands from the State-assembly, from the Agora, from land, from sea, from camps, from distant parts—filled with its thirty thousand heads the amphitheatre. To see the most pregnant of all tragedies, *Prometheus,* came they; in this Titanic masterpiece to see the image of themselves, to read the riddle of their own actions, to fuse their own being and their own communion with that of their god; and thus in noblest, stillest peace to live again the life which a brief space of time before they had lived in restless activity and accentuated individuality.

Ever jealous of his personal independence, and hunting down the "Tyrannos" who, howsoever wise and lofty, might imperil from any quarter the freedom of his own strong will: the Greek despised the soft complacence which, under the convenient shelter of another's care, can lay itself down to passive egoistic rest. Constantly on his guard, untiring in warding off all outside influence, he gave not even to the hoariest tradition the right over his own free mundane life, his actions, or his thoughts. Yet, at the summons of the choir his voice was hushed, he

yielded himself a willing slave to the deep significance of the scenic show, and hearkened to the great story of Necessity told by the tragic poet through the mouths of his gods and heroes on the stage. For in the tragedy he found himself again — nay, found the noblest part of his own nature united with the noblest characteristics of the whole nation; and from his inmost soul, as it there unfolded itself to him, proclaimed the Pythian oracle. At once both God and Priest, glorious godlike man, one with the Universal, the Universal summed up in him: like one of those thousand fibres which form the plant's united life, his slender form sprang from the soil into the upper air; there to bring forth the one lovely flower which shed its fragrant breath upon eternity. This flower was the highest work of Art, its scent the spirit of Greece; and still it intoxicates our senses and forces from us the avowal, that it were better to be for half a day a Greek in presence of this tragic art-work, than to all eternity an — un-Greek *God!*

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The free Greek, who set himself upon the pinnacle of Nature, could procreate Art from very joy in manhood: the Christian, who impartially cast aside both Nature and himself, could only sacrifice to his God on the altar of renunciation; he durst not bring his actions or his work as offering, but believed that he must seek His favor by abstinence from all self-prompted venture. Art is the highest expression of activity of a race that has developed its physical beauty in unison with itself and Nature; and man must reap the highest joy from the world of sense, before he can mold therefrom the implements of his art; for from the world of sense alone, can he derive so much as the impulse to artistic creation. The Christian, on the contrary, if he fain would create an art-work that should correspond to his belief, must derive his impulse from the essence of abstract spirit (*Geist*), from the grace of God, and therein find his tools. What, then, could he take for aim? Surely not physical beauty — mirrored in his eyes

as an incarnation of the devil? And how could pure spirit, at any time, give birth to a something that could be cognized by the senses?

All pondering of this problem is fruitless; the course of history shows too unmistakably the results of these two opposite methods. Where the Greeks, for their edification, gathered in the amphitheatre for the space of a few short hours full of the deepest meaning: the Christian shut himself away in the life-long imprisonment of a cloister. In the one case, the Popular Assembly was the judge: in the other, the Inquisition; here the State developed to an honorable Democracy: there, to a hypocritical Despotism.

Hypocrisy is the salient feature, the peculiar characteristic, of every century of our Christian era, right down to our own day; and indeed this vice has always stalked abroad with more crying shamelessness, in direct proportion as mankind, in spite of Christendom, has refreshed its vigor from its own unquenchable and inner well-spring, and ripened toward the fulfilment of its true purpose. Nature is so strong, so inexhaustible in its regenerative resources, that no conceivable violence could weaken its creative force. Into the ebbing veins of the Roman world, there poured the healthy blood of the fresh Germanic nations. Despite the adoption of Christianity, a ceaseless thirst of doing, delight in bold adventure, and unbounded self-reliance, remained the native element of the new masters of the world. But, as in the whole history of the Middle Ages we always light upon one prominent factor, the warfare between worldly might and the despotism of the Roman Church; so, when this new world sought for a form of utterance, it could only find it in opposition to, and strife against, the spirit of Christendom. The Art of Christian Europe could never proclaim itself, like that of ancient Greece, as the expression of a world attuned to harmony; for reason that its inmost being was incurably and irreconcilably split up between the force of conscience and the instinct of life, between the ideal and the reality.

Like the order of Chivalry itself, the chivalric poetry of the Middle Ages, in attempting to heal this severance, could, even amid its loftiest imagery, but bring to light the falsehood of the reconciliation; the higher and the more proudly it soared on high, so the more visibly gaped the abyss between the actual life and the idealized existence, between the raw, passionate bearing of these knights in physical life and their too delicate, etherealized behavior in romance. For the same reason did actual life, leaving the pristine, noble, and certainly not ungraceful customs of the people, become corrupt and vicious; for it durst not draw the nourishment for its art-impulse from out of its own being, its joy in itself, and its own physical demeanor; but was sent for all its spiritual sustenance to Christianity which warned it off from the first taste of life's delight, as from a thing accursed. The poetry of Chivalry was thus the honorable hypocrisy of fanaticism, the parody of heroism: in place of Nature, it offered a convention.

Only when the enthusiasm of belief had smoldered down, when the Church openly proclaimed herself as naught but a worldly despotism appreciable by the senses, in alliance with the no less material worldly absolutism of the temporal rule which she had sanctified: only then, commenced the so-called Renaissance of Art. That wherewith man had racked his brain so long, he would fain now see before him clad in body, like the Church itself in all its worldly pomp. But this was only possible on condition that he opened his eyes once more, and restored his senses to their rights. Yet when man took the objects of belief and the revelations of phantasy and set them before his eyes in physical beauty, and with the artist's delight in that physical beauty —this was a complete denial of the very essence of the Christian religion; and it was the deepest humiliation to Christendom that the guidance to these art-creations must be sought from the pagan art of Greece. Nevertheless, the Church appropriated to herself this newly-roused art-impulse, and did not blush to deck herself with the bor-

rowed plumes of paganism; thus trumpeting her own hypocrisy.

Worldly dominion, however, had its share also in the revival of art. After centuries of combat, their power armed against all danger from below, the security of riches awoke in the ruling classes the desire for more refined enjoyment of this wealth; they took into their pay the arts whose lessons Greece had taught. "Free" Art now served as handmaid to these exalted masters, and, looking into the matter more closely, it is difficult to decide who was the greater hypocrite — Louis XIV., when he sat and heard the Grecian hate of Tyrants, declaimed in polished verses from the boards of his Court-theatre; or Corneille and Racine, when, to win the favor of their lord, they set in the mouths of their stage-heroes the warm words of freedom and political virtue of ancient Greece and Rome.

Could Art be present there in very deed, where it blossomed not forth as the living utterance of a free, self-conscious community, but was taken into the service of the very powers which hindered the self-development of that community, and was thus capriciously transplanted from foreign climes? No, surely! Yet we shall see that Art, instead of enfranchising herself from eminently respectable masters, such as were the Holy Church and witty Princes, preferred to sell her soul and body to a far worse mistress — Commerce.

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Let us now compare the chief features of the public art of modern Europe with those of the public art of Greece, in order to set clearly before our eyes their characteristic points of difference.

The public art of the Greeks, which reached its zenith in their tragedy, was the expression of the deepest and the noblest principles of the people's consciousness: with us the deepest and noblest of man's consciousness is the direct opposite of this, namely the denunciation of our pub-

lic art. To the Greeks the production of a tragedy was a religious festival, where the gods bestirred themselves upon the stage and bestowed on men their wisdom: our evil conscience has so lowered the theatre in public estimation, that it is the duty of the police to prevent the stage from meddling in the slightest with religion;* a circumstance as characteristic of our religion as of our art. Within the ample boundaries of the Grecian amphitheatre, the whole populace was wont to witness the performances; in our superior theatres, loll only the affluent classes. The Greeks sought the instruments of their art in the products of the highest associate culture; we seek ours in the deepest social barbarism. The education of the Greek, from his earliest youth, made himself the subject of his own artistic treatment and artistic enjoyment, in body as in spirit; our foolish education, fashioned for the most part to fit us merely for future industrial gain, gives us a ridiculous, and withal arrogant satisfaction with our own unfitness for art, and forces us to seek the subjects of any kind of artistic amusement outside ourselves — like the rake who goes for the fleeting joys of love to the arms of a prostitute. Thus the Greek was his own actor, singer, and dancer; his share in the performance of a tragedy was to him the highest pleasure in the work of Art itself, and he rightly held it an honor to be entitled by his beauty and his culture to be called to this beloved task; we, on the other hand, permit a certain portion of our proletariate, which is to be found in every social stratum, to be instructed for our entertainment; thus prurient vanity, claptrap, and at times unseemly haste for fortune-making, fill up the ranks of our dramatic companies. Where the Grecian artist found his only reward in his own delight in the masterpiece, in its success,

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* R. Wagner to F. Heine, March 18, '41: — "This showed me still more decidedly that the religious-catholic part of my *Rienzi* libretto was a chief stumbling-block. * * * If in my *Rienzi* the word 'Church' is not allowed to stand," etc.— To W. Fischer, Dec. 8, '41: — "Sixteen singers must remain for the Priests, or on account of the censorship, aged Citizens."—TRANSLATOR.

and the public approbation, we have the modern artist boarded, lodged, and — paid. And thus we reach the essential distinction between the two: with the Greeks their public art was very Art, with us it is artistic — Handicraft.

The true artist finds delight not only in the aim of his creation, but also in the very process of creation, in the handling and molding of his material. The very act of production is to him a gladsome, satisfying activity — no toil. The journeyman reckons only the goal of his labor, the profit which his toil shall bring him; the energy which he expends, gives him no pleasure; it is but a fatigue, an inevitable task, a burden which he would gladly give over to a machine; his toil is but a fettering chain. For this reason he is never present with his work in spirit, but always looking beyond it to its goal, which he fain would reach as quickly as he may. Yet, if the immediate aim of the journeyman is the satisfaction of an impulse of his own, such as the preparing of his own dwelling, his chattels, his raiment, etc., then, together with his prospective pleasure in the lasting value of these objects, there also enters by degrees a bent to such a fashioning of the material as shall agree with his individual tastes. After he has fulfilled the demands of bare necessity, the creation of that which answers to less pressing needs will elevate itself to the rank of artistic production. But if he bargains away the product of his toil, all that remains to him is its mere money-worth; and thus his energy can never rise above the character of the busy strokes of a machine; in his eyes it is but weariness, and bitter, sorrowful toil. The latter is the lot of the slave of industry; and our modern factories afford us the sad picture of the deepest degradation of man — constant labor, killing both body and soul, without joy or love, often almost without aim.

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It is for Art, therefore, and Art above all else, to teach this social impulse its noblest meaning, and guide it toward its true direction. Only on the shoulders of this great

social movement can true Art lift itself from its present state of civilized barbarism, and take its post of honor. Each has a common goal, and the twain can only reach it when they recognize it jointly. This goal is the strong, fair Man, to whom Revolution shall give his Strength, and Art his Beauty!

Neither is it our present purpose to indicate more closely the march of this social development and the records it will stamp on history, nor could dogmatic calculation foretell the historical demeanor of man's social nature, so little dependent upon preconceived ideas. In the history of man nothing is *made*, but everything evolves by its own inner necessity. Yet it is impossible that the final state which this movement shall attain one day, should be other than the direct opposite of the present; else were the whole history of the world a restless zig-zag of cross purposes, and not the ordered movement of a mighty stream; which with all its bends, its deviations, and its floods, yet flows forever in one steadfast course.

Let us glance, then, for a moment at this future state of Man, when he shall have freed himself from his last heresy, the denial of Nature — that heresy which has taught him hitherto to look upon himself as a mere instrument to an end which lay outside himself. When mankind knows, at last, that itself is the one and only object of its existence, and that only in the community of all men can this purpose be fulfilled; then will its mutual creed be couched in an actual fulfilment of Christ's injunction, "Take no care for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on, for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." This Heavenly Father will then be no other than the social wisdom of mankind, taking Nature and her fulness for the common weal of all. The crime and the curse of our social intercourse have lain in this: that the mere physical maintenance of life has been till now the one object of our care — a real care that has devoured our souls and

bodies and well nigh lamed each spiritual impulse. This care has made man weak and slavish, dull and wretched; a creature that can neither love nor hate; a thrall of commerce, ever ready to give up the last vestige of the freedom of his will, so only that this care might be a little lightened.

When the brotherhood of man has cast this care forever from it, and, as the Greeks upon their slaves, has lain it on machines — the artificial slaves of free creative man, whom he has served till now as the fetish-votary serves the idol his own hands have made — then will man's whole enfranchized energy proclaim itself as naught but pure artistic impulse. Thus shall we regain, in vastly higher measure, the Grecian element of life; what with the Greek was the result of natural development, will be with us the product of ages of endeavor; what was to him a half-unconscious gift, will remain with us a conquered knowledge; for what mankind in its wide communion doth truly know, can never more be lost to it.

Only the strong know love; only love can fathom beauty; only beauty can fashion Art. The love of weaklings for each other can only manifest as the goad of lust; the love of the weak for the strong is abasement and fear; the love of the strong for the weak is pity and forbearance; but the love of the strong for the strong is love, for it is the free surrender to one who cannot compel us. Under every fold of heaven's canopy, in every race, shall men by real freedom grow up to equal strength; by strength to truest love; and by true love to beauty. But Art is beauty energized.

tion of this consciousness — as it were, the portraiture in brief of Nature — so does man's life itself gain understanding by means of science, which makes this human life in turn an object of experience. But the activation of the consciousness attained by science, the portrayal of the life that it has learnt to know, the impress of this life's necessity and truth, is — Art.*

Man will never be that which he can and should be, until his life is a true mirror of Nature, a conscious following of the only real necessity, the *inner natural necessity*, and is no longer held in subjugation to an outer artificial counterfeit — which is thus no necessary, but an arbitrary power. Then first will man become a living man; whereas till now he carries on a mere existence, dictated by the maxims of this or that religion, nationality, or state. In like manner will Art not be the thing she can and should be, until she therefore need no longer borrow the conditions of the real man, and of man's genuine, nature-bidden life; until she therefore need no longer borrow the conditions of her being from the errors, perversities, and unnatural distortions of our modern life.

The real man will therefore never be forthcoming, until true human nature, and not the arbitrary statutes of the State, shall model and ordain his life; while real Art will never live, until its embodiments need be subject only to the laws of Nature, and not to the despotic whims of mode. For as man only then becomes free, when he gains the glad consciousness of his oneness with Nature; so does Art only then gain freedom, when she has no more to blush for her affinity with actual Life. But only in the joyous consciousness of his oneness with Nature does man subdue his dependence on her; while Art can only overcome her dependence upon life through her oneness with the life of free and genuine men.

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* That is, Art in general, or the Art of the Future in particular.—R. WAGNER.

The Folk and Art

The redemption of thought and science and their transmutation into art-work would be impossible, could life itself be made dependent upon scientific speculation. Could conscious autocratic thought completely govern Life, could it usurp the vital impulse and divert it to some other purpose than the great necessity of absolute life-needs: then were Life itself dethroned, and swallowed up in science. And truly science, in her overweening arrogance, has dreamed of such a triumph; as witness our tight-reined State and modern Art, the sexless, barren children of this dream.

The great instinctive errors of the people — which found their earliest utterance in religion, and then became the starting-points of arbitrary speculation and system-making, in theology and philosophy — have reared themselves, in these sciences and their coadjutrix and adopted sister, statecraft, to powers which make no less a claim than to govern and ordain the world and life by virtue of their innate and divine infallibility. Irrevocably, then, would error reign in destructive triumph throughout eternity: did not the same life-force which blindly bore it, once more effectually annihilate it, by virtue of its innate, natural necessity; and that so decisively and palpably, that intellect, with all its arrogant divorce from life, can see at last no other refuge from actual insanity, than in the unconditional acknowledgment of this only definite and visible force. And this vital force is — the folk (*das Volk*).

Who is then the folk? It is absolutely necessary that, before proceeding further, we should agree upon the answer to this weightiest of questions.

"The folk," was from of old the inclusive term for *all the units* which made up the total of a commonality. In the beginning, it was the family and the tribe; next, the tribes united by like speech into a nation. Practically, by the Roman world-dominion which engulfed the nations, and theoretically, by the Christian religion which admitted

of naught but men, i. e., no racial, but only Christian men — the idea of "the people" has so far broadened out, or even evaporated, that we may either include in it mankind in general, or, upon the arbitrary political hypothesis, a certain, and generally the propertyless portion of the commonwealth. But beyond a frivolous, this term has also acquired an ineradicable moral meaning; and on account of this it is, that in times of stir and trouble all men are eager to number themselves among the people; each one gives out that he is careful for the people's weal, and no one will permit himself to be excluded from it. Therefore in these latter days also has the question frequently been broached, in the most diverse of senses: Who then is the people? In the sum total of the body politic, can a separate party, a particular fraction of the said body claim this name for itself alone? Rather, are we not all alike "the people," from the beggar to the prince?

This question must therefore be answered according to the conclusive and world-historical sense that now lies at its root, as follows:

The "folk" is the epitome of all those men *who feel a common and collective want* (*"gemeinschaftliche Not"*). To it belong, then, all of those who recognize their individual want as a collective want, or find it based thereon; ergo, all those who can hope for the stilling of their want in nothing but the stilling of a common want, and therefore spend their whole life's strength upon the stilling of their thus acknowledged common want. For only that want which urges to the uttermost, is genuine want; but this want alone is the force of true need (*"Bedürfnis"*); but a common and collective need is the only true need; but only he who feels within him a true need, has a right to its assuagement; but only the assuagement of a genuine need is necessity; and it is *the folk alone that acts according to necessity's behests,* and therefore irresistibly, victoriously, and right as none besides.

Who now are they who belong *not* to this people, and who are its sworn foes?

THE WAGNER MONUMENT AT BERLIN

(Sculptor, Eberlein)

All those who feel no want; whose life-spring therefore consists in a need which rises not to the potence of a want, and thus is artificial, untrue, and egoistic; and not only is not embraced within a common need, but as the empty need of preserving superfluity — as which alone can one conceive of need without the force of want — is diametrically opposed to the collective need.

Where there is no want, there is not true need; where no true need, no necessary action. But where there is no necessary action, there reigns caprice; and where caprice is king, there blossoms every vice, and every criminal assault on Nature. For only by forcing back, by barring and refusing the assuagement of true need, can the false and artificial need endeavor to assuage itself.

But the satisfaction of an artificial need is luxury; which can only be bred and supported in opposition to, and at the cost of, the necessities of others.

Luxury is as heartless, inhuman, insatiable, and egoistic as the " need " which called it forth, but which, with all its heaping-up and over-reaching, it never more can still. For this need itself is no natural and therefore satisfiable one; by very reason that, being false, it has no true, essential antithesis in which it may be spent, consumed, and satisfied. Actual physical hunger has its natural antithesis, satiety, in which — by feeding — it is spent: but unwanting need, the need that craves for luxury, is in itself already luxury and superfluity. The error of it, therefore, can never go over into truth; it racks, devours, torments and burns, without an instant's stilling; it leaves brain, heart, and sense forever vainly yearning, and swallows up all gladness, mirth, and joy of life. For sake of one sole, and yet unreachable moment of refreshment, it squanders the toil and life-sweat of a thousand needy wanters; it lives upon the unstilled hunger of a thousand thousand poor, though impotent to satiate its own for but the twinkling of an eye; it holds a whole world within the iron chains of despotism, without the power to momentarily break the golden chains of that arch-tyrant which it is unto itself.

And this fiend, this crack-brained need-without-a-need, this need of need — this need of luxury, which is luxury itself withal — is sovereign of the world. It is the soul of that industry which deadens men, to turn them to machines; the soul of our State which swears away men's honor, the better than to take them back as lieges of its grace; the soul of our deistic science, which hurls men down before an immaterial God, the product of the sum of intellectual luxury, for his consumption. It is — alas! — the soul, the stipulation, of our — Art!

Who then will bring to pass the rescue from this baleful State?

Want — which shall teach the world to recognize its own true need; that need which by its very nature admits of satisfaction.

Want will cut short the hell of luxury; it will teach the tortured, need-lacking spirits whom this hell embraces in its bounds the simple, homely need of sheer human, physical hunger and thirst; but in fellowship will it point us to the health-giving bread, and the clear sweet springs of Nature; in fellowship shall we taste their genuine joys, and grow up in communion to veritable men. In common, too, shall we close the last link in the bond of holy necessity; and the brother-kiss that seals this bond, will be the mutual art-work of the future. But in this, also, our great redeemer and well-doer, necessity's vicegerent in the flesh — the folk, will no longer be a severed and peculiar class; for in this art-work we shall all be one — heralds and supporters of necessity, knowers of the unconscious, willers of the unwilful, betokeners of Nature — blissful men.

The Art-Antagonistic Shape of Present Life, Under the Sway of Abstract Thought and Fashion

Fashion is the artificial stimulus that rouses an unnatural need where the natural is not to hand; but whatsoever does not originate in a real need, is arbitrary, uncalled-for, and tyrannical. Fashion is therefore the

maddest, most unheard-of tyranny that has ever issued from man's perversity; it demands from Nature an absolute obedience; it dictates to real need a thorough self-disownment in favor of an artificial; it compels man's natural sense of beauty to worship at the shrine of what is hateful; it kills his health, to bring him to delight in sickness; it breaks his strength and all his force, to let him find content in weakness. Where the absurdest fashion reigns, there must Nature be regarded as the height of absurdity; where the most criminal un-Nature reigns, there must the utterance of Nature appear the fellest crime; where craziness usurps the place of truth, there must truth herself be prisoned under lock and bar, as crazy.

The soul of fashion is the most absolute uniformity, and its god an egoistic, sexless, barren god. Its motive force is therefore arbitrary alteration, unnecessary change, confused and restless striving after the opposite of its essential uniformity. Its might is the might of habit. But habit is the invincible despot that rules all weaklings, cowards, and those bereft of veritable need. Habit is the communism of egoism, the tough, unyielding swathe of mutual, free-from-want self-interest; its artificial life-pulse is even that of fashion.

Fashion is therefore no artistic begetting from herself, but a mere artificial deriving from her opposite, Nature; from whom alone she must at bottom draw her nourishment, just as the luxury of the upper classes feeds only on the straining of the lower, laboring classes toward assuagement of their natural life-needs. The caprice of fashion, therefore, can only draw upon the stores of actual Nature; all her reshapings, flourishes, and gewgaws have at the last their archetype in Nature. Like all our abstract thinking, in its farthest aberrations, she finally can think out and invent naught else than what already is at hand in Nature and in man, in substance and in form. But her procedure is an arrogant one, capriciously cut loose from Nature; she orders and commands, where everything in

truth is bound to hearken and obey. Thus with all her figurings she can but disfigure Nature, and not portray her; she can but *derive,* and not invent; for invention, in effect, is naught but *finding out,* the finding and discerning of Nature.

Fashion's invention is therefore mechanical. But the mechanical is herein distinguished from the artistic: that it fares from derivative to derivative, from means to means, to finally bring forth but one more mean, the machine. Whereas the artistic strikes the very opposite path: throws means on means behind it, pierces through derivative after derivative, to arrive at last at the source of every derivation, of every mean, in Nature's self, and there to slake its need in understanding.

Thus the machine is the cold and heartless ally of luxury-craving men. Through the machine have they at last made even human reason their liege subject; for, led astray from Art's discovery, dishonored and disowned, it consumes itself at last in mechanical refinements, in absorption into the machine, instead of in absorption into Nature in the art-work.

The need of fashion is thus the diametrical antithesis of the need of art; for the artistic need cannot possibly be present where fashion is the lawgiver of life. In truth, the endeavor of many an enthusiastic artist of our times could only be directed to rousing first that necessary need, from the standpoint and by the means of Art; yet we must look on all such efforts as vain and fruitless. The one impossibility for mind is, to awaken a real need: — to answer to an actual present need, man always has the speedy means to hand, but never to evoke it where Nature has withheld it, where its conditionments are not contained in her economy. But if the craving for art-work does not exist, then art-work is itself impossible and only the future can call it forth for us, and that by the natural begettal of its conditionments from out of life.

Only from life, from which alone can even the need for her grow up, can Art obtain her *matter* and her *form;* but where life is modeled upon fashion, Art can never fashion aught from life. Straying far away from the necessity of Nature, mind wilfully — and even in the so-called "common" life, involuntarily — exercises its disfiguring influence upon the matter and the form of life; in such a manner that mind, at last unhappy in its separation, and longing for its healthy sustenance by Nature and its complete re-union with her, can no more find the matter and the form for its assuagement in actual present life. If, in its striving for redemption, it yearns for unreserved acknowledgment of Nature, and if it can only reconcile itself with her in her faithfulest portrayal, in the physical actuality of the art-work: yet it sees that this reconciliation can nevermore be gained by acknowledgment and portrayal of its actual surroundings, of this fashion-governed parody of life. Involuntarily, therefore, must it pursue an arbitrary course in its struggle for redemption by Art; it must seek for Nature — which in sound and wholesome life would rush to meet it — amid times and places where it can recognize her in less, and finally in least, distortion. Yet everywhere and everywhen has natural man thrown on the garment, if not of fashion, still of custom ("*Sitte*"). The simplest and most natural, the fairest and the noblest custom is certainly the least disfigurement of Nature — nay, her most fitting human garb. But the copying and reproduction of this custom — without which the modern artist can never manage to effect his portraiture of Nature — is still, in face of modern life, an irreclaimably arbitrary and purpose-governed dealing; and whatsoever has been thus formed and fashioned by even the honestest striving after Nature, appears, so soon as e'er it steps before our present public life, either a thing incomprehensible, or else another freshly-fangled fashion.

THE ART OF TONE* (1849)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

THE ocean binds and separates the land: so does music bind and separate the two opposite poles of human Art, the arts of dance and poetry.

She is the *heart* of man; the blood, which takes this heart for starting-point, gives to the outward-facing flesh its warm and lively tint—while it feeds the inward-coursing brain-nerves with its welling pulse. Without the heart's activity, the action of the brain would be no more than of a mere automaton; the action of the body's outer members, a mechanical and senseless motion. Through the heart the understanding feels itself allied with the whole body, and the man of mere "five-senses" mounts upward to the energy of reason.

But the organ of the heart is *tone;* its conscious speech, the *art of tone.* She is the full and flowing heart-love, that ennobles the material sense of pleasure, and humanizes immaterial thought. Through tone are dance and poetry brought to mutual understanding: in her are intercrossed in loving blend the laws by which they each proclaim their own true nature; in her, the wilfulness of each becomes instinctive "will" ("*Unwillkürlichen*"), the measure of poetry and the beat of dance become the undictated rhythm of the heart-throb.

Does she receive from her sisters the conditions under which she manifests herself, so does she give them back to them in infinite embellishment, as the conditions of their own enunciation. If dance conveys to tone her own peculiar law of motion, so does tone bring it back to her with soul and sense embodied in her rhythm, for the measure of more noble, more intelligible motion. If tone obtains

* From *The Art-Work of the Future.* Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

from poetry her pregnant coil of sharp-cut words, entwined by meaning and by measure, and takes it as a solid mesh of thought wherewith to gird her boundless fluid mass of sound: so does she hand her sister back this ideal coil of yearning syllables, that indirectly shadow forth in images, but cannot yet express their thought with all the truth and cogence of necessity — and hands it as the direct utterance of feeling, the unerring vindicator and redeemer — melody.

In rhythm and in melody, ensouled by tone, both dance and poetry regain their own true essence, materialized and endlessly enhanced and beautified; and thus they learn to know and love themselves. But melody and rhythm are the arms of tone, with which she locks her sisters in the close embrace of triple growth; they are the shores through which the sea herself unites two continents. If this sea draws backward from the shores, and broadens out the waste of an abyss between itself and each of them, then can no light-winged ship bear aught from either continent unto the other; forever must they rest dissundered — until some outcome of machinery, perchance a railroad, shall bridge the waste! Then men shall start therefrom, forsooth upon their steamboats, to cross the open sea; the breath of all-enlivening breezes replaced by sickening fumes from the machine. Blow the winds of heaven eastward; what matters it? — the machine shall clatter westward, or wherever else men choose to go. Even as the dance-wright fetches from the continent of poetry across the steam-tamed ocean crests of music, the programme for his novel ballet; while the play-concoctor imports from the far-off continent of dance just so much leg-gymnastics as he deems expedient for filling up a halting situation.

Let us see, then, what has come to sister tone, since the death of all-loving father — Drama!

We cannot yet give up our simile of the ocean, for picturing tone's nature. If melody and rhythm are the shores through which the art of tone lays fruitful hands upon twain continents of art, allied to her of yore: so is sound

itself her fluent, native element, and its immeasurable expanse of waters make out the sea of harmony. The eye knows but the surface of this sea; its depth the depth of heart alone can fathom. Upward from its lightless bottom it expands into a sun-bright mirror; the ever-widening rings of rhythm cross over on it from one shore; from the shady valleys of the other arise the yearning zephyrs that rouse this restful surface to the grace of swelling, sinking waves of melody.

Man dives into this sea; only to give himself once more, refreshed and radiant, to the light of day. His heart feels widened wondrously, when he peers down into this depth, pregnant with unimaginable possibilities whose bottom his eye shall never plumb, whose seeming bottomlessness thus fills him with the sense of marvel and the presage of infinity. It is the depth and infinity of Nature herself, who veils from the prying eye of man the unfathomable womb of her eternal seed-time, her begetting, and her yearning; even because man's eye can only grasp the already manifested, the blossom, the begotten, the fulfilled. This Nature is, however, none other than *the nature of the human heart itself,* which holds within its shrine the feelings of desire and love in their most infinite capacity; which is itself desire and love, and — as in its insatiable longing it yet wills nothing but itself — can only grasp and comprehend itself.

If this sea stir up its waters of itself, if it beget the ground of its commotion from the depths of its own element: then is this agitation an endless one and never pacified; for ever returning on itself unstilled, and ever roused afresh by its eternal longing. But if the vast reach of this desire be kindled by an outward object; if this measure-giving object step toward it from the sure and sharply outlined world of manifestment; if sun-girt, slender, blithely-moving man incend the flame of this desire by the lightning of his glancing eye — if he ruffle with his swelling breath the elastic crystal of the sea — then let the fire crackle as

it may, let the ocean's bosom heave with ne'er so violent a storm; yet the flame at last, when its wild glow has smoldered down, will shine with mild serenity of light — the sea-rind, the last foam-wreath of its giant crests dissolved, will crisp itself at last to the soft play of rippling waves; and man, rejoicing in the sweet harmony of his whole being, will intrust himself to the beloved element in some frail coracle, and steer his steadfast course toward the beacon of that kindly light.

The Greek, when he took ship upon his sea, never let the coast-line fade from sight: for him it was the trusty stream that bore him from one haven to the next, the stream on which he passed between the friendly strands amidst the music of his rhythmic oars — here lending glances to the wood-nymphs' dance, there bending ear to sacred hymns whose melodious string of meaning words was wafted by the breezes from the temple on the mountain-top. On the surface of the water were truly mirrored back to him the jutting coasts, with all their peaks and valleys, trees and flowers and men, deep-set within the ether's blue; and this undulating mirror-picture, softly swayed by the fresh fan of gentle gusts, he deemed was Harmony.

The Christian left the shores of life. Farther afield, beyond all confines, he sought the sea — to find himself at last upon the ocean, twixt sea and heaven, boundlessly alone. The word, the word of faith was his only compass; and it pointed him unswervingly toward heaven. This heaven brooded far above him, it sank down on every side in the horizon, and fenced his sea around. But the sailor never reached that confine; from century to century he floated on without redemption, toward this ever imminent, but never reached, new home; until he fell a-doubting of the virtue of his compass, and cast it, as the last remaining human bauble, grimly overboard. And now, denuded of all ties, he gave himself without a rudder to the never-ending turmoil of the waves' caprice. In unstilled, ireful love-rage, he stirred the waters of the sea against the

unattainable and distant heaven: he urged the insatiate greed of that desire and love which, reft of an external object, must ever only crave and love itself — that deepest, unredeemable hell of restless egoism, which stretches out without an end, and wills and wishes, yet ever and forever can only wish and will itself — he urged it 'gainst the abstract universalism of heaven's blue, that universal longing without the shadow of an "object" — against the very vault of absolute un-objectivity. Bliss, unconditioned bliss — to gain in widest, most unbounded measure the height of bliss, and yet to stay completely wrapt in self: this was the unallayable desire of Christian passion. So reared the sea from out its deepest depth to heaven, so sank it ever back again to its own depths; ever its unmixed self, and therefore ever unappeased — like the all-usurping, measureless desire of the heart that never will give itself and dare to be consumed in an external object, but damns itself to everlasting selfish solitude.

Yet in Nature each immensity strives after measure; the unconfined draws bounds around itself; the elements condense at last to definite show; and even the boundless sea of Christian yearning found the new shore on which its turbid waves might break. Where on the farthest horizon we thought to find the ever made-for, never happed-on gateway into the realms of heaven unlimited, there did the boldest of all seafarers discover land at last — man-tenanted, real, and blissful land. Through his discovery the wide ocean is now not only meted out, but made for men an inland sea, round which the coasts are merely broadened out in unimaginably ampler circle. Did Columbus teach us to take ship across the ocean, and thus to bind in one each continent of earth; did his world-historical discovery convert the narrow-seeing national-man into a universal and all-seeing man: so, by the hero who explored the broad and seeming shoreless sea of absolute music unto its very bounds, are won the new and never dreamt-of coasts which this sea no longer now divorces from the old and primal continent of man, but binds together with it for the new-

born, happy art-life of the manhood of the future. And this hero is none other than — Beethoven.

When tone unloosed her from the chain of sisters, she took as her unrelinquishable, her foremost life's-condition — just as light-minded sister dance had filched from *her* her rhythmic measure — from thoughtful sister poetry her word; yet not the human-breathing spirit of the musing ("*dichtende*") word, but only its bare corporeal condensation ("*verdichtete*") into tones. As she had abandoned her rhythmic beat to parting dance's use and pleasure, she thenceforth built upon the word alone; the word of Christian creed, that toneless, fluid, scattering word which, un-withstanding and right gladly, soon gave to her complete dominion over it. But the more this word evaporated into the mere stammer of humility, the mere babbling of implicit, child-like love, so much the more imperatively did tone see herself impelled to shape herself from out the exhaustless depths of her own liquid nature. The struggle for such shaping is the building up of harmony.

Harmony grows from below upward as a perpendicular pillar, by the joining-together and overlaying of correlated tone-stuffs. Unceasing alternation of such columns, each freshly risen member taking rank beside its fellows, constitutes the only possibility of absolute harmonic movement "in breadth." The feeling of needful care for the beauty of this motion "in breadth" is foreign to the nature of absolute harmony; she knows but the beauty of her columns' changing play of color, but not the grace of their marshalling in point of "time,"— for that is the work of rhythm. On the other hand, the inexhaustible variety of this play of colors is the ever-fruitful source on which she draws, with immoderate self-satisfaction, to show herself in constant change of garb; while the life-breath which en-souls and sets in motion this restless, capricious, and self-conditioning change, is the essence of elemental tone itself, the outbreathing of an unfathomable, all-dominating heart's-desire. In the kingdom of harmony there is therefore no beginning and no end; just as the

objectless and self-devouring fervor of the soul, all ignorant of its source, is nothing but itself, nothing but longing, yearning, tossing, pining — and dying out, i. e., dying without having assuaged itself in any "object;" thus dying without death,* and therefore everlastingly falling back upon itself.

So long as the word was in power, it commanded both beginning and ending; but when it was engulfed in the bottomless depths of harmony, when it became naught but "groanings and sighings of the soul,"†— as on the ardent summit of the music of the Catholic Church — then was the word capriciously hoisted to the capitals of those harmonic columns, of that unrhythmic melody, and cast as though from wave to wave; while the measureless harmonic possibilities must draw from out themselves the laws for their own finite manifestment. There is no other artistic faculty of man that answers to the character of harmony: it cannot find its mirror in the physical precision of the movements of the body, nor in the logical induction of the thinking brain — it cannot set up for itself its standard in the recognized necessity of the material world of show, like thought, nor like corporeal motion in the periodic calculation of its instinctive, physically-governed properties: it is like a nature-force which men perceive but cannot comprehend. Summoned by outer — not by inner — necessity to resolve on surer and more finite manifestment, harmony must mold from out its own immensurate depths the laws for its own following. These laws of harmonic sequence, based on the nature of affinity — just as those harmonic columns, the chords, were formed by the affinity of tonestuffs — unite themselves into one standard, which sets up salutary

* Compare *Tristan und Isolde*, Act 3, "*Sehnen! Sehnen — im Sterben mich zu sehnen, vor Sehnsucht nicht zu sterben!*" — a passage which has more than any other been ascribed to Schopenhauer's influence, but which is almost a literal reproduction of the words used in the present instance.— TRANSLATOR.

† See Wagner's Letters to Uhlig (Letter 67 — July, 1852). "E. D. *defends music against me.* Is not that delicious? He appeals to 'harmonies of the spheres,' and 'groanings and sighings of the soul!' Well, I have got a pretty millstone hung about my neck!" — TRANSLATOR.

bounds around the giant playground of capricious possibilities. They allow the most varied choice from amid the kingdom of harmonic families, and extend the possibility of union by elective-affinity (*"Wahlverwandtschaftliche Verbindungen"*) with the members of neighboring families, almost to free liking; they demand, however, before all a strict observance of the house-laws of affinity of the family once chosen, and a faithful tarrying with it, for sake of a happy end. But this end itself, and thus the measure of the composition's extension *in time,* the countless laws of harmonic decorum can neither give nor govern. As the scientifically teachable or learnable department of the art of tone, they can cleave the fluid tonal masses of harmony asunder, and part them into fenced-off bodies; but they cannot assign the periodic measure of these fenced-off masses.

When the limit-setting might of speech was swallowed up, and yet the art of tone, now turned to harmony, could never find her time-assigning law within herself: then was she forced to face toward the remnant of the rhythmic beat that dance had left for her to garner. Rhythmic figures must now enliven harmony; their change, their recurrence, their parting and uniting, must condense the fluid breadths of harmony — as word had earlier done with tone — and bring their periods to more sure conclusion. But no inner necessity, striving after purely human exposition, lay at the bottom of this rhythmic livening; not the feeling, thinking, will-ing man, such as proclaims himself by speech and bodily motion, was its motive power; nothing but an *outer* necessity, which harmony, in struggle for her selfish close, had taken up into herself. This rhythmic interchange and shaping, which moved not of its inner, own necessity, could therefore only borrow life from arbitrary laws and canons. These laws and canons are those of counterpoint.

Counterpoint, with its multiple births and offshoots, is Art's artificial playing-with-itself, the mathematics of feeling, the mechanical rhythm of egoistic harmony. In its invention, abstract tone indulged her whim to pass as the

sole and only self-supporting Art;—as that art which owes its being, its absolute and godlike nature, to no human need soever, but purely to *itself*. The wilful quite naturally believes itself the absolute and right monopolist; and it is certain that to her own caprice alone could music thank her self-sufficient airs, for that mechanical, contrapunctal artifice was quite incapable of answering any soul-need. Music therefore, in her pride, had become her own direct antithesis: from a heart's concern, a matter of the intellect; from the utterance of unshackled Christian soul's-desire, the cashbook of a modern market-speculation.

The living breath of fair, immortal, nobly-feeling human voice, streaming ever fresh and young from the bosom of the folk, blew this contrapunctal house of cards, too, of a heap. The folk-tune, that had rested faithful to its own untarnished grace; the simple, surely outlined song, close-woven with the poem, soared-up on its elastic pinions to the regions of the beauty-lacking, scientifically-musical art-world, with news of joyous ransom. This world was longing to paint men again, to set men to sing—not pipes; so it seized the folk-tune for its purpose, and constructed out of it the opera-air. But just as dance had seized the folk-dance, to freshen herself therewith when needed, and to convert it to an artificial compost according to the dictates of her modish taste—so did this genteel operatic tone-art behave to the folk-tune. She had not grasped the entire man, to show him in his whole artistic stature and nature-bidden necessity, but only the singing man; and in his song she had not seized the ballad of the folk, with all its innate generative force, but merely the melodic tune, abstracted from the poem, to which she set conventional and purposely insipid sentences, according to her pleasure; it was not the beating heart of the nightingale, but only its warbling throat that men could fathom, and practised themselves to imitate. Just as the art-dancer had set his legs, with their manifold but still monotonous bendings, flingings, and gyrations, to vary the natural folk-dance which he could not of himself develop further—so did the

art-singer set his throat to paraphrase with countless ornaments, to alter by a host of flourishes, those tunes which he had stolen from the people's mouth, but whose nature he could never fertilize afresh; and thus another species of mechanical dexterity filled up the place which contrapunctal ingenuity had left forlorn. We need not further characterize the repugnant, ineffably repulsive disfigurement and rending of the folk-tune, such as cries out from the modern operatic aria — for truly it is nothing but a mutilated folk-tune, and in no wise a specific fresh invention — such as, in entire contempt of Nature and all human feeling, and severed from all basis of poetic speech, now tickles the imbecile ears of our opera-frequenters with its lifeless, soul-less toy of fashion. We must content ourselves with candidly, though mournfully, avowing that our modern public sums up in *it* its whole idea of music's essence.

But apart from this public and its subservient fashion-mongers and mode-purveyors, the inmost individual essence of tone was yet to soar up from its plumbless depths, in all the unlost plenitude of its unmeasured faculties, to redemption in the sunlight of the universal, *one* art of the future. And this spring it was to take from off that ground which is the ground of all sheer human art: the plastic motion of the body, portrayed in musical rhythm.

Though in the Christian lisping of the stereotyped word, eternally repeated until it lost itself in utter dearth of thought, the human voice had shrunk at last to a mere physical and flexible implement of tone: yet, by its side, those tone-implements which mechanism had devised for dance's ample escort had been elaborated to ever more enhanced expressive faculty. As bearers of the dance-tune, the rhythmic melody had been consigned to their exclusive care; and, by reason of the ease with which their blended forces took up the element of Christian harmony, to them now fell the call for all further evolution of the art of tone from out itself. The harmonized dance is the basis of the richest art-work of the modern symphony.

Even this "harmonized dance" fell as a savory prey into the hands of counterpoint-concocting mechanism; which loosed it from obedient devotion to its mistress, body-swaying dance, and made it now to take its turns and capers from its rules. Yet it needed but the warm life-breath of the natural folk-tune to beat upon the leathern harness of this schooled and contrapunctal dance — and lo! it stretched at once to the elastic flesh of fairest human art-work. This art-work, in its highest culmination, is the symphony of Haydn, of Mozart, and Beethoven.

In the symphony of Haydn the rhythmic dance-melody moves with all the blithesome freshness of youth; its entwinements, disseverings, and re-unitings, though carried out with highest contrapunctal ingenuity, yet hardly show a trace of the results of such ingenious treatment; but rather take the character peculiar to a dance ordained by laws of freest fantasy — so redolent are they of the warm and actual breath of joyous human life. To the more tempered motion of the middle section of the symphony we see assigned by Haydn a broad expansion of the simple song-tune of the folk; in this its spreads by laws of melos peculiar to the character of song, through soaring graduation and "repeats" enlivened by most manifold expression. This form of melody became the very element of the symphony of song-abundant, and song-glad Mozart. He breathed into his instruments the passionate breath of human voice, that voice toward which his genius bent with overmastering love. He led the stanchless stream of teeming harmony into the very heart of melody; as though in restless care to give it, only mouthed by instruments, in recompense the depth of feeling and of fervor that forms the exhaustless source of human utterance within the inmost chambers of the heart. Whilst, in his symphonies, Mozart to some extent made short work of everything that lay apart from this his individual impulse, and, with all his remarkable dexterity in counterpoint, departed little from those traditional canons which he himself helped forward to stability; he lifted up the "singing" power of

instrumental music to such a height that it was now enabled, not only to embrace the mirth and inward still content which it had learnt from Haydn, but the whole depth of endless heart's-desire.

It was Beethoven who opened up the boundless faculty of instrumental music for expressing elemental storm and stress. His power it was, that took the basic essence of the Christian's harmony, that bottomless sea of unhedged fulness and unceasing motion, and clove in twain the fetters of its freedom. Harmonic melody — for so must we designate this melody divorced from speech, in distinction from the rhythmic melody of dance — was capable, though merely borne by instruments, of the most limitless expression together with the most unfettered treatment. In long, connected tracts of sound, as in larger, smaller, or even smallest fragments, it turned beneath the master's poet-hand to vowels, syllables, and words and phrases of a speech in which a message hitherto unheard, and never spoken yet, could promulgate itself. Each letter of this speech was an infinitely soul-full element; and the measure of the joinery of these elements was utmost free commensuration, such as could be exercised by none but a tone-poet who longed for the unmeasured utterance of this unfathomed yearning.

Glad in this unspeakably expressive language, but suffering beneath the weight of longing of his artist soul — a longing which, in its infinity, could only be an "object" to itself, not satisfy itself outside — the happy-wretched sea-glad and sea-weary mariner sought for a surer haven wherein to anchor from the blissful storms of passionate tumult. Was his faculty of speech unending — so also was the yearning which inspired that speech with its eternal breath. How then proclaim the end, the satisfaction, of this yearning, in the selfsame tongue that was naught but its expression? If the utterance of immeasurable heart-yearning be vented in this elemental speech of absolute tone, then the endlessness of such utterance, like that of the yearning itself, is its only true necessity; the yearning

cannot find contentment in any finite shutting-off of sound — for that could only be caprice. Now by the definite expression which it borrows from the rhythmic dance-melody, instrumental music may well portray and bring to close a placid and self-bounded mood; for reason that it takes its measure from an originally outward-lying object, namely the motion of the body. If a tone-piece yield itself *ab initio* to this expression, which must always be conceived as that of mirth, in greater or in less degree — then, even mid the richest, most luxuriant unfolding of the faculty of tonal speech, it holds within itself the necessary grounds of every phase of "satisfaction;" while equally inevitably must this "satisfaction" be a matter of caprice, and therefore in truth unsatisfying, when that sure and sharp-cut mode of utterance endeavors merely thus to terminate the storms of endless yearning. The transition from the endless agitation of desire to a mood of joyous satisfaction, can necessarily take place no otherwise than by the ascension of desire into an "object." But, in keeping with the character of infinite yearning, this object can be none other than such an one as shows itself with finite, physical, and ethical exactitude. Absolute music, however, finds well-marked bounds dividing her from such an object; without indulging in the most arbitrary of assumptions, she can now and never, of her own unaided powers, bring the physical and ethical man to distinct and plainly recognizable presentment. Even in her most infinite enhancement, she still is but emotion; she enters in the train of the ethical deed, but not as that deed itself; she can set moods and feelings side by side, but not evolve one mood from out another by any dictate of her own necessity; — she lacks the moral will.

What inimitable art did Beethoven employ in his "C-minor symphony," in order to steer his ship from the ocean of infinite yearning to the haven of fulfilment! He was able to raise the utterance of his music *almost* to a moral resolve, but not to speak aloud that final word; and after every onset of the will, without a moral handhold,

we feel tormented by the equal possibility of falling back again to suffering, as of being led to lasting victory. Nay, this falling-back must almost seem to us more necessary than the morally ungrounded triumph, which therefore — not being a necessary consummation, but a mere arbitrary gift of grace — has not the power to lift us up and yield to us that ethical satisfaction which we demand as outcome of the yearning of the heart.

Who felt more uncontented with this victory than Beethoven himself? Was he lief to win a second of the sort? 'Twas well enough for the brainless herd of imitators, who from glorious "major"-jubilation, after vanquished "minor"-tribulation, prepared themselves unceasing triumphs — but not for the master, who was called to write upon his works the "world-history of music."

With reverent awe, he shunned to cast himself afresh into that sea of boundless and insatiate yearning. He turned his steps toward the blithesome, life-glad men he spied encamped on breezy meads, along the outskirt of some fragrant wood beneath the sunny heaven; kissing, dancing, frolicking. There in shadow of the trees, amid the rustling of the leaves, beside the tender gossip of the brook, he made a happy pact with Nature; there he felt that he was Man, felt all his yearning thrust back deep into his breast before the sovereignty of sweet and blissful manifestment. So thankful was he toward this manifestment that, faithfully and in frank humility, he superscribed the separate portions of the tone-work, which he built from this idyllic mood, with the names of those life-pictures whose contemplation had aroused it in him: — "Reminiscences of Country Life" he called the whole.

But in very deed they were only "reminiscences" — pictures, and not the direct and physical actuality. Toward this actuality he was impelled with all the force of the artist's inexpugnable (*"notwendig"*) yearning. To give his tone-shapes that same compactness, that directly cognizable and physically sure stability, which he had witnessed with such blessed solace in Nature's own phenomena

— this was the soul of the joyous impulse which created for us that glorious work the "symphony in A major." All tumult, all yearning and storming of the heart become here the blissful insolence of joy, which snatches us away with bacchanalian might and bears us through the roomy space of Nature, through all the streams and seas of life, shouting in glad self-consciousness as we tread throughout the universe the daring measures of this human sphere-dance. This symphony is the apotheosis of dance herself: it is dance in her highest aspect, as it were the loftiest deed of bodily motion incorporated in an ideal mold of tone. Melody and harmony unite around the sturdy bones of rhythm to firm and fleshy human shapes, which now with giant limbs' agility, and now with soft, elastic pliance, almost before our very eyes, close up the supple, teeming ranks; the while now gently, now with daring, now serious,* now wanton, now pensive, and again exulting, the deathless strain sounds forth and forth; until, in the last whirl of delight, a kiss of triumph seals the last embrace.

And yet these happy dancers were merely shadowed forth in tones, mere sounds that imitated men! Like a second Prometheus who fashioned men of clay ("*Thon*") Beethoven had sought to fashion them of tone. Yet not from "thon" or tone, but from both substances together, must man, the image of live-giving Zeus, be made. Were Prometheus' moldings only offered to the eye, so were those of Beethoven only offered to the ear. But only *where eye and ear confirm each other's sentience of him, is the whole artistic man at hand.*

*Amid the solemn-striding rhythm of the second section, a secondary theme uplifts its wailing, yearning song; to that rhythm, which shows its firm-set tread throughout the entire piece, without a pause, this longing melody clings like the ivy to the oak, which without its clasping of the mighty bole would trail its crumpled, straggling wreaths upon the soil, in forlorn rankness; but now, while weaving a rich trapping for the rough oak-rind, it gains for itself a sure and undishevelled outline from the stalwart figure of the tree. How brainlessly has this deeply significant device of Beethoven been exploited by our modern instrumental-composers, with their eternal "subsidiary themes." — R. WAGNER.

WAGNER'S VILLA "WAHNFRIED" BAYREUTH

But where could Beethoven find those men, to whom to stretch out hands across the element of his music? Those men with hearts so broad that he could pour into them the mighty torrent of his harmonic tones? With frames so stoutly fair that his melodic rhythms should bear them and not crush them? Alas, from nowhere came to him the brotherly Prometheus who could show to him these men! He needs must gird his loins about, and start *to find out for himself the country of the Manhood of the Future.*

From the shore of dance he cast himself once more upon that endless sea, from which he had erstwhile found a refuge on this shore; the sea of unallayable heart-yearning. But 'twas in a stoutly-built and giant-bolted ship that he embarked upon the stormy voyage; with firm-clenched fist he grasped the mighty helm: he knew the journey's goal, and was determined to attain it. No imaginary triumphs would he prepare himself, nor after boldly overcome privations tack back once more to the lazy haven of his home; for he desired to measure out the ocean's bounds, and find the land which needs must lie beyond the waste of waters.

Thus did the master urge his course through unheard-of possibilities of absolute tone-speech — not by fleetly slipping past them, but by speaking out their utmost syllable from the deepest chambers of his heart — forward to where the mariner begins to sound the sea-depth with his plumb; where, above the broadly stretched-forth shingles of the new continent, he touches on the heightening crests of solid ground; where he has now to decide him whether he shall face about toward the bottomless ocean, or cast his anchor on the new-found shore. But it was no madcap love of sea-adventure that had spurred the master to so far a journey; with might and main he willed to land on this new world, for toward *it* alone had he set sail. Staunchly he threw his anchor out; and this anchor was the word. Yet this word was not that arbitrary and senseless cud which the modish singer chews from side to side, as the gristle of his vocal tone; but the necessary, all-powerful,

and all-uniting word into which the full torrent of the heart's emotions may pour its stream; the steadfast haven for the restless wanderer; the light that lightens up the night of endless yearning: the word that the redeemed world-man cries out aloud from the fulness of the world-heart. This was the word which Beethoven set as crown upon the forehead of his tone-creation; and this word was: —"*Freude!*" ("Rejoice!") With this word he cries to men: "Breast to breast, ye mortal millions! This one kiss to all the world!" And this word will be the language of the art-work of the future.

The last symphony of Beethoven is the redemption of music from out her own peculiar element into the realm of universal Art. It is the human Evangel of the art of the future. Beyond it no forward step is possible; for upon it the perfect art-work of the future alone can follow, the universal drama to which Beethoven has forged for us the key.

Thus has music of herself fulfilled what neither of the other several arts had skill to do. Each of these arts but eked out her own self-centred emptiness by taking, and egoistic borrowing; neither, therefore, had the skill to be herself, and of herself to weave the girdle wherewith to link the whole. But tone, in that she was herself completely, and moved amid her own unsullied element, attained the force of the most heroic, most loveworthy self-sacrifice — of mastering, nay of renouncing her own self, to reach out to her sisters the hand of rescue. She thus has kept herself as heart that binds both head and limbs in one; and it is not without significance, that it is precisely the art of tone which has gained so wide extension through all the branches of our modern public life.

To get a clear insight into the contradictory spirit of this public life, however, we must first bear in mind that it was by no means a mutual coöperation between arthood and publicity, nay, not even a mutual coöperation of tone-artists themselves, that carried through the titanic process we have here reviewed: but simply a richly-gifted individual, who

took up into his solitary self the spirit of community that was absent from our public life; nay, from the fulness of his being, united with the fulness of musical resource, evolved within himself this spirit of community which his artist soul has been the first to yearn for. We see this wonderful creative process, which breathes the fashioning breath of life through all the symphonies of Beethoven, not only completed by the master in the most secluded loneliness, but not so much as comprehended by his artistic fellows; the rather, shamefully misunderstood by them. The forms in which the master brought to light his world-historical wrestling after Art, remained but forms in the eyes of contemporaneous and succeeding music-makers, and passed through mannerism across to mode; and despite the fact that no other instrumental composer could, even within these forms, divulge the smallest shred of original inventiveness, yet none lost courage to write symphonies and suchlike pieces by the ream, without a moment happening on the thought that the last symphony had already been written.* Thus have we lived to see Beethoven's great world-voyage of discovery — that unique and thoroughly unrepeatable feat whose consummation we have witnessed in his "Freude" — symphony, as the last and boldest venture of his genius — once more superfluously attempted in foolishest simplicity, and happily got over without one

* Whosoever may undertake to write the special history of instrumental music since Beethoven, will undoubtedly have to take account of isolated phenomena which are of such a nature as to merit a particular and close attention. He who regards the history of Art, however, from so wide-reaching a point of view as here was necessary, can only keep to its decisive moments; he must leave unconsidered whatever lies aside from these "moments," or is merely their derivative. But the more undeniably is great ability evinced by such detached phenomena, so much the more strikingly do *they themselves* prove, by the barrenness of all their art-endeavor, that in their peculiar art-province somewhat may have yet been left to discover in respect of technical treatment, but nothing in respect of the living spirit, now that *that* has once been spoken which Beethoven spoke through music. In the great universal art-work of the future there will ever be fresh regions to discover; but not in the separate branch of art, when once the latter — as music, by Beethoven — has already been led to universalism but yet would linger in her solitary round.— R. WAGNER.

hardship. A new *genre*, a "symphony with choruses"—was all the dullards saw therein! Why should not X or Y be also able to write a symphony with choruses? Why should not "God the Lord" be praised from swelling throat in the finale, after three preceding instrumental sections had paved the way as featly as might be?* Thus has Columbus only discovered America for the sugary hucksters of our times!

The ground of this repugnant phenomenon, however, lies deep within the very nature of our modern music. The art of tone, set free from those of dance and poetry, is no longer an art instinctively necessary to man. It has been forced to construct itself by laws which, taken from its own peculiar nature, find no affinity and no elucidation in any purely human manifestment. Each of the other arts held fast by the measure of the outer human figure, of the outward human life, or of Nature itself—howsoever capriciously it might disfigure this unconditional first principle. Tone—which found alone in timid hearing, susceptible to every cheat and fancy, her outward, human measure—must frame herself more abstract laws, perforce, and bind these laws into a compact scientific system. This system has been the basis of all modern music: founded on this system, tower was heaped on tower; and the higher soared the edifice, the more inalienable grew the fixed foundation—this foundling which was nowise that of Nature. To the sculptor, the painter, and the poet, their laws of Art explain the course of Nature; without an inner understanding of Nature they can make no thing of beauty. To the musician are explained the laws of harmony, of counterpoint; his learning, without which he can build no musical structure, is an abstract, scientific system. By attained dexterity in its application, he becomes a craftsman; and from this craftsmanlike standpoint he looks out upon the

* The original sentence is somewhat too forcible for English notions:—"*nachdem er geholfen hat, drei vorangehende Instrumentalsätze so geschickt wie möglich zu Stande zu bringen.*" The reference is, of course, to Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*.—TRANSLATOR.

outer world, which must needs appear to *him* a different thing from what it does to the unadmitted worldling — the layman. The uninitiate layman thus stands abashed before this artificial product of art-music, and very rightly can grasp no whit of it but what appeals directly to the heart; from all the built-up prodigy, however, this only meets him in the unconditioned ear-delight of melody. All else but leaves him cold, or baffles him with its disquiet; for the simple reason that he does not, and cannot, understand it. Our modern concert-public, which feigns a warmth and satisfaction in presence of the art-symphony, merely lies and plays the hypocrite; and the proof of this hypocrisy is evident enough so soon as, after such a symphony, a modern and melodious operatic "number" is performed — as often happens even in our most renowned concert-institutes — when we may hear the genuine musical pulse of the audience beat high at once in unfeigned joy.

A vital coherence between our art-music and our public taste, must be emphatically denied: where it would fain proclaim its existence, it is affected and untrue; or, with a certain section of our folk which may from time to time be unaffectedly moved by the drastic power of a Beethovenian symphony, it is — to say the least — unclear, and the impression produced by these tone-works is at bottom but imperfect and fragmentary. But where this coherence is not to hand, the guild-like federation of our art-professors can only be an outward one; while the growth and fashioning of art from within outward cannot depend upon a fellowship which is nothing but an artificial system — but only in the separate unit, from the individuality of its specific nature, can a natural formative and evolutionary impulse take operation by its own instinctive inner laws. Only on the fulness of the special gifts of an individual artist-nature, can that art-creative impulse feed itself which nowhere finds its nourishment in outer Nature; for this individuality alone can find in its particularity, in its personal intuition, in its distinctive longing, craving, and will-

ing, the stuff wherewith to give the art-mass form, the stuff for which it looks in vain in outer Nature. In the individuality of this one and separate human being does music first become a purely human art; she devours up this individuality — from the dissolution of its elements to gain her own condensement, her own individualization.

Thus we see in music as in the other arts, though from totally different causes, mannerisms and so-called "schools" proceeding for the most part from the individuality of a particular artist. These schools were the guilds that gathered — in imitation, nay, in repetition — round some great master in whom the soul of music had individualized itself. So long as music had not fulfilled her world-historical task: so long might the widely spreading branches of these schools grow up into fresh stems, under this or that congenial fertilizer. But so soon as that task had been accomplished by the greatest of all musical individualities, so soon as tone had used the force of that individuality to clothe her deepest secrets with the broadest form in which she still might stay an egoistic, self-sufficient art — so soon, in one word, as Beethoven had written his last symphony — then all the musical guilds might patch and cobble as they would, to bring an absolute music-man to market: only a patched and cobbled harlequin, no sinewy, robust son of Nature, could issue now from out their workshops. After Haydn and Mozart, a Beethoven not only could, but *must* come; the genie of music claimed him of necessity, and without a moment's lingering — he was there. Who now will be to Beethoven what he was to Mozart and Haydn, in the realm of absolute music? The greatest genius would not here avail, since the genie of music no longer needs him.

Ye give yourselves a bootless labor, when, as an opiate for your egoistic tingling for "production," ye fain would deny the cataclysmic significance of Beethoven's last symphony; and even your obtuseness will not save you, by which ye make it possible not once to understand this work! Do what ye will; look right away from Beethoven, fumble

after Mozart, gird you round with Sebastian Bach; write symphonies with or without choruses, write masses, oratorios — the sexless embryos of opera! — make songs without words, and operas without texts — : ye still bring naught to light that has a breath of true life in it. For look ye — ye lack belief! the great belief in the necessity of what ye do! Ye have but the belief of simpletons, the false belief in the possible necessity of your own selfish caprice!

In gazing across the busy wilderness of our musical art-world; in witnessing the hopeless sterility of this art-chaos, for all its everlasting ogling; in presence of this formless brew, whose lees are moldering pedantic shamelessness, and from which, with all its solemn arrogance of musical "old-master"-hood, at last but dissolute Italian opera-airs or wanton French *cancan*-tunes can rise as artificial distillate to the glare of modern public life; — in short, in pondering on this utter creative incapacity, we look, without an instant's blenching, toward the great catastrophe which shall make an end of the whole unwieldy musical monstrosity, to clear free space for the art-work of the future; in which true music will truly have no minor rôle to play, but to which both breath and breathing space are utterly forbidden on such a musical soil as ours.*

* However lengthily I have here expressed myself upon the nature of music, in comparison with what I have said upon the other branches of Art (my reasons lying in both the highly individual character of music and its special and eventful evolutionary course, proceeding from this individuality), yet I am well aware of the countless gaps in my recital. But it would need not one book but an entire library, to lay bare the whole unseemliness, the flabbiness and ignominy of the bonds uniting our modern music with our modern life: to penetrate the piteous, over-sentimental idiosyncrasy of our art of tone, which makes her the object of the speculation of our educational "folk-improvers," who would trickle drops of music's honey upon the acid sweat of ill-used factory-hands as the only possible alleviation of their sufferings (very much as our sages of the State and Bourse are all agog to stuff their pliant patches of religion between the gaping rents of the police-officials' tender care of men); and finally to explain the mournful psychological phenomenon, that a man may be not only base and bad, but also dull — without these qualities hindering him from being a quite respectable musician.— R. WAGNER.

THE ART OF SCULPTURE* (1849)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

THE beauty of the human body was the foundation of all Hellenic Art, nay, even of the natural state. We know that with the noblest of Hellenic stems, the Doric Spartans, the healthiness and unmarred beauty of the newborn child made out the terms on which alone it was allowed to live, while puling deformity was denied the right of life. This beauteous naked man is the kernel of all Spartanhood: from genuine delight in the beauty of the most perfect human body, that of the male, arose that spirit of comradeship which pervades and shapes the whole economy of the Spartan State. This love of man to man, in its primitive purity, proclaims itself as the noblest and least selfish utterance of man's sense of beauty, for it teaches man to sink and merge his entire self in the object of his affection. And exactly in degree as woman, in perfected womanhood, through love to man and sinking of herself within his being, has developed the manly element of that womanhood and brought it to a thorough balance with the purely womanly, and thus in measure as she is no longer merely man's *beloved* but his *friend* — can man find fullest satisfaction in the love of woman.†

The higher element of that love of man to man consisted even in this: that it excluded the motive of egoistic physicalism. Nevertheless it not only included a purely

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* From *The Art-Work of the Future.* Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

† The redemption of woman into participation in the nature of man is the outcome of Christian-Germanic evolution. The Greek remained in ignorance of the psychic process of the ennobling of woman to the rank of man. To him everything appeared under its direct, unmediated aspect — woman to him was woman, and man was man; and thus at the point where his love to woman was satisfied in accordance with nature, arose the spiritual demand for man.— R. WAGNER.

spiritual bond of friendship, but this spiritual friendship was the blossom and the crown of the physical friendship. The latter sprang directly from delight in the beauty, aye, in the material, bodily beauty of the beloved comrade; yet this delight was no egoistic yearning, but a thorough stepping out of self into unreserved sympathy with the comrade's joy in himself, involuntarily betrayed by his life-glad beauty-prompted bearing. This love, which had its basis in the noblest pleasures of both eye and soul — not like our modern postal correspondence of sober friendship, half businesslike, half sentimental — was the Spartan's only tutoress of youth, the never-aging instructress alike of boy and man, the ordainer of the common feasts and valiant enterprises; nay, the inspiring helpmeet on the battlefield. For this it was that knit the fellowships of love into battalions of war and forewrote the tactics of death-daring, in rescue of the imperiled or vengeance for the slaughtered comrade, by the infrangible laws of the soul's most natural necessity.

OUTLINES OF THE ART WORK OF THE FUTURE* (1849)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

IF we consider the relation of modern Art — so far as it is truly Art — to public life, we shall recognize at once its complete inability to affect this public life in the sense of its own noblest endeavor. The reason hereof is, that our modern Art is a mere product of culture and has not sprung from life itself; therefore, being nothing but a hot-house plant, it cannot strike root in the natural soil, or flourish in the natural climate of the present. Art has become the private property of an artist-caste; its taste it offers to those alone who understand it; and for its understanding it demands a special study, aloof from actual life, the study of art-learning. This study, and the understanding to be attained thereby, each individual who has acquired the gold wherewith to pay the proffered delicacies of Art conceives today that he has made his own: if, however, we were to ask the artist whether the great majority of Art's amateurs are able to understand him in his best endeavors, he could only answer with a deep-drawn sigh. But if he ponder on the infinitely greater mass of those who are perforce shut out on every side by the evils of our present social system from both the understanding and the tasting of the sweets of modern Art, then must the artist of today grow conscious that his whole art-doings are, at bottom, but an egoistic, self-concerning business; that his art, in the light of public life, is nothing else than luxury and superfluity, a self-amusing pastime. The daily emphasized, and bitterly deplored abyss between so-called culture and un-culture is so enormous; a bridge between the two so inconceivable; a reconcilement so impossible; that, had it

* From *The Art-Work of the Future.* Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

any candor, our modern Art, which grounds itself on this unnatural culture, would be forced to admit, to its deepest shame, that it owes its existence to a life-element which in turn can only base *its own* existence on the utter dearth of culture among the real masses of mankind.

The only thing which, in the position thus assigned to her, our modern Art should be able to effect — and among honest folk, indeed, endeavors — namely, the spreading abroad of culture, she cannot do; and simply for the reason that, for Art to operate on Life, she must be herself the blossom of a *natural* culture, i. e., such an one as has grown up from below, for she can never hope to rain down culture from above. Therefore, taken at its best, our "cultured" art resembles an orator who should seek to address himself in a foreign tongue to a people which does not understand it; his highest flights of rhetoric can only lead to the most absurd misunderstandings and confusion.

Let us first attempt to trace the theoretic path upon which modern Art must march forward to redemption from her present lonely, misprised station, and toward the widest understanding of general public Life. That this redemption can only become possible by the practical intermediation of public Life, will then appear self-evident.

We have seen that Plastic Art can only attain creative strength by going to her work in unison with artistic man, and not with men who purpose mere utility.

Artistic man can only fully content himself by uniting every branch of Art into the common art-work; in every segregation of his artistic faculties he is unfree, not fully that which he has power to be; whereas in the common art-work he is free, and fully that which he has power to be.

The true endeavor of Art is therefore all-embracing: each unit who is inspired with a true art-instinct develops to the highest his own particular faculties, not for the

glory of these special faculties, but for the glory of general manhood in Art.

The highest conjoint work of Art is the drama: it can only be at hand in all its possible fulness, when in it each separate branch of art is at hand in its own utmost fulness.

The true drama is only conceivable as proceeding from a common urgence of every art toward the most direct appeal to a common public. In this drama, each separate art can only bare its utmost secret to their common public through a mutual parleying with the other arts; for the purpose of each separate branch of art can only be fully attained by the reciprocal agreement and coöperation of all the branches in their common message.

Architecture can set before herself no higher task than to frame for a fellowship of artists, who in their own persons portray the life of man, the special surroundings necessary for the display of the human art-work. Only that edifice is built according to necessity, which answers most befittingly an aim of man: the highest aim of man is the artistic aim; the highest artistic aim — the drama. In buildings reared for daily use, the builder has only to answer to the lowest aim of men: beauty is therein a luxury. In buildings reared for luxury, he has to satisfy an unnecessary and unnatural need: his fashioning therefore is capricious, unproductive, and unlovely. On the other hand, in the construction of that edifice whose every part shall answer to a common and artistic aim alone — thus in the building of the theatre, the master-builder needs only to comfort himself as artist, to keep a single eye upon the art-work. In a perfect theatrical edifice, Art's need alone gives law and measure, down even to the smallest detail. This need is twofold, that of giving and that of receiving, which reciprocally pervade and condition one another. The scene has firstly to comply with all the conditions of "space" imposed by

the joint ("*gemeinsam*") dramatic action to be displayed thereon; but secondly, it has to fulfil those conditions in the sense of bringing this dramatic action to the eye and ear of the spectator in intelligible fashion. In the arrangement of the space for the spectators, the need for optic and acoustic understanding of the art-work will give the necessary law, which can only be observed by a union of beauty and fitness in the proportions; for the demand of the collective ("*gemeinsam*") audience is the demand for the art-work, to whose comprehension it must be distinctly led by everything that meets the eye.* Thus the spectator transplants himself upon the stage, by means of all his visual and aural faculties; while the performer becomes an artist only by complete absorption into the public. Everything that breathes and moves upon the stage, thus breathes and moves alone from eloquent desire to impart, to be seen and heard within those walls which, however circumscribed their space, seem to the actor from his scenic standpoint to embrace the whole of humankind; whereas the public, that representative of daily life, forgets the confines of the auditorium, and lives and breathes now only in the art-work which seems to it as life itself, and on the stage which seems the wide expanse of the whole world.

Such marvels blossom from the fabric of the architect, to such enchantments can he give a solid base, when he

* The problem of the theatrical edifice of the future can in no wise be considered as solved by our modern stage buildings: for they are laid out in accord with traditional laws and canons which have nothing in common with the requirements of pure Art. Where speculation for gain, on the one side, joins forces with luxurious ostentation on the other, the absolute interest of Art must be cryingly affected; and thus no architect in the world will be able to raise our stratified and fenced-off auditoria — dictated by the parceling of our public into the most diverse categories of class and civil station — to conformity with any law of beauty. If one imagine oneself, for a moment, within the walls of the common theatre of the future, one will recognize with little trouble, that an undreamt width of field lies therein open for invention.— R. WAGNER.

takes the purpose of the highest human art-work for his own, when he summons forth the terms of its enlivening from the individual resources of his art. On the other hand, how rigid, cold, and dead does his handiwork appear when, without a higher helpmeet than the aim of luxury, without the artistic necessity which leads him, in the theatre, to invent and range each detail with the greatest sense of fitness, he is forced to follow every speculative whim of his self-glorifying caprice; to heap his masses and trick out his ornament, in order to stereotype today the vanity of some boastful plutocrat, tomorrow the honors of a modernized Jehovah!

But not the fairest form, the richest masonry, can alone suffice the dramatic art-work for the perfectly befitting spacial terms of its appearance. The scene which is to mount the picture of human life must, for a thorough understanding of this life, have power to also show the lively counterfeit of Nature, in which alone artistic man can render up a speaking likeness of himself. The casings of this scene, which look down chill and vacantly upon the artist and the public, must deck themselves with the fresh tints of Nature, with the warm light of heaven's ether, to be worthy to take their share in the human art-work. Plastic architecture here feels her bounds, her own unfreedom, and casts herself, athirst for love, into the arms of painting, who shall work out her redemption into fairest Nature.

Here landscape-painting enters, summoned by a common need which she alone can satisfy. What the painter's expert eye has seen in Nature, what he now, as artist, would fain display for the artistic pleasure of the full community, he dovetails into the united work of all the arts, as his own abundant share. Through him the scene takes on complete artistic truth: his drawing, his color, his glowing breadths of light, compel Dame Nature to serve the highest claims

of Art. That which the landscape-painter, in his struggle to impart what he had seen and fathomed, had erstwhile forced into the narrow frames of panel-pictures — what he had hung up on the egoist's secluded chamber-walls, or had made away to the inconsequent, distracting medley of a picture-barn — therewith will he henceforth fill the ample framework of the tragic stage, calling the whole expanse of scene as witness to his power of recreating Nature. The illusion which his brush and finest blend of colors could only hint at, could only distantly approach, he will here bring to its consummation by artistic practice of every known device of optics, by use of all the art of "lighting." The apparent roughness of his tools, the seeming grotesqueness of the method of so-called "scene-painting," will not offend him; for he will reflect that even the finest camel's-hair brush is but a humiliating instrument, when compared with the perfect art-work; and the artist has no right to pride until he is free, i. e., until his art-work is completed and alive, and he, with all his helping tools, has been absorbed into it. But the finished art-work that greets him from the stage will, set within this frame and held before the common gaze of full publicity, immeasurably more content him than did his earlier work, accomplished with more delicate tools. He will not, forsooth, repent the right to use this scenic space to the benefit of such an art-work, for sake of his earlier disposition of a flat-laid scrap of canvas! For as, at the very worst, his work remains the same no matter what the frame from which it looks, provided only it bring its subject to intelligible show: so will his art-work, in *this* framing, at any rate effect a livelier impression, a greater and more universal understanding, than the whilom landscape picture.

The organ for all understanding of Nature, is man: the landscape-painter had not only to impart to men this understanding, but to make it for the first time plain to them by

depicting man in the midst of Nature. Now by setting his art-work in the frame of the tragic stage, he will expand the individual man, to whom he would address himself, to the associate manhood of full publicity, and reap the satisfaction of having spread his understanding out to that, and made it partner in his joy. But he cannot fully bring about this public understanding until he allies his work to a joint and all-intelligible aim of loftiest Art; while this aim itself will be disclosed to the common understanding, past all mistaking, by the actual bodily man with all his warmth of life. Of all artistic things, the most directly understandable is the dramatic action (*Handlung*), for reason that its art is not complete until every helping artifice be cast behind it, as it were, and genuine life attain the faithfulest and most intelligible show. And thus each branch of Art can only address itself to the understanding in proportion as its core — whose relation to man, or derivation from him, alone can animate and justify the art-work — is ripening toward the drama. In proportion as it passes over into drama, as it pulses with the drama's light, will each domain of Art grow all-intelligible, completely understood and justified.*

* It can scarcely be indifferent to the modern landscape-painter to observe by how few his work is really understood today, and with what blear-eyed stupidity his nature-paintings are devoured by the Philistine world that pays for them; how the so-called "charming prospect" is purchased to assuage the idle, unintelligent, visual gluttony of those same *need*-less men whose sense of hearing is tickled by our modern, empty music-manufacture to that idiotic joy which is as repugnant a reward of his performance to the *artist* as it fully answers the intention of the *artisan*. Between the "charming prospect" and the "pretty tune" of our modern times there subsists a doleful affinity, whose bond of union is certainly not the musing calm of Thought, but that vulgar slip-shod *sentimentality* which draws back in selfish horror from the sight of human suffering in its surroundings, to hire for itself a private heavenlet in the blue mists of Nature's generality. These sentimentals are willing enough to see and hear everything: only *not* the *actual, undistorted man*, who lifts his warning finger on the threshold of their dreams. *But this is the very man whom we must set up in the forefront of our show.*— R. WAGNER.

On to the stage, prepared by architect and painter, now steps artistic man, as natural man steps on the stage of Nature. What the statuary and the historical painter endeavored to limn on stone or canvas, they now limn upon themselves, their form, their body's limbs, the features of their visage, and raise it to the consciousness of full artistic life. The same sense that led the sculptor in his grasp and rendering of the human figure, now leads the *mime* in the handling and demeanor of his actual body. The same eye which taught the historical painter, in drawing and in color, in arrangement of his drapery and composition of his groups, to find the beautiful, the graceful and the characteristic, now orders the whole breadth of actual human show. Sculptor and painter once freed the Greek tragedian from his cothurnus and his mask, upon and under which the real man could only move according to a certain religious convention. With justice, did this pair of plastic artists annihilate the last disfigurement of pure artistic man, and thus prefigure in their stone and canvas the tragic actor of the future. As they once described him in his undistorted truth, they now shall let him pass into reality and bring his form, in a measure sketched by them, to bodily portrayal with all its wealth of movement.

Thus the illusion of plastic art will turn to truth in drama: the plastic artist will reach out hands to the dancer, to the *mime,* will lose himself in them, and thus become himself both mime and dancer. So far as lies within his power, he will have to impart the inner man, his feeling and his will-ing, to the eye. The breadth and depth of scenic space belong to him for the plastic message of his stature and his motion, as a single unit or in union with his fellows. But where his power ends, where the fulness of his will and feeling impels him to the *uttering* of the inner man by means of speech, there will the word proclaim his plain and conscious purpose: he becomes a poet

and, to be poet, a tone-artist (*" Tonkünstler "*). But as dancer, tone-artist, and poet, he still is one and the same thing: nothing other than executant, artistic man, who, in the fullest measure of his faculties, imparts himself to the highest expression of receptive power.

It is in him, the immediate executant, that the three sister-arts unite their forces in one collective operation, in which the highest faculty of each comes to its highest unfolding. By working in common, each one of them attains the power to be and do the very thing which, of her own inmost essence, she longs to do and be. Hereby: that each, where her own power ends, can be absorbed within the other, whose power commences where her's ends — she maintains her own purity and freedom, her independence as *that* which she is. The *mimetic* dancer is stripped of his importance, so soon as he can sing and speak; the creations of tone win all-explaining meaning through the mime, as well as through the poet's word, and that exactly in degree as tone itself is able to transcend into the motion of the mime and the word of the poet; while the poet first becomes a man through his translation to the flesh and blood of the performer: for though he meets to each artistic factor the guiding purpose which binds them all into a common whole, yet this purpose is first changed from " will " to " can " by the poet's will descending to the actor's can.

Not one rich faculty of the separate arts will remain unused in the united art-work of the future; in *it* will each attain its first complete appraisement. Thus, especially will the manifold developments of tone, so peculiar to our instrumental music, unfold their utmost wealth within this art-work; nay, tone will incite the mimetic art of dance to entirely new discoveries, and no less swell the breath of poetry to unimagined fill. For music, in her solitude, has fashioned for herself an organ which is capable of the highest reaches of expression. This organ is the orchestra.

The tone-speech of Beethoven, introduced into drama by the orchestra, marks an entirely fresh departure for the dramatic art-work. While architecture and, more especially, scenic landscape-painting, have power to set the executant dramatic artist in the surroundings of physical nature, and to dower him from the exhaustless stores of natural phenomena with an ample and significant background — so in the orchestra, that pulsing body of many-colored harmony, the personating individual man is given, for his support, a stanchless elemental spring, at once artistic, natural, and human.

The orchestra is, so to speak, the loam of endless, universal feeling, from which the individual feeling of the separate actor draws power to shoot aloft to fullest height of growth: it, in a sense, dissolves * the hard immobile ground of the actual scene into a fluent, elastic, impressionable ether, whose unmeasured bottom is the great sea of feeling itself. Thus the orchestra is like the earth from which Antæus, so soon as ever his foot had grazed it, drew new immortal life-force. By its essence diametrically opposed to the scenic landscape which surrounds the actor, and therefore, as to locality, most rightly placed in the deepened foreground outside the scenic frame, it at like time forms the perfect complement of these surroundings; inasmuch as it broadens out the exhaustless physical element of Nature to the equally exhaustless emotional element of artistic man. These elements, thus knit together, inclose the performer as with an atmospheric ring of Art and

* It is a little difficult to quite unravel this part of the metaphor, for the same word "*Boden*" is used twice over. I have though it best to translate it in the first place as "loam," and in the second as "ground;" for it appears as though the idea were, in the former case, that of what agriculturists call a "top-dressing," and thus a substance which could break up the lower soil and make it fruitful. The "it" which occurs after the colon may refer either to the "feeling" or to the "orchestra," for both are neuter nouns.— TRANSLATOR.

Nature, in which, like to the heavenly bodies, he moves secure in fullest orbit, and whence, withal, he is free to radiate on every side his feelings and his views of life — broadened to infinity, and showered, as it were, on distances as measureless as those on which the stars of heaven cast their rays of light.

Thus supplementing one another in their changeful dance, the united sister-arts will show themselves and make good their claim; now all together, now in pairs, and again in solitary splendor, according to the momentary need of the only rule and purpose-giver, the dramatic action. Now plastic mimicry will listen to the passionate plaint of thought; now resolute thought will pour itself into the expressive mold of gesture; now tone must vent alone the stream of feeling, the shudder of alarm; and now, in mutual embrace, all three will raise the will of drama to immediate and potent deed. For one thing there is that all the three united arts must will, in order to be free, and that one thing is the drama: the reaching of the drama's aim must be their common goal. Are they conscious of this aim, do they put forth all their will to work out that alone: so will they also gain the power to lop off from their several stems the egoistic offshoots of their own peculiar being; that therewith the tree may not spread out in formless mass to every wind of heaven, but proudly lift its wreath of branches, boughs and leaves, into its lofty crown.

The nature of man, like that of every branch of Art, is manifold and over-fruitful: but one thing alone is the soul of every unit, its most imperious bent (*"Notwendigster Trieb"*), its strongest need-urged impulse. When this one thing is recognized by man as his fundamental essence, then, to reach this one and indispensable, he has power to ward off every weaker, subordinated appetite, each feeble wish, whose satisfaction might stand between him and its attainment. Only the weak and impotent knows no imperi-

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ous, no mightiest longing of the soul: for him each instant is ruled by accidental, externally incited appetites which, for reason that they are but appetites, he never can allay; and therefore, hurled capriciously from one upon another, to and fro, he never can attain a real enjoyment. But should this need-reft one have strength to obstinately follow the appeasement of his accidental appetite, there then crop up in life and Art those hideous, unnatural apparitions, the parasites of headlong egoistic frenzy, which fill us with such untold loathing in the murderous lust of despots, or in the wantonness of — modern operatic music. If the individual, however, feel in himself a mighty longing, an impulse that forces back all other desires, and forms the necessary inner urgence which constitutes his soul and being; and if he put forth all his force to satisfy it: he thus will also lift aloft his own peculiar force, and all his special faculties, to the fullest strength and height that ever can lie within his reach.

But the individual man, in full possession of health of body, heart, and mind, can experience no higher need than that which is common to all his kind; for, to be a *true* need, it can only be such an one as he can satisfy in community alone. The most imperious and strongest need of full-fledged artist-man, however, is to impart himself in highest compass of his being to the fullest expression of community; and this he only reaches with the necessary breadth of general understanding in the drama. In drama he broadens out his own particular being, by the portrayal of an individual personality not his own, to a universally human being. He must completely step outside himself, to grasp the inner nature of an alien personality with that completeness which is needful before he can portray it. This he will only attain when he so exhaustively analyzes this individual in his contract with and penetration and completion by other individualities — and therefore also

the nature of these other individualities themselves — when he forms thereof so lively a conception, that he gains a sympathetic feeling of this complementary influence on his own interior being. The perfectly artistic performer is, therefore, the unit man expanded to the essence of the human species by the utmost evolution of his own particular nature.

The place in which this wondrous process comes to pass, is the theatric stage; the collective art-work which it brings to light of day, the drama. But to force his own specific nature to the highest blossoming of its contents in this one and highest art-work, the separate artist, like each several art, must quell each selfish, arbitrary bent toward untimely bushing into outgrowths unfurthersome to the whole; the better then to put forth all his strength for reaching of the highest common purpose, which cannot indeed be realized without the unit, nor, on the other hand, without the unit's recurrent limitation.

This purpose of the drama is withal the only true artistic purpose that ever can be fully realized; whatsoever lies aloof from that, must necessarily lose itself in the sea of things indefinite, obscure, unfree. This purpose, however, the separate art-branch will never reach alone,* but only

* The modern playwright will feel little tempted to concede that drama ought not to belong exclusively to *his* branch of art, the art of *poesy;* above all will he not be able to constrain himself to share it with the tone-poet — to wit, as he understands us, allow the play to be swallowed up by the opera. Perfectly correct! — so long as opera subsists, the play must also stand, and, for the matter of that, the pantomime too; so long as any dispute hereon is thinkable, the drama of the future must itself remain un-thinkable. If, however, the poet's doubt lie deeper, and consist in this, that he cannot conceive how song should be entitled to usurp entirely the place of spoken dialogue: then he must take for rejoinder, that in two several regards he has not as yet a clear idea of the character of the art-work of the future. Firstly, he does not reflect that music has to occupy a very different position in this art-work to what she takes in modern opera: that only where her power is the *fittest*, has she to open out her full expanse; while, on the contrary, wherever another power, for instance that of dramatic speech, is the most *necessary*, she has to subordinate herself to that; still, that music

all together; and therefore the most universal is at like time the only real, free, the only universally intelligible art-work.

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possesses the peculiar faculty of, without entirely keeping silence, to imperceptibly linking herself to the thought-ful element of speech that she lets the latter seem to walk abroad alone, the while she still supports it. Should the poet acknowledge this, then he has to recognize in the second place, that thoughts and situations to which the lightest and most restrained accompaniment of music should seem importunate and burdensome, can only be such as are borrowed from the spirit of our modern play; which, from beginning to end, will find no inch of breathing-space within the art-work of the future. The man who will portray himself in the drama of the future has done for ever with all the prosaic hurly-burly of fashionable manners or polite intrigue, which our modern "poets" have to tangle and to disentagle in their plays, with greatest circumstantiality. His nature-bidden action and his speech are: Yea, yea! and Nay, nay!—and all beyond is evil, i. e., modern and superfluous.— R. WAGNER.

OPERA AND THE NATURE OF MUSIC* (1851)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

MUSIC Mozart always made, but *beautiful* music he could never write excepting when inspired. Though this inspiration must ever come from within, from his own possessions, yet it could only leap forth bright and radiant when kindled from without, when to the spirit of divinest love within him was shown the object worthy love, the object that in ardent heedlessness of self it could embrace. And thus would it have been precisely the most absolute of all musicians, Mozart himself, who would have long-since solved the operatic problem past all doubt, who would have helped to pen the truest, fairest, and completest drama, if only he had met the poet whom he only would have had to help. But he never met that poet: at times it was a pedantically wearisome, at times a frivolous sprightly maker of opera-texts, that reached him — arias, duets, and ensemble-pieces to compose; and these he took and so turned them into music, according to the warmth they each were able to awake in him, that in every instance they received the most answering expression of which their last particle of sense was capable.

Thus did Mozart only prove the exhaustless power of music to answer with undreamt fulness each demand of the poet upon her faculty of expression; for all his un-reflective method, the glorious musician revealed this power, even in the truthfulness of dramatic expression, the endless multiplicity of its motivation, in far richer measure than Gluck and all his followers. But so little was a fundamental

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* From *Opera and Drama*. Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

principle laid down in his creations, that the pinions of his genius left the *formal* skeleton of opera quite unstirred: he had merely poured his music's lava-stream into the molds of opera. Themselves, however, they were too frail to hold this stream within them; and forth it flowed to where, in ever freer and less cramping channels, it might spread itself according to its natural bent, until in the symphonies of Beethoven we find it swollen to a mighty sea. Whereas in instrumental music, the innate capabilities of music developed into boundless power, those operatic-forms, like burnt-out bricks and mortar, stayed chill and naked in their pristine shape, a carcase waiting for the coming guest to pitch his fleeting tent within.

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So long as arias shall be composed, the root-character of that art-form will always betray itself as an absolute-musical one. The folk-song issued from an immediate double-growth, a consentaneous action of the arts of poetry and tone. This art — as opposed to that almost only one we can now conceive, the deliberate art of culture — we ought perhaps to scarcely style as Art; but rather to call it an instinctive manifestment of the spirit of the folk through the organ of artistic faculty. Here the word-poem and the tone-poem are one. It never happens to the folk to sing its songs without a "text;" without the words (*Wortvers*) the folk would brook no tune (*Tonweise*). If the tune varies in the course of time, and with the divers offshoots of the folk-stem, so vary too the words. No severing of these twain can the folk imagine; for *it* they make as firmly knit a whole as man and wife.

The man of luxury heard this folk-song merely from afar; in his lordly palace he listened to the reapers passing by; what staves surged up into his sumptuous chambers were but the staves of tone, whereas the staves of poetry died out before they reached him. Now, if this tone-stave may be likened to the delicate fragrance of the flower, and the word-stave to its very chalice, with all its tender

stamens: the man of luxury, solely bent on tasting with his nerves of smell, and not alike with those of sight, squeezed out this fragrance from the flower and distilled therefrom an extract, which he decanted into phials to bear about him at his lief, to sprinkle on his splendid chattels and himself whene'er he listed. To gladden his eyes with the flower itself, he must necessarily have sought it closer, have stepped down from his palace to the woodland glades, have forced his way through branches, trunks and bracken; whereto the eminent and leisured sir had not one spark of longing. With this sweet-smelling residue he drenched the weary desert of his life, the aching void of his emotions; and the artificial growth that sprang from this unnatural fertilizing was nothing other than the operatic aria. Into whatsoever wayward intermarriages it might be forced, it stayed still ever-fruitless, forever but itself, but what it was and could not else be: a sheer musical substratum.

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Meyerbeer, through his indifference to the spirit of any tongue, and his hence-gained power to make with little pains its outer side his own (a faculty our modern education has brought within the reach of all the well-to-do), was quite cut out for dealing with absolute music divorced from any lingual ties. Moreover, he thus was able to witness on the spot the salient features in the aforesaid march of opera-music's evolution: everywhere and everywhen he followed on its footsteps. Above all is it noteworthy that he merely followed on this march, and never kept abreast of, to say nothing of outstripping it. He was like the starling who follows the ploughshare down the field, and merrily picks up the earthworm just uncovered in the furrow. Not one departure is his own, but each he has eavesdropped from his forerunner, exploiting it with monstrous ostentation; and so swiftly that the man in front has scarcely spoken a word, than he has bawled out the entire phrase, quite unconcerned as to whether he has caught the meaning of that word; whence it has generally arisen, that he has

actually said something slightly different from what the man in front intended. But the noise of the Meyerbeerian phrase was so deafening, that the man in front could no longer arrive at bringing out his own real meaning: willy-nilly, if only to get a word in edgeways, he was forced at last to chime into that phrase.

In Germany alone was Meyerbeer unsuccessful, in his search for a new-fledged phrase to anyhow fit the word of Weber: what Weber uttered from the fill of his melodic life, could not be echoed in the lessoned, arid formalism of Meyerbeer. At last, disgusted with the fruitless toil, he betrayed his friend by listening to Rossini's siren strains, and departed for the land where grew those raisins (*"Rosinen"*). Thus he became the weathercock of European opera-music, the vane that always veers at first uncertain with the shift of wind, and only comes to a standstill when the wind itself has settled on its quarter. Thus Meyerbeer in Italy composed operas à la Rossini, precisely till the larger wind of Paris commenced to chop, and Auber and Rossini with their *"Stumme"* and their *"Tell"* blew the new gale into a storm! With one bound, was Meyerbeer in Paris! There he found, however, in the *Frenchified* Weber (need I recall *"Robin des bois?"*) and the *be-Berliozed* Beethoven, certain moments to which neither Auber nor Rossini had paid attention, as lying too far out of their way, but which Meyerbeer in virtue of his cosmopolitan capacity knew very well to valuate. He summed up all his overhearings in one monstrous hybrid phrase, whose strident outcry put Rossini and Auber to sudden silence: "Robert," the grim "Devil," set his clutches on them all.

In the survey of our operatic history, there is something most painful about being only able to speak good of the dead, and being forced to pursue the living with remorseless bitterness! But if we want to be candid, since we must, we have to recognize that the departed masters of this art deserve alone the martyr's crown; if they were victims to an illusion, yet that illusion showed in them so high and

beautiful, and they themselves believed so earnestly its sacred truth, that they offered up their whole artistic lives in sorrowful, yet joyful sacrifice thereto.

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I have not taken upon myself to offer a criticism of Meyerbeer's operas, but merely to show by them the essence of our modernest opera, in its hang with the whole class in general. Though the nature of my subject has often compelled me to give my exposition the character of a historic survey, yet I have had to resist the being led aside into historic detail-writing. If I had to characterize in particular the calling and talent of Meyerbeer for dramatic composition, I should have for very sake of truth, which I here am laboring to bare completely, to lay the strongest stress upon one remarkable phenomenon in his works. In Meyerbeer's music there is shown so appalling an emptiness, shallowness, and artistic nothingness, that — especially when compared with by far the larger number of his musical contemporaries — we are tempted to set down his specific musical capacity at zero. However, it is not that despite all this he has reaped such great successes with the European opera-public, which should fill us with wonderment; for this miracle is easily explained by a glance at that public itself: — no, it is purely artistic observation, which here should rivet and instruct us. We observe, namely, that for all the renowned composer's manifest inability to give by his unaided musical powers the slightest sign of artistic life, nevertheless in certain passages of his operatic music he lifts himself to the height of the most thoroughly indisputable, the very greatest artistic power. These passages are products of a genuine inspiration, and if we look a little closer we shall also see whence this inspiration derived its stimulus — namely, from the poetic situation. Where the poet forgot his hampering regard for the musician, where amid his work of dramatic compilation he stumbled on a moment in which the free, the freshening breath of human Life might come and go — there he suddenly transmits this

breath alike to the musician, as a gust of inspiration; and now the composer, who had exhausted all the resources of his musical ancestry without being able to strike one solitary spark of real invention, is at a blow empowered to find the richest, noblest, most heart-searching musical expression. I here would chiefly call to mind certain features in the well-known plaintive love-scene of the Fourth Act of the *Huguenots,* and above all the invention of that wondrous moving melody in G-flat major, by side of which —sprung as it is, like a fragrant flower, from a situation which stirs each fibre of the human heart to blissful pain— there is very little else, and certainly none but the most perfect of music's works, that can be set. This I signalize with the sincerest joy and frank enthusiasm, because precisely in this phenomenon is the real essence of Art presented in so clear and irrefutable a fashion, that we can but see with rapture how the faculty for genuine art-creation must come to even the most corrupted music-maker, so soon as he treads the soil of a necessity stronger than his self-seeking caprice; of a necessity which suddenly guides his erring footsteps, to his own salvation, into the paths of sterling Art.

A COMMUNICATION TO MY FRIENDS (1851)*

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

MY motive for this detailed "Communication" took rise in the necessity I felt of explaining the apparent, or real, contradiction offered by the character and form of my hitherto published opera-poems, and of the musical compositions which had sprung therefrom, to the views and principles which I have recently set down at considerable length and laid before the public under the title *Opera and Drama.*

This explanation I propose to address to my *Friends,* because I can only hope to be understood† by those who feel a need and inclination to understand me; and these, again, can only be my friends.

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* Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

† I must explain, once and for all, that whenever in the course of this Communication I speak of "understanding me" or "not understanding me," it is not as though I fancied myself a shade too lofty, too deep-meaning, or too high-soaring; but I simply demand of whosoever may desire to understand me, that he will look upon me no otherwise than as I am, and in my communications upon Art will only regard as essential precisely what, in accordance with my general aim and as far as lay within my powers of exposition, has been put forth in them by myself.— R. WAGNER. The latter portion of this sentence is somewhat ambiguous in the German, running thus: "*und in meiner künstlerischen Mittheilungen genau eben nur Das als wesentlich erkenne, was meiner Absicht und meinem Darstellungsvermögen gemäss in ihnen von mir kundgegeben wurde.*" It will be seen that the expression "*künstlerischen Mitteilungen*" admits of two interpretations, viz., either "artistic communications" — in other words, his operas — or "communications upon the subject of Art." After some hesitation, I have chosen the latter, as it seems to me that Wagner is here referring to the distortions of his views promulgated by hostile critics — and nearly all his critics were both crafty and malicious — e. g., Professor Bischoff and his perversion of the title: "Artwork of the Future" into "Music of the Future," together with the consequences he deduced from this wilful misunderstanding of the author's aim.— TRANSLATOR.

As such, however, I cannot consider those who pretend to love me as artist, yet deem themselves bound to deny me their sympathy as man.* If the severance of the artist from the man is as brainless an attempt as the divorce of soul from body, and if it be a stable truth that never was an artist loved nor his art comprehended, unless he was also loved — at least unwittingly — as Man, and with his art his life was also understood: then at the present moment less than ever, and amid the hopeless desolation of our public art-affairs, can an artist of my endeavor be loved, and thus his art be understood, if this understanding and that love which makes it possible be not above all grounded upon sympathy, i. e., upon a fellow-pain and fellow-feeling with the veriest human aspect of his life.

Least of all, however, can I deem those to be my friends who, led by impressions gathered from an incomplete acquaintance with my artistic doings, transfer the nebulous uncertainty of this their understanding to the artistic object itself, and ascribe to a peculiarity of the latter that which finds its only origin in their own confusion of mind. The position which these gentry take up against the artist, and seek to fortify by all the aids of toilsome cunning, they dub "impartial criticism," seizing on every opportunity of posing as the only "true friends" of the artist — whose actual foes are therefore those who take their stand beside him in full sympathy. Our language is so rich in synonyms

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* For the matter of that, they understand by the expression "Man," strictly speaking, nothing but a "Subject" ("*Untertan*"); and perhaps also, in my particular case, one who has his own opinions and follows them without regard of consequences.— R. WAGNER. Considerable light is thrown upon both these notes, when we reflect that Wagner, at the period of writing, was in exile for attempting to introduce ethical considerations into politics, whilst actually — think on it! — a court-salaried musical conductor. As regards the present note, its second half (i. e., the words following "*Untertan*") does not appear in the original edition, of the "Three Opera-Poems with a Preface;" and it should be added that the opening line of the essay referred, in that edition, to the necessity of publishing in self-defense the opera poems themselves — not merely, as now, the Communication." — TRANSLATOR.

that, having lost our intuitive understanding of their meaning, we fancy we may use them at our pleasure and draw private lines of demarcation between them. Thus do we employ and separate "love" and "friendship." For my own part, with the attainment of years of discretion I have lost the power of imagining a friendship without love, to say nothing of experiencing such a feeling; and still harder should I find it, to conceive how modern art-criticism and friendship for the artist criticised could possibly be terms of like significance.

The artist addresses himself to the feeling, and not to the understanding. If he be answered in terms of the understanding, then it is as good as said that he has not been understood; and our criticism is nothing else than the avowal of the misunderstanding ("*Geständnis des Unverständnis*") of the art-work, which can only be really understood by the feeling — admitted, by the formed, and withal not mis-formed feeling. Whosoever feels impelled, then, to bear witness to his lack of understanding of an art-work, should take the precaution to ask himself one simple question, namely: what were the reasons for this lack? True, that he would come back at last to the qualities of the art-work itself; but only after he had cleared up the immediate problem of the physical garb in which it had addressed itself to his feelings. Was this outward garb unable to arouse or pacify his feelings, then he would have, before all else, to endeavor to procure himself an insight into a manifest imperfection of the art-work; namely, into the grounds of a failure of harmony between the purpose of the artist and the nature of those means by which he sought to impart it to the hearer's feeling. Only two issues could then lie open for his inquiry, namely, whether the means of presentation to the senses were in keeping with the artistic aim, or whether this aim itself was indeed an artistic one?

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The absolute, i. e., the unconditioned art-work, existing but in thought, in naturally bound to neither time nor place,

nor yet to definite circumstance. It can, for instance, be indited two thousand years ago for the democracy of Athens, and performed today before the Prussian Court at Potsdam. In the conception of our esthetists it must bear exactly the same value, possess exactly the same essential features, no matter whether here or there, today or in the days of old; nay, they go farther, and imagine that, like certain sorts of wine, it gains by being cellared, and can today and here be first entirely understood aright, because they now forsooth can think into it the democratic public of Athens, and gain an endlessly augmented store of knowledge from the criticism of both this phantom public and the to-be-assumed impression once exercised upon it by the art-work.*

Now, however elevating all this may be to the modern intellect, yet for one thing it forms a sorry outlook, namely the factor of artistic enjoyment; that factor naturally not coming into play, since such an enjoyment can only be won through the feeling, and not through antiquarian research. Wherefore if, in contradistinction to this arid, critical enjoyment of the ghost of Art, we are ever to come to a genuine enjoyment; and if the latter, in keeping with the nature of Art, can only be approached through feeling: then nothing remains for us but to turn to that art-work whose attributes present as great a contrast to the fancied monumental art-work as the living man to the marble statue. But these attributes consist herein, that it proclaims itself in sharpest definition by time, by place, by circumstance; therefore that it can never come to living

* Thus, even now, our literary dilettantists know no more refreshing entertainment for themselves and their estheto-political public of idling readers, than for ever and a day to jog round Shakespeare with their writings. It never occurs to them for a moment, that *that* Shakespeare whom they suck dry with their critical sponges is not worth a rushlight, and serves at utmost as the sheet of foolscap for the exhibition of those proofs of their intellectual poverty which they take such desperate pains to air. The Shakespeare, who alone can be worth somewhat to us, is the ever new-creating poet who, now and in all ages, is that which Shakespeare once was to his age.— R. WAGNER.

and effective show, if it come not to show at a given time, in a given place, and amid given circumstances; in a word, that it strips off every vestige of the *monumental.*

We shall never gain a clear perception of the necessity of these attributes, nor shall we ever advance that claim for the genuine art-work which such perception must engender, if we do not first arrive at a proper understanding of what we are to connote by the term "universal-human." Until we come to recognize, and on every hand to demonstrate in practice, that the very essence of the human species consists in the diversity of human individuality — instead of placing the essence of the individuality in its conformity to the general characteristics of the species, and consequently sacrificing it to the latter, as religion and State have hitherto done — neither shall we comprehend that the fully and wholly present must once and for all supplant the half or wholly absent — *the monumental.* In truth, our entire ideas on Art are now so bound up in the monumental that we fancy we may only assign a value to works of art in measure as we are justified in imputing to them a monumental character. Though this view may be right as applied to the offspring of frivolous mode, which never can content a human need, still we cannot but see that it is at bottom but a mere reaction of man's nobler feeling of natural shame against the motley utterances of mode, and with the ceasing of the reign of mode itself, must stand confessed of no more right, because of no more reason. An absolute respect for the monumental is entirely unthinkable: at best, it can only bolster itself upon esthetic revulsion against an uncontending present. But this feeling of revulsion has not the needful strength to take victorious arms against such a present, so long as it merely shows itself as a passion for the monumental. The utmost which that passion can eventually effect, is the perversion of the monumental itself into another mode — such as, to tell the truth, is the case today. And thus we never leave the vicious circle from which the noblest

impulse of the monumental craze itself is striving to withdraw, regardless that no rational exit is so much as thinkable except by violent withdrawal of their life-conditions both from mode and monument; for even the mode has its full justification in face of the monumental, to wit, as the reaction of the immediate vital impulse of the present from the coldness of that unfelt sense of beauty which proclaims itself in the passion for the monumental. But the annihilation of the monumental together with the mode is, in other terms, the entry upon life of the ever freshly present, ever new-related and warm-appealing art-work; which, again, is as much as to say: the winning of the conditions for this art-work from life itself.

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It was a sorrowful mirth — the mood to which I then was turned; it bore me the long-since brooding Flying Dutchman. All the irony, all the bitter or humoristic sarcasm which, in a kindred plight, is all that remains to our literary poets to spur them on to work, I first unburdened in the above-named, and in certain directly subsequent literary effusions; and thus put it so far behind me, for a while, that I was again in a position to follow my inner bent toward real artistic fashioning (*"Gestalten"*). Seemingly — after what I had gone through, and from the standpoint on which my experiences of life had set me — I should not have been able to do this, if I had devoted myself from youth up to the acquirement of a knack for literary poetry; mayhap I should have trodden in the footsteps of our modern scribes and playwrights, who, under the petty influences of our stereotyped social system, take the field, with every stroke of their prose — or rhyme-trimmed quills, against the mere formal surface of that system, and thus conduct a war like that which General Willisen and his volunteers have lately waged against the Danes;* to express myself in the ver-

* In the revolt of Schleswig-Holstein against Denmark, General Willisen (a Prussian officer who had been unsuccessful in his dealings with Poland) was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Schleswig-Holstein army of volun-

nacular, I should probably have followed the example of the donkey-driver who beats the bundle in place of the beast: — had I not been blessed with something higher. This something was my preoccupation with music.

I have recently said quite enough about the nature of music; I will here refer to it simply as the good angel which preserved me as an artist, nay, which really first made me an artist when my inner feeling commenced to revolt, with ever greater resolution, against the whole condition of our modern Art. That this revolt did not find its sphere of action outside the realm of Art, did not take the coign of vantage either of the criticising man of letters or the art-denying, socialistically calculating, political mathematician of our day; but that my revolutionary ardor itself awoke in me the stress and power for artistic deeds — this, as I have said, I owe to music alone. I have just called it my good angel: this angel was not sent down to me from Heaven; it came to me from out the sweat of centuries of human "genius." It did not, forsooth, lay the feather-light touch of a sun-steeped hand upon my brow; in the blood-warm night of my stifling heart, it girth itself for action in the world outside.

I cannot conceive the spirit of music as aught but love. Filled with its hallowed might, and with waxing power of insight into human life, I saw set before me no mere formalism to criticise; but, clean through the formal semblance, the force of sympathy displayed to me its background, the need-of-love downtrodden by that loveless formalism. Only he who feels the need of love, can recognize that need in others: my art-receptive faculty, possessed with music, gave me the power to recognize this need on every hand, even in that art-world from the shock of

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teers, in April, 1850. General Willisen's tactics were so ill-conceived and disastrous that he was removed from the command in December of that year. Wagner, writing the *Mitteilung* — at all events, its first portion — only two or three months after these events, has fixed upon this particular commander as a current representative of red-tape incapacity.— TRANSLATOR.

contact with whose outer formalism my own capacity for love drew smarting back, and in which I felt my love-need roused to action by that very smart. Thus I revolted out of sheer love, not out of spite or envy; and thus did I become an artist, and not a carping man of letters.

The influence which my sense of music (*"musikalisches Empfindungswesen"*) exerted on the trend of my artistic labors, especially upon the choice and molding of the poetic material, I will specify after I have first cleared the way for its understanding by an account of the origin and character of those works to which I gave birth under that influence. I shall therefore pass at once to the said account.

To the path which I struck with the conception of the *Flying Dutchman* belong the two succeeding dramatic poems, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin.* I have been reproached as falling back, in all three works, upon a path already trodden bald — as the opinion goes — by Meyerbeer in his *Robert the Devil,* and already forsaken by myself in my *Rienzi:* the path, to wit, of "romantic opera." Those who level this charge against me are naturally more concerned with the classification, Romantic Opera, than with the operas thus conventionally classified as "romantic." Whether I set about my task with the formal intention of constructing "romantic" operas, or did nothing of the kind, will become apparent if I relate in detail the history of the origin of these three works.

The mood in which I adopted the legend of the Flying Dutchman, I have already stated in general terms: the adoption (*"Empfängnis"*) was exactly as old as the mood itself, which, at first merely brooding within me and battling against more seductive impressions, at last attained the power of outwardly expressing itself in a cognate work of art. The figure of the Flying Dutchman is a mythical creation of the folk: a primal trait of human nature speaks out from it with heart-enthralling force. This trait, in its most universal meaning, is the longing after rest from amid the storms of life. In the blithe world

of Greece we meet with it in the wanderings of Ulysses and his longing after home, house, hearth, and — wife: the attainable, and at last attained reward of the city-loving son of ancient Hellas. The Christian, without a home on earth, embodied this trait in the figure of the Wandering Jew: for that wanderer, forever doomed to a long-since outlived life, without an aim, without a joy, there bloomed no earthly ransom; death was the sole remaining goal of all his strivings; his only hope, the laying-down of being. At the close of the Middle Ages a new, more active impulse led the nations to fresh life: in the world-historical direction its most important result was the bent to voyages of discovery. The sea, in its turn, became the soil of Life; yet no longer the narrow land-locked sea of the Grecian world, but the great ocean that engirdles all the earth. The fetters of the older world were broken; the longing of Ulysses, back to home and hearth and wedded wife, after feeding on the sufferings of the "never-dying Jew" until it became a yearning for death, had mounted to the craving for a new, an unknown home, invisible as yet, but dimly boded. This vast-spread feature fronts us in the mythos of the *Flying Dutchman;* that seaman's poem from the world-historical age of journeys of discovery. Here we light upon a remarkable mixture, a blend, effected by the spirit of the folk, of the character of Ulysses with that of the Wandering Jew. The Hollandic mariner, in punishment for his temerity, is condemned by the Devil (here, obviously, the element of Flood and Storm*) to do battle with the unresting waves, to all eternity. Like Ahasuerus, he yearns for his sufferings to be ended by death; the Dutchman, however, may gain this redemption, denied to the undying Jew, at the hands of — *a woman* who, of very love, shall sacrifice herself for him. The yearning for death thus spurs him on to seek this woman; but she is no

* Note to the original edition: — "A critic recently considered this Devil and this Flying Dutchman as an orthodox ("*dogmatischer*") Devil and an orthodox ghost."

longer the home-tending Penelope of Ulysses, as courted in the days of old, but the quintessence of womankind; and yet the still unmanifest, the longed-for, the dreamt-of, the infinitely womanly woman — let me out with it in one word: *the Woman of the Future.*

This was that Flying Dutchman who arose so often from the swamps and billows of my life, and drew me to him with such resistless might; this was the first folk poem that forced its way into my heart, and called on me as man and artist to point its meaning, and mold it in a work of art.

From here begins my career as poet, and my farewell to the mere concoctor of opera-texts. And yet I took no sudden leap. In no wise was I influenced by reflection; for reflection comes only from the mental combination of existing models: whereas I nowhere found the specimens which might have served as beacons on my road. My course was new; it was bidden me by my inner mood (*"Stimmung"*), and forced upon me by the pressing need to impart this mood to others. In order to enfranchise myself from within outward, i. e., to address myself to the understanding of like-feeling men, I was driven to strike out for myself, as artist, a path as yet not pointed me by any outward experience; and that which drives a man hereto is necessity deeply felt, incognizable by the practical reason, but overmastering necessity.

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I have here described the influence that my possession with the spirit of music exerted on the choice of my poetic stuffs, and therewith on their poetic fashioning. I have next to show the reaction that my poetic procedure, thus influenced, exercised in turn upon my musical expression and its form. This reaction manifested itself chiefly in two departments: in the *dramatic-musical form* in general, and in the *melody* in particular.

Seeing that, onward from the said turning-point of my artistic course, I was once for all determined by the stuff, and by that stuff as seen with the eye of music: so in its

fashioning, I must necessarily pass forward to a gradual but complete upheaval of the traditional operatic form. This opera-form was never, of its very nature, a form embracing the whole drama, but the rather an arbitrary conglomerate of separate smaller forms of song, whose fortuitous concatenation of arias, duos, trios, etc., with choruses and so-called ensemble-pieces, made out the actual edifice of opera. In the poetic fashioning of my stuffs, it was henceforth impossible for me to contemplate a filling of these ready-molded forms, but solely a bringing of the drama's broader object to the cognizance of the Feeling. In the whole course of the drama I saw no possibility of division or demarcation, other than the acts in which the place or time, or the scenes in which the dramatis personæ change. Moreover, the plastic unity of the mythic stuff brought with it this advantage, that, in the arrangement of my scenes, all those minor details, which the modern playwright finds so indispensable for the elucidation of involved historical occurrences, were quite unnecessary, and the whole strength of the portrayal could be concentrated upon a few weighty and decisive moments of development. Upon the working-out of these fewer scenes, in each of which a decisive *stimmung* was to be given its full play, I might linger with an exhaustiveness already reckoned for in the original draft; I was not compelled to make shift with mere suggestions, and — for sake of the outward economy — to hasten on from one suggestion to another; but with needful repose, I could display the simple object in the very last connections required to bring it clearly home to the dramatic understanding. Through this natural attribute of the stuff, I was not in the least coerced to strain the planning of my scenes into any preconceived conformity with given musical forms, since they dictated of themselves their mode of musical completion. In the ever surer feeling hereof, it thus could no more occur to me to rack with wilful outward canons the musical form that sprang self-bidden from the very nature of these scenes, to break its

From the Painting by Hans Thoma

ON THE WAY TOWARD THE GRAIL

From the Painting by Hans Thoma

PERMISSION J. J. WEBER, LEIPZIG

natural mold by violent grafting-in of conventional slips of operatic song. Thus I by no means set out with the fixed purpose of a deliberate iconoclast ("*Formumänderer*"—lit., "changer of forms")* to destroy, forsooth, the prevailing operatic forms, of aria, duet, etc.; but the omission of these forms followed from the very nature of the stuff, with whose intelligible presentment to the feeling through an adequate vehicle, I had alone to do. A mechanical reflex ("*unwillkürliches Wissen*") of those traditional forms still influenced me so much in my *Flying Dutchman*, that any attentive investigator will recognize how often there it governed even the arrangement of my scenes; and only gradually, in *Tannhäuser*, and yet more decisively in *Lohengrin*—accordingly, with a more and more practised knowledge of the nature of my stuff and the means necessary for its presentment—did I extricate myself from that *form-al* influence, and more and more definitely rule the form of portrayal by the requirements and peculiarities of the stuff and situation.

This procedure, dictated by the nature of the poetic subject, exercised a quite specific influence on the tissue of my music, as regards the characteristic combination and ramification of the thematic motivs. Just as the joinery of my individual scenes excluded every alien and unnecessary

*Note to the original edition, of 1852: — "This bugbear of the generality of musical critics, is the rôle they think necessary to ascribe to me, whenever they pay me the honor of their notice. As they never concern themselves about a *whole*, it is only the *part*, the question of form, that can become the object of *their* reflection; and the blame, that in matters of music they should be compelled to 'reflect,' they lay on *me*, for stepping before them with a 'reflected' music. But herein they make a changeling of me, keeping *only the musician* in view, and confound me with certain actual brain-grubbers of Absolute Music, who — as such — can only exercise their inventive ingenuity on a wilful variation and twisting-about of forms. In their agony lest I should upset the forms that keep our musical hotch-potch steady, they go at last so far, as to see in every new work projected by me an imminent disaster; and fan themselves into such a fury, that they end by fancying my operas, albeit entirely unknown to the directors, are deluging the German stage. So foolish maketh fear!"

detail, and led all interest to the dominant chief-mood ("*vorwaltende Hauptstimmung*"), so did the whole building of my drama join itself into one organic unity, whose easily-surveyed members were made-out by those fewer scenes and situations which set the passing mood: no mood ("*Stimmung*") could be permitted to be struck in any one of these scenes, that did not stand in a weighty relation to the moods of all the other scenes, so that the development of the moods from out each other, and the constant obviousness of this development, should establish the unity of the drama in its very mode of expression. Each of these chief moods, in keeping with the nature of the stuff, must also gain a definite musical expression, which should display itself to the sense of hearing as a definite musical theme. Just as, in the progress of the drama, the intended climax of a decisory chief-mood was only to be reached through a development, continuously present to the feeling, of the individual moods already roused: so must the musical expression, which directly influences the physical feeling, necessarily take a decisive share in this development to a climax; and this was brought about, quite of itself, in the shape of a characteristic tissue of principal themes, that spread itself not over *one* scene only (as heretofore in separate operatic "numbers"), but over the whole drama, and that in intimate connection with the poetic aim.

The characteristic peculiarity of this thematic method, and its weighty consequences for the emotional understanding of a poetic aim, I have minutely described and vindicated, from the theoretic standpoint, in the third part of my book, *Opera and Drama*. While referring my readers to that work, I have only, in keeping with the object of the present communication, to underline the fact that in *this* procedure also, which had never before been systematically extended over the whole drama, I was not prompted by reflection, but solely by practical experience and the nature of my artistic aim. I remember, before I set about the actual working-out of the *Flying Dutchman*, to have drafted

first the Ballad of Senta in the second act, and completed both its verse and melody. In this piece, I unconsciously laid the thematic germ of the whole music of the opera: it was the picture *in petto* of the whole drama, such as it stood before my soul; and when I was about to betitle the finished work, I felt strongly tempted to call it a "dramatic ballad." In the eventual composition of the music, the thematic picture, thus evoked, spread itself quite instinctively over the whole drama, as one continuous tissue; I had only, without further initiative, to take the various thematic germs included in the ballad and develop them to their legitimate conclusions, and I had all the chief-moods of this poem, quite of themselves, in definite thematic shapes before me. I should have had stubbornly to follow the example of the self-willed opera-composer, had I chosen to invent a fresh motiv for each recurrence of one and the same mood in different scenes; a course whereto I naturally did not feel the smallest inclination, since I had only in my mind the most intelligible portrayal of the subject-matter, and not a mere conglomerate of operatic numbers.

Tannhäuser I treated in a similar fashion, and finally *Lohengrin;* only that I here had not a finished musical piece before me in advance, such as that ballad, but from the aspect of the scenes and their organic growth out of one another I first created the picture itself on which the thematic rays should all converge, and then let them fall in changeful play wherever necessary for the understanding of the main situations. Moreover my treatment gained a more definite artistic form, especially in *Lohengrin,* through a continual re-modeling of the thematic material to fit the character of the passing situation; and thus the music won a greater variety of appearance than was the case, for instance, in the *Flying Dutchman,* where the reappearance of a theme had often the mere character of an absolute reminiscence — a device that had already been employed, before myself, by other composers.

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Then rose *one Friend*, and lifted me from out my deepest discontent. Through the most searching and overpowering proof that I did not stand alone, nay, that I was profoundly understood — even by those who else had almost stood the farthest from me —, did he make me anew, and now entirely, an Artist. This wondrous friend of mine is — Franz Liszt.

I here must touch a little closer on the character of this friendship, since to many it may seem a paradox. I have been unfortunate enough to earn the reputation of being not only on many sides forbidding ("*abstossend*"), but right-down malignant ("*feindselig*"); so that the account of an affectionate relationship becomes, in a certain sense, a pressing need to me.

I met Liszt, for the first time in my life, during my earliest stay in Paris; indeed, not until the second period of that stay, and at a time when — humiliated and disgusted — I had given up every hope, nay, all mind for a Paris success, and was involved in that inward rebellion against this art-world which I have characterized above. In this encounter, Liszt came before me as the completest antithesis of my nature and my lot. In that world which I had longed to tread with lustre, when I yearned from petty things to grand, Liszt had unconsciously grown up from tenderest youth, to be its wonder and its charm at a time when I, already so far repulsed by the lovelessness and coldness of its contact, could recognize its void and nullity with all the bitterness of a disillusioned man. Thus Liszt was more to me than a mere object of my jealousy. I had no opportunity to make him know me in myself and doings: superficial, therefore, as was the only knowledge he could gain of me, equally so was the manner of our interview; and while this was quite explicable on his part — to wit, from a man who was daily thronged by the most kaleidoscopic of affairs — I, on the other hand, was just then not in the mood to seek quietly and fairly for the simplest explanation of a behavior which, friendly and

obliging in itself, was of all others the kind to ruffle me. Beyond that first time, I visited Liszt no more; and — in like manner without my knowing him, nay, with an utter disinclination on my side, to even the attempt — he remained for me one of those phenomena that one considers foreign and hostile to one's nature.

What I repeatedly expressed to others, in this continued mood, came later to the ears of Liszt, and indeed at the time when I had so suddenly attracted notice by the Dresden production of my *Rienzi*. He was concerned at having been so hastily misunderstood, as he clearly saw from those expressions, by a man whose acquaintance he had scarcely made, and whom to know seemed now not quite unworth the while. When I now think back to it, there is to me something exceedingly touching in the strenuous attempts, renewed with a positive patience, with which Liszt troubled himself in order to bring me to another opinion of him. As yet he had not heard a note of my works, and therefore there could be no question of any artistic sympathy, in his endeavor to come into closer contact with me. No, it was simply the purely human wish to put an end to any chance-arisen discord in his relations with another man; coupled, perhaps, with an infinitely tender misgiving that he might, after all, have really wounded me. Whoso in all our social relations, and especially in the bearing of modern artists to one another, knows the appalling self-seeking and the loveless disregard of others' feelings, as manifested in such intercourse, must be filled with more than astonishment, with the highest admiration, when he hears of personal advances such as those thrust on me by that extraordinary man.

But I was not then in a position to feel as yet the uncommon charm and fascination of these tokens of Liszt's pre-ëminently lovable and loving nature: I at first regarded his overtures with a lingering tinge of wonder, to which, doubter that I was, I felt often inclined to give an almost trivial food. Liszt, however, had attended a performance of *Rienzi*,

which he well-nigh had to extort; and from all the ends of the earth, whithersoever his virtuosotour had borne him, I received witness, now from this person, and now from that, of Liszt's restless ardor to impart to others the delight he had experienced in my music, and thus — as I almost prefer to believe — quite unintentionally to set on foot a crusade for me. This happened at a time when, on the other side, it waxed more and more undoubtable to me, that I and my dramatic works would remain without a ghost of external success. But in direct proportion as this utter failure grew more certain, and at the last quite obvious, did Liszt succeed in his personal efforts to found a fostering refuge for my art. He, the favored guest of Europe's stateliest cities, gave up his royal progresses, and, settling down in modest little Weimar, took up the musical conductor's bâton. There did I last meet him, when — uncertain, still, as to the actual nature of the prosecution hanging over me — I halted for a few days on Thuringian soil, in my at last necessitated flight from Germany. On the very day on which I received information that made it more and more indubitable, and at last quite positive, that my person was exposed to the most serious peril, I heard Liszt conduct a rehearsal of my *Tannhäuser*. I was astounded to recognize in him my second self: what I had felt when I conceived this music, he felt when he performed it; what I had wished to say when I wrote down the notes, he said when he made them sound. Miraculous! Through the love of this rarest of all friends, and at the moment when I became a homeless man, I won the true, long yearned for, ever sought amiss, ne'er happed-on habitation for my art. Whilst I was banned to wandering afar, the great world-wanderer had cast his anchor on a little spot of earth, to turn it into home for me. Caring for me everywhere and everywhen, helping ever swiftly and decisively where help was needed, with heart wide opened to my every wish, with love the most devoted for my whole being — did Liszt become what I had never found before, and in a measure

whose fulness we can only then conceive, when it actually surrounds us with its own full compass.

At the end of my latest stay in Paris, as I lay ill and wretched, gazing, brooding into space, my eye fell on the score of my already almost quite forgotten *Lohengrin*. It filled me with a sudden grief, to think that these notes should never ring from off the death-wan paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt. His answer was none other than an announcement of preparations the most sumptuous — for the modest means of Weimar — for *Lohengrin's* production. What men and means could do, was done, to bring the work to understanding there. The only thing that — given the unavoidably halting nature of our present stage representations — can bring about a needful understanding, the active, willing fancy of the public, could not, distracted by our modern wont, assert itself at once in helpful strength: mistake and misconception blocked the path of hardly-strived success. What was there to do, to make good the lack, to help on every side to comprehension, and therewith to success? Liszt swiftly saw and *did* it: he laid before the public his personal views and feeling of the work, in a fashion unapproached before for convincing eloquence and potent charm. Success rewarded him; and, crowned with this success, he ran to meet me with the cry: *See! Thus far have we brought it. Do thou create for us anew a work, that we may bring it farther yet!*

In effect, it was this summons and this challenge, that woke in me the liveliest resolve to set myself to fresh artistic labor. I sketched a poem, and finished it in flying haste; my hand was already laid to its musical composition. For the production, to be promptly set on foot, I had only *Liszt* in view, together with those of my *friends* whom, after my late experiences, I have learnt to group under the local concept — *Weimar*. If, then, I have quite recently been forced to change this resolution, in some very essential points, so that in truth it can no longer be carried out in the form in which it had already been publicly announced:

the ground hereof lies chiefly in the character of the poetic stuff itself, as to whose only fitting mode of exposition I have but now at last become thoroughly settled in my mind. I think it not unweighty to give my friends, in brief and in conclusion, a communication of my views hereon.

When, at every attempt to take it up in earnest, I was forced to look upon the composition of my *Siegfried's Death* as aimless and impossible, provided I held to my definite intention of immediately producing it upon the stage: I was weighted not only by my general knowledge of our present opera-singers' inability to fulfil a task such as I was setting before them in this drama, but in particular by the fear that my poetic purpose ("*dichterische Absicht*") — as such — could not be conveyed in all its bearings to the only organ at which I aimed, namely, the feeling's understanding, either in the case of our modern, or of any public whatsoever. To begin with, I had set forth this wide-ranging purpose in a sketch of the Nibelungen-mythos, such as it had become my own poetic property. *Siegfried's Death* was, as I now recognize, only the first attempt to bring a most important feature of this myth to dramatic portrayal; in that drama I should have had, involuntarily, to tax myself to suggest a host of huge connections ("*Beziehungen*"), in order to present a notion of the given feature in its strongest meaning. But these suggestions, naturally, could only be inlaid in epic form into the drama; and here was the point that filled me with misgiving as to the efficacy of my drama, in its proper sense of a scenic exposition. Tortured by this feeling, I fell upon the plan of carrying out as an independent drama a most attractive portion of the mythos, which in *Siegfried's Death* could only have been given in narrative fashion. Yet here again, it was the stuff itself that so urged me to its dramatic molding, that it only further needed Liszt's appeal, to call into being, with the swiftness of a lightning-flash, the "*Young Siegfried,*" the winner of the hoard and waker of Brünnhilde.

Again, however, I had to go through the same experience with this *Junge Siegfried* that had earlier been brought me in the train of *Siegfried's Tod*. The richer and completer the means of imparting my purpose, that it offered me, all the more forcibly must I feel that, even with these two dramas, my myth had not as yet entirely passed over into the sensible reality of drama; but that connections of the most vital importance had been left unrealized, and relegated to the reflective and coördinating powers of the beholder. That these connections, however, in keeping with the unique character of genuine mythos, were of such a nature that they could proclaim themselves alone in actual physical situations ("*Handlungsmomenten*"), and thus in "moments" which can only be intelligibly displayed *in drama*—this quality it was, that, so soon as ever I made its glad discovery, led me to find at last the final fitting form for the conveyance of my comprehensive purpose.

With the framework of this form I now may make my friends acquainted, as being the substance of the project to which alone I shall adress myself henceforward.

I propose to produce my myth in three complete dramas,* preceded by a lengthy Prelude ("*Vorspiel*"). With these dramas, however, although each is to constitute a self-included whole, I have in mind no "repertory-piece," in the modern theatrical sense; but, for their performance, I shall abide by the following plan:

At a specially-appointed festival, I propose, some future time, to produce those three dramas with their prelude, in the course of three days and a fore-evening. The object of this production I shall consider thoroughly attained, if I and my artistic comrades, the actual performers, shall within these four evenings succeed in artistically conveying my purpose to the true emotional (not the critical)

* I shall never write an *Opera* more. As I have no wish to invent an arbitrary title for my works, I will call them *Dramas*, since hereby will at least be clearest indicated the standpoint whence the thing I offer should be accepted.— R. WAGNER.

understanding of spectators who shall have gathered together expressly to learn it. A further issue is as indifferent to me, as it cannot but seem superfluous.

From this plan for the representation, every one of my friends may now also deduce the nature of my plan for the poetic and musical working-out; while every one who approves thereof, will, for the nonce, be equally unconcerned with myself as to the how and when of the public realization of this plan, since he will at least conceive one item, namely, that with this undertaking I have nothing more to do with our theatre of today. Then if my friends take firmly up this certainty into themselves, they surely will end by taking also thought with me: How and under what circumstances a plan, such as that just named, can finally be carried out; and thus, perhaps, will there also arise that help of theirs which alone can bring this thing to pass.

So now I give you time and ease to think it out — for only with my work will ye see me again!

BEETHOVEN* (1870)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

DIFFICULT as it must always appear to the thinker to satisfactorily define the true relation of a great artist to his nation, that difficulty is enormously increased when the subject is neither a poet nor a modeler (" *Bildner* "), but a musician.

In judging the poet and plastic artist it certainly has ever been kept in eye that their mode of grasping the world's occurrences or forms is governed in the first place by the particularity of the nation to which they belong. If the tongue in which he writes has a prominent share in determining the thoughts the poet utters, no less strikingly does the nature of his folk and country betray itself in the plastic artist's forms and colors. But neither through language, nor through any form wherein his country or his people greets the eye, does the musician reveal his origin. It therefore has been generally assumed that tone-speech belongs to the whole human race alike, that melody is an absolute tongue, in power whereof the musician speaks to every heart. Upon closer examination, to be sure, we recognize that it is very possible to talk of a German, as distinguished from an Italian music; and for this difference one may even assign a national physiologic ground, to wit, the Italian's great advantage in point of voice, giving just as definite a direction to the development of his music as the German's lack in this regard has driven him to his special province of the art of tone. Yet as this difference does not touch the essence of tone-speech at all, but every melody, be it of German or Italian origin, is equally intel-

* From *Actors and Singers.* Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

ligible, that "moment" may surely be neglected as a mere external, and cannot be conceived as exerting an influence to be compared with that of his native tongue in the case of the poet, or the physiognomic aspect of his country in that of the plastic artist: for even in the latter cases we may regard those outward differences as favors granted or withheld by Nature, without our allowing them any bearing upon the artist's spiritual organism.

The idiosyncrasy that marks the musician as belonging to his nation must in any case be seated deeper than that whereby we recognize Goethe and Schiller as Germans, Rubens and Rembrandt as Netherlanders, even though we must take it that both have sprung, at bottom, from the selfsame cause. To follow up that cause might be every whit as attractive as to explore the depths of music's nature. On the other hand it may prove easier to obtain a glimpse of what has hitherto eluded the grasp of dialectics, if we set ourselves the more definite task of inquiring into the connection of the great musician, whose hundredth anniversary we are now about to celebrate, with the German nation which has lately undergone such earnest trials of its worth.

Were we first to examine this connection from the outer side, it might be none too easy to avoid deception by appearances. If it proves so difficult to account for a poet that we have been treated by a famous German literary-historian* to the most idiotic statements as to the evolution of Shakespeare's genius, we need not be surprised to find still greater aberrations when a musician like Beethoven is taken for subject in a similar strain. Into Goethe's and Schiller's evolution it has been granted us to look with greater sureness, for they have left us certain definite data in their conscious communications; but even these reveal the course of nothing but their esthetic culture, which more accompanied than led their artistic work; as to the

* Gervinus.— TRANSLATOR.

latter's material basis ("*realen Unterlagen*"), and in particular the choice of their poetic stuffs, we merely learn in fact that accident surprisingly preponderated over purpose; an actual tendence in step with the march of outer world or national history is the very last thing we discover there. Even as to the part played by purely personal life-impressions in the choice and molding of these poets' stuffs we can only argue with the greatest caution, lest it escape us that any such influence never showed itself directly, but so indirectly that its operation on their true poetic fashioning is quite beyond all positive proof. One only thing we know for certain from our researches in this quarter, that an evolution observable in this wise could pertain to none but German poets, to the great poets of that noble period of German rebirth.

But what conclusion is there to draw from the surviving letters of Beethoven and our uncommonly scanty store of information anent the outer, to say nothing of the inner life of our great musician, as to their relation with his tone-creations and the evolutionary course displayed therein? If we possessed the most microscopic data of all conscious incidents in this connection, they could yield us nothing more definite than is contained in the story of the master having originally sketched the "*Sinfonia eroica*" in homage to young General Bonaparte and written his name on the title-page, but afterward crossed out that name when he heard of Bonaparte's having made himself emperor. Never has any of our poets defined the tendence of one of his most important works with such precision: and what do we gain for our judgment of one of the most wondrous of all tone-works from this distinct enunciation? Can we make it explain a single bar of that score? Must it not appear sheer madness, even to seriously engage in the attempt?

I believe that the most positive fact we shall ever ascertain about Beethoven the man, in the very best event, will stand in the same relation to Beethoven the musician as General

Bonaparte to the "*Sinfonia eroica.*" Viewed from this side of consciousness, the great musician must always remain a complete enigma to us. At all to solve this enigma, we undoubtedly must strike an altogether different path from that on which it is possible, up to a certain point at least, to follow the creative work of Goethe and Schiller; and that point itself becomes a vanishing one exactly at the spot where creation passes from a conscious to an unconscious act, i. e., where the poet no longer chooses the esthetic form, but it is imposed upon him by his inner vision ("*Anschauung*") of the idea itself. Precisely in this beholding of the idea, however, resides the fundamental difference between poet and musician; and to arrive at a little clearness on this point we first must proceed to a deeper examination of the problem touched on.

The said diversity comes out quite plainly in the plastic artist, when compared with the musician; betwixt them stands the poet, inclining toward the plastic artist in his conscious fashioning ("*Gestalten*"), approaching the musician on the mystic ground of his unconsciousness. With Goethe the conscious leaning toward plastic art was so strong that at a momentous epoch of his life he actually deemed himself intended for its practice, and, in a certain sense, his whole life through he preferred to regard his poetic labors as a kind of effort to make up for a missed career as painter: on the side of consciousness he was a thorough student of the visual world.* Schiller, on the contrary, was far more strongly attracted to an exploration of the subsoil of inner consciousness that lies entirely aloof from vision ("*Anschauung*"), to that "thing in itself" of the Kantian philosophy, whose study so engrossed him in the main period of his higher evolution. The point of lasting contact of these two great minds lay precisely where the poet, journeying from either extreme, alights on his self-consciousness. They met, too, in their

* "*Er war mit seinem Bewusstsein ein durchaus der anschaulichen Welt zugewendeter schöne Geist.*"

presage of the essence of music; only, with Schiller it was accompanied by a deeper insight than with Goethe, who, in keeping with his whole tendency, regarded more the pleasing, plastic symmetry of art-music, that element which gives the art of tone an analogy with architecture. Schiller took a deeper grasp of the problem, giving it as his opinion — to which he obtained the assent of Goethe — that the epos leans toward plastic art, the drama, on the contrary, toward music. And quite in harmony with our foregoing judgment of both these poets, Schiller was actually the happier in drama proper, whilst Goethe showed an unmistakable preference for the epic style of treatment.

But it was Schopenhauer who first defined the position of music among the fine arts with philosophic clearness, ascribing to it a totally different nature from that of either plastic or poetic art. He starts from wonder at music's speaking a language immediately intelligible by every one, since it needs no whit of intermediation through abstract concepts ("*Begriffe*"); which completely distinguishes it from poetry, in the first place, whose sole material consists of concepts, employed by it to visualize the idea.* For

* "*Zur Veranschaulichung der Idee.*" The word "*Anschauung*" — derived from "*Schauen,*" "to look" — presents the English translator with one of his greatest difficulties; from its original meaning, "the act of looking at," it has passed to the metaphorical "view" and even to "intuition," which latter word, in ordinary parlance, expresses the very reverse of a physical inspection; in this essay, however, Wagner adopts the Schopenhauerian meaning of the term, i. e., a simple outward operation of the senses, without any analysis or synthesis by the reasoning faculty on the one hand, and without any disturbance of the emotions on the other. The present participle "*anschauend*" and the adjective "*anschaulich*" may be rendered, for lack of a better term, as "visual," since vision is the principal sense by which we take cognizance of the outer world: an old proverb tells us that "seeing is believing," while the opposite mode of knowledge, that by which we take cognizance of the inner world, is suggested in the words of the most esoteric of the Evangelists, "blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." As Wagner in *Opera and Drama* has used the expression "the *eye* of hearing," it is easy to understand the difference between what he here calls "art-music," the music of mere sound-patterns, and that veritable music which passes through "the *ear* of hearing" to the seat of the emotions.— TRANSLATOR.

according to this philosopher's so luminous definition it is the ideas of the world and of its essential phenomena, in the sense of Plato, that constitute the "object" of the fine arts; whereas, however, the poet interprets these ideas to the visual consciousness ("*dem anschauenden Bewusstsein*") through an employment of strictly rationalistic concepts in a manner quite peculiar to his art, Schopenhauer believes he must recognize in music itself an idea of the world, since he who could entirely translate it into abstract concepts would have found withal a philosophy to explain the world itself. Though Schopenhauer propounds this theory of music as a paradox, since it cannot strictly be set forth in logical terms, he also furnishes us with the only serviceable material for a further demonstration of the justice of his profound hypothesis; a demonstration which he himself did not pursue more closely, perhaps for simple reason that as layman he was not conversant enough with music, and moreover was unable to base his knowledge thereof sufficiently definitely on an understanding of the very musician whose works have first laid open to the world that deepest mystery of music; for Beethoven, of all others, is not to be judged exhaustively until that pregnant paradox of Schopenhauer's has been solved and made right clear to philosophic apprehension.

* * * * * * * * * *

Sleepless one night in Venice, I stepped upon the balcony of my window overlooking the Grand Canal: like a deep dream the fairy city of lagoons lay stretched in shade before me. From out the breathless silence rose the strident cry of a gondolier just woken on his barque; again and again his voice went forth into the night, till from remotest distance its fellow-cry came answering down the midnight length of the Canal; I recognized the drear melodic phrase to which the well-known lines of Tasso were also wedded in his day, but which in itself is certainly as old as Venice's canals and people. After many a solemn pause the ringing dialogue took quicker life, and seemed

at last to melt in unison; till finally the sounds from far and near died softly back to new-won slumber. Whate'er could sun-steeped, color-swarming Venice of the daylight tell me of itself, that that sounding dream of night had not brought infinitely deeper, closer, to my consciousness? Another time I wandered through the lofty solitude of an upland vale in Uri. In broad daylight from a hanging pasture-land came shouting the shrill jodel of a cowherd, sent forth across the broadening valley; from the other side anon there answered it, athwart the monstrous silence, a like exultant herd-call: the echo of the towering mountain walls here mingled in; the brooding valley leapt into the merry lists of sound. So wakes the child from the night of the mother-womb, and answer it the mother's crooning kisses; so understands the yearning youth the woodbird's mate-call, so speaks to the musing man the moan of beasts, the whistling wind, the howling hurricane, till over him there comes that dreamlike state in which the ear reveals to him the inmost essence of all his eye had held suspended in the cheat of scattered show, and tells him that his inmost being is one therewith, that only in this wise can the essence of things without be learnt in truth.

The dreamlike nature of the state into which we thus are plunged through sympathetic hearing — and wherein there dawns on us that other world, that world from whence the musician speaks to us — we recognize at once from an experience at the door of every man: namely, that our eyesight is paralyzed to such a degree by the effect of music upon us, that with eyes wide open we no longer intensively see. We experience this in every concert-room while listening to any tone-piece that really touches us, where the most hideous and distracting things are passing before our eye, things that assuredly would quite divert us from the music, and even move us to laughter, if we actively saw them; I mean, besides the highly trivial aspect of the audience itself, the mechanical movements of the band, the whole peculiar working apparatus of an orchestral production. That this

spectacle — which preoccupies the man untouched by the music — at last ceases to disturb the spellbound listener, plainly shows us that we no longer are really conscious of it, but, for all our open eyes, have fallen into a state essentially akin to that of hypnotic clairvoyance. And in truth it is in this state alone that we immediately belong to the musician's world. From out that world, which nothing else can picture, the musician casts the meshwork of his tones to net us, so to speak; or, with his wonder-drops of sound he dews our brain as if by magic, and robs it of the power of seeing aught save our own inner world.

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Music, who speaks to us solely through quickening into articulate life the most universal concept of the inherently speechless feeling, in all imaginable gradations, can once and for all be judged by nothing but the category of the sublime; for, as soon as she engrosses us, she transports us to the highest ecstasy of consciousness of our infinitude.* On the other hand what enters only as a sequel to our plunging into contemplation of a work of plastic art, namely the (temporary) liberation of the intellect from service to the

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* "*Die Musik, welche einzig dadurch zu uns spricht, dass sie den allerallgemeinsten Begriff des an sich dunklen Gefühles in den erdenklichsten Abstufungen mit bestimmtester Deutlichkeit uns belebt, kann an und für sich einzig nach der Kategorie des Erhabenen beurtheilt werden, da sie, sobald sie uns erfüllt, die höchste Extase des Bewusstseins der Schrankenlosigkeit erregt.*" — A very difficult sentence to render justice to, even in a partial paraphrase, without appealing to Schopenhauer's convincing theory of the sublime (Welt als W. u. V. I. § 39). As an element of that theory is formed by the recognition that in the sublime, whether in Nature or Art, we are brought into direct contact with the universal Will, our author's argument as to the nature of music is really far more strongly supported by his present paragraph, to the ordinary mind, than by Schopenhauer's assumption of a "dream-organ;" which latter, however, Wagner explicitly has adopted by mere way of "analogy" — a purpose it admirably serves, though it has given offense to those who have been misled by the oft-reported illustration into considering it a main factor in the exposition, whereas each several reference to "dreams" might be omitted without in the slightest degree affecting the philosophic basis of Richard Wagner's remarkable contribution to a much-needed science of music.— TRANSLATOR.

individual will through our discarding all relations of the object contemplated to that will — the required effect of beauty on the mind — is brought about by music at her very first entry; inasmuch as she withdraws us at once from any concern with the relation of things outside us, and — as pure form set free from matter — shuts us off from the outer world, as it were, to let us gaze into the inmost essence of ourselves and all things. Consequently our verdict on any piece of music should be based upon a knowledge of those laws whereby the effect of beauty, the very first effect of music's mere appearance, advances the most directly to a revelation of her truest character through the agency of the sublime. It would be the stamp of an absolutely empty piece of music, on the contrary, that it never got beyond a mere prismatic toying with the effect of its first entry, and consequently kept us bound to the relations presented by music's outermost side to the world of vision.

Upon this side alone, indeed, has music been given any lasting development; and that by a systematizing of her rhythmic structure (*"Periodenbau"*) which on the one hand has brought her into comparison with architecture, on the other has made her so much a matter of superficies (*"ihr eine Ueberschaulickkeit gegeben hat"*) as to expose her to the said false judgment by analogy with plastic art. Here, in her outermost restriction to banal forms and conventions, she seemed, e. g., to Goethe, so admirably suited for a standard of poetical proportion (*"zur Normierung dichterischer Konzeptionen"*). To be able in these conventional forms so to toy with music's stupendous powers that her own peculiar function, the making known the inner essence of all things, should be avoided like a deluge, for long was deemed by esthetes the true and only acceptable issue of maturing the art of tone. But to have pierced through these forms to the innermost essence of music in such a way that from that inner side he could cast the light of the clairvoyant on the outer world, and show us these forms themselves again in nothing but their inner meaning

—this was the work of our great Beethoven, whom we therefore have to regard as the true archetype of the musician.

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We know that it was the "German spirit," so terribly dreaded and hated "across the mountains," that stepped into the field of Art, as everywhere else, to heal this artfully induced corruption of the European race. As in other realms we have hailed our Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and the rest, as our rescuers from that corruption, today we have to show that in this musician Beethoven, who spoke the purest speech of every nation, the German spirit redeemed the spirit of mankind from deep disgrace. For inasmuch as music had been degraded to a merely pleasing art, and by dint of her ownest essence he raised her to the height of her sublime vocation, he has set open for us the understanding of that art which explains the world to every one as surely as the profoundest philosophy could ever explain it to the abstract thinker. And herein lies the unique relation of great Beethoven to the German people, which we now will try to follow through the special features of his life and work, so far as known to us.

Nothing can yield us a more instructive answer as to the relation borne by the artist's *modus operandi* to the synthetic operations of the reason, than a correct apprehension of the course pursued by Beethoven in the unfolding of his musical genius. For it to have been a logical procedure, he must consciously have changed, or even overthrown the outward forms of music; but we never light upon a trace of that. Assuredly there never was an artist who pondered less upon his art. The aforesaid brusque impetuosity of his nature shows us how he felt as an actual personal injury, almost as direct as every other shackle of convention, the ban imposed upon his genius by those forms. Yet his rebellion consisted in nothing but the exuberant unfolding of his inner genius, unrestrainable by those outward forms themselves. Never did he radically alter an existing form of instrumental music; in his last

From the Painting by Hans Thoma

—this was the work of our great Beethoven, whom we therefore have to regard as the true prototype of the musician.

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We know that it was the "German spirit," so terribly derided and hated "across the mountains," that stepped into the field of Art, as everywhere else, to heal this sad, fatal, universal corruption of the European race. As in other realms we have hailed our Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and the rest, as our rescuers from that corruption, today we have to show that in this musician Beethoven, who spoke the purest speech of every nation, the German spirit redeemed the spirit of mankind from deep disgrace. Yet inasmuch as music had been degraded to a merely pleasing art, and by that of her ownest essence be raised her to the heights of her sublime vocation, he has set open for us the understanding of that art which explains the world to every one as surely as [illegible] could ever explain it to the abstract thinker. And herein lies the unique relation of great Beethoven to the German people, which we now will try to follow through the special features of his life and work, so far as known to us.

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THE CASTLE OF THE HOLY GRAIL

From the Painting by Hans Thoma

sonatas, quartets, symphonies, and so forth, we may demonstrate beyond dispute a structure such as of the first. But compare these works with one another; compare the Eighth Symphony in F with the Second in D, and marvel at the wholly new world that fronts us in wellnigh the identical form!

Here is shown once more the idiosyncrasy of German nature, that profoundly inward gift which stamps its mark on every form by molding it afresh from within, and thus is saved from the necessity of outward overthrow. Thus is the German no revolutionary, but a reformer; and thus he wins at last a wealth of forms for the manifesting of his inner nature, as never another nation. In the Frenchman this deep, internal spring seems silted up; wherefore, when troubled by the outer form of matters in his State or art, he fancies he must dash it into atoms, as though the new, the pleasanter form would thereafter leap into existence of itself. Thus, strange as it may sound, his mutiny is really directed against his own nature, which never displays an inch more depth than already in that troubling form. On the contrary it has not harmed the German spirit's evolution, that our poetic literature of the Middle Ages drew its nurture from the adaptation of French chivalric poems: the inner depth of a Wolfram von Eschenbach shaped eternal types of poesy from that self-same stuff whose primal form is stored for us as nothing but a curiosity.* So, too, did we adopt the classic form of Greek and Roman culture, followed their mode of speech, their metres, and knew to make our own the antique view of things (*"Anschauung"*); but always giving voice therein to our own inmost spirit. Thus we took over music, with all its forms, from the Italians; and what we poured into them, we have before us in the unfathomable works of Beethoven.

To attempt to explain those works themselves, were an act of folly. As we follow their order of succession, with

* Chrêtien de Troyes' twelfth-century poem, *Perceval le Galois*.— TRANSLATOR.

ever growing distinctness must we perceive in them the permeation of the musical form by the genius of music. 'Tis as though the works of his forerunners were a painted transparency seen by daylight, a quite inferior type of art, obviously beneath comparison in drawing or color with the works of the painter proper, and therefore looked down upon by all true connoisseurs as a pseudo art-work: erected for the embellishment of feasts, at princely banquets, to entertain luxurious company and so forth, the virtuoso placed the candle of his art-dexterity in front of it, instead of at its back, to light it up. But Beethoven comes, and sets this painting in the hush of night, between the world of semblance and the deep interior world of all things' essence, from whence he brings behind the picture the light of the clairvoyant: and lo! it shimmers into wondrous life, a second world now stands before us, a world whereof the grandest masterpiece of Raphael himself could give us no foreboding.

Here the might of the musician is conceivable as nothing but magic. It certainly is an enchanted state into which we fall while listening to a true Beethovenian masterwork, when in every particle of the piece — which our sober senses would tell us was merely the technical means of exhibiting a given form — we discern a supernatural life (*" geisterhafte Lebendigkeit "*), an agency now soothing now appalling, a pulse, a thrill, a throb of joy, of yearning, fearing, grief and ecstasy, whilst it all appears to take its motion from the depths of our own inner being. For in Beethoven's music the factor of so great moment for the history of Art is this: each technical accidentia of art, each convention employed by the artist for sake of making himself intelligible to the world outside him, itself is raised to the supreme importance of a direct outpouring of his spirit. As I have remarked elsewhere, we here have no subsidiaries, no more foiling to the melody, but the whole is melody, every voice in the accompaniment, each rhythmic note, ay, even the pauses.

Since it is quite impossible to discuss the essential substance of Beethoven's music without promptly falling into the tone of rhapsody, and since we have already sought by the philosopher's aid to gain some clearer knowledge of the true essence of music in general (and consequently of Beethovenian music in particular), if we are to abstain from the impossible we still must rivet our attention to the personal Beethoven, the focus of all the rays of light that issue from his wonder-world.

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Beethoven, too, to be sure, had to earn his living by his musical labors. But, as smiling comfort had no charms for him, he had the less need either to engage in rapid, superficial work, or to make concessions to a taste that naught but sweets could capture. The more he thus lost touch with the outer world, the clearer-sighted did he turn his gaze upon his world within. And the more familiar he becomes with the administration of his inner riches, the more consciously does he propound his outward requirements, actually requesting his patrons no longer to pay him for his works, but to insure his being able to work entirely for himself, without one thought for all the world. And so it happened, for the first time in the life of any musician, that a few benevolent persons of high station pledged themselves to maintain Beethoven in the desired state of independence. Arrived at a similar crisis in his life, Mozart, too soon worn out, had gone to ground. This great boon conferred on Beethoven albeit not continued without break and undiminished, yet formed the base of that peculiar harmony which showed itself henceforward in the master's still so strangely-fashioned life. He felt himself victor, and knew that he belonged to the world but as a freeman. As for it, it must take him as it found him. To his high-born patrons he behaved as a despot, and nothing could be got from him save what and when he pleased.

But never and in nothing had he pleasure, save in what henceforth engrossed him: the play of the magician with

the figures of his inner world. For the outer now had faded out completely, not because its sight was reft from him by blindness, but since deafness held it finally far off his ear. The ear had been the only organ through which the outer world could still disturb him: to his eye it was long since dead. What saw the spellbound dreamer when he wandered through Vienna's bustling streets, with open eyes fixed hard on distance, and animated solely by the waking of his inner tone-world? The advent and exacerbation of his aural malady distressed him terribly, and moved him to deep melancholy: about his total deafness, and especially the loss of all ability to listen to performances of music, we hear no serious complaint from him; merely the intercourse of life was rendered difficult, an intercourse that in itself had never any charm for him, and which he now avoided more and more emphatically.

A musician sans ears! — Can one conceive an eyeless painter?

But the blinded Seer we know. Tiresias to whom the world of appearance has closed itself, and whose inner eye beholds instead the ground of all appearances: his fellow is the deaf musician who now, untroubled by life's uproar, but listens to his inner harmonies, now from his depths but speaks to that world — for it has nothing more to tell him. So is genius freed from all outside it, at home forever with and in itself. Whoso could then have been Beethoven with the vision of Tiresias, what a wonder must have opened to him: a world walking among men — the in-itself of the world as a living, moving man!

And now the musician's eye grew bright within. Now did he gaze upon appearance, and, illumined by his inner light, it cast a wondrous reflex back upon his inner soul. Now speaks but the essence of things to him, and shows them in the tranquil light of beauty. Now does he understand the woods, the brook, the fields, the clear blue sky, the merry throng, the loving pair, the song of birds, the flocking clouds, the raging of the storm, the happiness of rhythmic rest. And all his seeing and his fashioning is

steeped in that marvelous serenity (*"Heiterkeit"*) which music first acquired through him. Even the cry, so imminent in every sound of Nature, is lulled to smiling: the world regains its childhood's innocence. "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise"—who has not heard these words of the Redeemer when listening to the "Pastoral Symphony?"

Now thrives apace that power of shaping the unfathomable, the never-seen, the ne'er experienced, which yet becomes a most immediate experience, of most transparent comprehensibility. The joy of wielding this new power turns next to humor: all grief of being breaks before this vast enjoyment of the play therewith; the world-creator Brahma is laughing at himself,* as he sees how hugely he had duped himself; guiltlessness re-won disports it with the sting of guilt atoned; freed conscience banters with its torment overpassed.

Never has any art in the world created aught so radiant (*"etwas so Heiteres"*) as these symphonies in A and F, with all their so closely allied tone-works from this godlike period of the master's total deafness. The effect upon the hearer is precisely that deliverance from all earthly guilt, as the after-effect is the feeling of a forfeited paradise wherewith we return to the world of semblances. Thus do these glorious works preach penitence and a contrite heart with all the depth of a divine revelation.

Here the only esthetic term to use, is the sublime; for here the operation of the radiant at once transcends all pleasure in the beautiful, and leaves it far behind. Each challenge of self-vaunting reason is hushed forthwith by the magic mastering our whole nature; knowledge pleads confession of its error, and the transport of that avowal bids our deepest soul to shout for joy, however earnestly the spellbound features of the listener betray his marvel at the impotence of all our seeing and our thinking to plumb this truest of all worlds.

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* Cf. Wotan in *Siegfried:* "My jovial god who craves his own undoing" (*Letter to A. Röckel, January, 1854*).—TRANSLATOR.

SPEECH AT WEBER'S GRAVE* (1844)

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS

ERE rest thee then! Here be the unassuming spot that holds for us thy dear-loved relics! And had they flaunted there midst vaults of princes, within the proudest minster of a haughty nation, we dared to hope thou'dst liefer choose a modest grave in German soil for thy last resting-place. For thou wast none of those chill seekers after fame who own no fatherland, to whom that plot of earth is dearest where ambition finds the rankest soil in which to thrive. Was it a fate that drove thee whither Genius itself must bring itself to market, thou turn'dst thy yearning gaze betimes toward the hearth of home, toward the modest country nook where, seated with thy loving wife, thy heart welled song on song. "Ah! were I once more with you, dear ones!"—this was the latest sigh, for sure, wherewith thou pass'dst from life.

Wast *thou* so fond a dreamer, then who shall blame us that we felt alike toward *thee;* if, laying thy fair dreams to heart, we nursed the silent wish to have thee back once more in our dear homeland? That "*Schwärmerei*" of thine: with all the power of sympathy, it made of thee the darling of thy folk! Ne'er has a *German-er* musician lived, than thou. Where'er thy genius bore thee, to whatsoever distant realms of floating fancy, it stayed forever linked by thousand tendrils to the German people's heart; that heart with which it wept and laughed, a child believing in the tales and legends told it of its country. Eh! 'twas this childlikeness that led thy manhood's spirit, the guardian angel that preserved it ever chaste and pure; and

* From *In Paris and Dresden.* Permission Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London.

in that chasteness lay thy individual stamp. As thou maintain'dst that shining virtue ever spotless, thou needest naught to ponder, naught invent — thou needest but to feel, and straightway hadst thou found the font original. Thou kept'st it till thy death, this highest virtue; thou couldst not cast it off or barter it, that fairest heirloom of thy German birth; thou never couldst betray us! And lo! the Briton may yield thee justice, the Frenchman admiration; but the German alone can *love* thee. His thou art; a beauteous day amid his life, a warm drop of his own blood, a morsel of his heart — and who shall blame us if we wished thine ashes, too, should mingle with his earth, should form a portion of dear German soil?

Upbraid us not, ye men who so misprised the nature of the German, that heart which dotes on what it loves. Was it dotage bade us claim the precious coil of our dear Weber, then was it that same *Schwärmerei* that makes us so akin to him, the phantasy whence sprang the glorious blossoms of his genius, for whose sweet sake the world admires, and we, we love him.

And so, dear Weber, 'tis love that prompts us to a work of love, when thee — who never sought'st for admiration, but solely love — we snatch from eyes of admiration and bring to arms of love. From out the world, which thou bedazzledst, we lead thee back into thy country, the bosom of thy family! Ask the hero who went out to victory, what most rejoiced him after glorious days upon the field of honor? For sure, the threshold of the father-house, where wife and child await him. And see! we have no need to speak in images: thy wife, thy children wait for thee in very truth. Soon shalt thou feel above this resting-place the tread of thy fond wife, who long — so long! — had waited for thy coming back, and now, beside her darling son, weeps hottest love-tears for the home-sped friend of her true heart. To the world of the living, she belongs — and thee, become a blessed spirit, no more can she greet thee face to face; but God hath sent an envoy forth to greet

thee eye to eye on thy return, to bear thee tidings of thy dear ones' everlasting love. Thy youngest son was chosen for that office, to knit the bond 'twixt living and deceased; an angel of light he hovers now between you, conveying messages of love from each to each.

Where now is death? Where life? Where both join hands in bond so wondrous fair, there is the seed of life eternal. Let us as well, thou dear departed, commingle in that bond! Then shall we know no longer death, no more decay, but only flower-time and harvest. The stone that closes on thy earthly shell shall then become for us the desert rock from which the man of might once smote sweet waters; to farthest ages shall it pour a glorious stream of ever-quickened, e'er-creative life.

Great Fountain of all being, grant that we prove ever mindful, ever worthy of this bond!

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE

By Karl Detlev Jessen, Ph.D.

Professor of German Literature, Bryn Mawr College

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE was born at Röcken near the battlefield of Lützen, in Upper Saxony, October 15, 1844. Racially he is a Thuringian with, probably, a strain of the Slavic. The extraction from a family of Protestant Polish noblemen, although asserted by Nietzsche himself, is as legendary as that of Kant from Scotch ancestry. It is, however, a fact that both on his father's and his mother's side, he descended from several generations of Lutheran Protestant clergymen. Among the great men of Germany he is racially related to Master Eckhart, Luther, Bach, Leibniz, Richard Wagner, and Treitschke, and also, more distantly, to Lessing and Fichte.

The boy lost his father in 1849, and in 1850 the family (consisting of his mother, himself, and a sister, Elizabeth) moved to Naumburg on the river Saale. After some preliminary humanistic schooling at the Naumburg Gymnasium he entered, in 1858, the College at Schulpforta, one of the three "Fürsten-und Landes-Schulen," famous for their classical curricula. Among his teachers, Professor Koberstein, the historian of German literature, must be especially mentioned, since his influence is evident in Nietzsche's German reading, and particularly his love of Hölderlin. He graduated with unusual proficiency in Latin, Greek, German, and theological knowledge, entering the University of Bonn in 1864 to take up the study of philology and theology. He soon dropped the latter, dividing his time between classical philology and music, for both of which he exhibited rare talents. After a transient inter-

est shown in the organized students' life he concentrated his energies on his studies in Greek literature, for which Ritschl, the classical philologist, became his principal and revered guide. In the fall of 1865 he followed his beloved teacher to the University of Leipzig and became his favorite pupil both by developing singular critical acumen and by demonstrating an extraordinary genius in literary style. During his student's years at Leipzig he and his friend Erwin Rohde, later one of the most original and famous Greek philologists of the century, came under the spell of Wagner's music and Schopenhauer's philosophy. His studies in Leipzig were interrupted for one year by his military service in the regiment of field-artillery at Naumburg. He served with great zeal and efficiency but suffered from long illness in consequence of a painful accident with his horse. Returning to Leipzig and to his studies he became a contributor to the philological journal *Rheinisches Museum*, and was appointed professor of classical philology in the University of Basel in Switzerland at the age of twenty-four. His *alma mater* bestowed on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy *in absentia* without an examination on motion of his teacher Professor Ritschl, to whose recommendation he also owed the call to Basel. Here he delivered his inaugural lecture in May, 1869, on "Homer and Classical Philology."

He became a colleague, among others, of Jakob Burckhardt, the great historian, and of Friedrich Overbeck, the theologian. Both exerted a decisive influence on Nietzsche, the former by his *Considerations on Universal History* and, perhaps, by his lectures on the Renaissance and on Greek Culture, the latter through his extremely skeptical views on Christian theology as evidenced in his little book *On the Christianity of the Theology of Our Time*. More important, however, was the influence that came to Nietzsche from his friendship with Richard Wagner. There is a resplendent happiness even in the memory of the days which Nietzsche spent in the composer's domicile at Tribschen near Lucerne

on his frequent visits there. Nor did his enthusiasm for the cause of Wagnerism remain in the stage of selfish receptivity. In word and deed he became an energetic and enthusiastic fighter for the artistic ideas of his great friend. The Franco-German War intervened for a time and called Nietzsche into the field as a nurse in the military hospitals, since his official connection with neutral Switzerland forbade his active participation as a lieutenant of artillery. Here again, in his military career, he fell violently ill, this time with dysentery and diphtheria. He suffered a relapse, after his return to Basel; his nervous, high-strung constitution seems never to have overcome completely the evil influence of this illness which made him a lifelong sufferer from the most painful spells of nervous indigestion.

Hellenism, Schopenhauer's Pessimism, and Wagnerism combined to shape the inner form of his first literary productions, except those, of course, which were confined to his learned speciality. Wagnerism, impassioned and aggressive, marks *The Birth of Tragedy* as well as the last of the four essays called *Thoughts Out of Season.* In this essay, entitled *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth,* his protagonistic friendship for the great composer culminated. It was published in 1876, the year of the triumphant dedication of Wagner's Festspielhaus at Bayreuth. But there was something incompatible in the mental and artistic characters of the two men. Nietzsche's enthusiasm gradually cooled and finally turned into the opposite: the passionate, almost virulent critical antagonism of *The Case of Wagner,* published in 1888.

Meanwhile, beginning already in the early seventies, Nietzsche had turned from German Romanticism and pessimistic idealism to the positivistic thought of England and France. This was brought about in good part through the influence and by the assistance of a young German Jew, Dr. Paul Rée. The literary expression of this development is represented by the two volumes of *Human-All-Too-Human,* in which Nietzsche took up for the first time the

aphoristic form of writing, so characteristic of nearly all his later work. His physical health, since about 1875, gave way completely so that he was forced to resign his professorship and to let himself be pensioned. From 1879 till 1889 he spent his life principally in the South, at Sorrento, Venice, Turin, Rome, mostly, however, at Sils Maria in the Engadine. He made only brief visits to Germany during this time. His severest sufferings were gradually relieved after 1881, when he entered upon the intellectually happiest period of his life. The fruits were *The Dawn of Day* and *The Joyful Wisdom*, published in 1881 and 1882 respectively, books of aphorisms forming an overture to the most remarkable work from his pen, one of the most extraordinary productions in the world's literature, *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* The four parts of it were written at intervals from 1883 till 1885. Nietzsche might have paused here, but he was restlessly driven on to produce and, thus, as he once put it himself, to consume himself in his own intellectual fire. There came forth *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), *The Genealogy of Morals* (1887), *The Case of Wagner* (1888), *The Twilight of the Idols* (1889). He finally intended to sum up his view of life, his *Weltanschauung*, in a great work to be called *The Will to Power.* Before he could execute this his mind gave way, in January, 1889. Extensive materials for the intended work, among them the complete *Antichrist*, and the autobiographical *Ecce Homo*, were published after his intellectual death.

His last epistolary utterances to Jakob Burckhardt and Georg Brandes showed distinct, unmistakable signs of madness of a megalomaniac character. In December, 1888, he suffered a stroke of apoplexy. In January, 1889, his loyal friend, Professor Overbeck, in Basel, was greatly alarmed by letters signed with "Dionysos" and "The Crossed One." He went to Turin and found Nietzsche a raving maniac. He managed to bring him to a sanatorium in Basel, from where Nietzsche's mother had him transferred to the hospital of Professor Binswanger in Jena, thence

to Naumburg. The final years of his life were spent under the loving care of his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, first at Naumburg, then in a villa at Weimar, now the home of the Nietzsche-Archiv. He died on August 25, 1900.

The cause and nature of Nietzsche's disease are disputed. Hereditary influences may have been at work, although, as his sister justly maintains, there was at bottom of his physical makeup a robust vitality, far from that neurasthenic effeteness of so many intellectual people of our time. While his mental powers gradually waned, he still showed, besides a sometimes exuberant love for music, the unmistakable evidence of a refined, considerate soul, which became touchingly apparent in his conduct toward his mother and his sister. Several eminent witnesses who saw him in his complete mental collapse have given us vivid impressions of a personality still awe-inspiring in its mere existence. I cite Mr. Henri Lichtenberger, himself the author of a sane and appreciative book on Nietzsche, who spent, in 1898, a week in the presence of the sick philosopher: "At least — and that is one supreme consolation for his people — this life's end is not pessimistic, nor lamentably gloomy, as one might easily imagine. There is, in the slow decline of this enthusiastic lover of life, this apologist of energy, this prophet of the Superman, I do not know which melancholy and appeasing beauty . . . His forehead is always admirable as are his eyes, which seem to be turned toward within, with an indefinable and profoundly touching expression. What is going on in him? One does not know. Perhaps he preserved a vague remembrance of his life as a thinker and poet. 'Did I not also write good books?' he said quite recently, when one put a new book into his hands. . . ."

Two things, though, are commonly accepted by all sane critics of Nietzsche's life and works: First, that his mental collapse was due, if not entirely, yet certainly in a large measure, to the restless and nervous pursuit of his think-

ing, a thinking so mercilessly inconsiderate of his health and of the ease and comfort of his soul that the aspiration of his life may well be summed up in his proud saying: "I do not strive for my happiness, I am striving for my work." And second, what may be considered a fact, Nietzsche's works, however paradoxical they may seem to be at times, are not the outpourings of a disorganized mind, the products of a madman. They exhibit, on the contrary, a logical and essentially coherent and consistent unity from beginning to end. Whether accepted or not, they represent not what is commonly called a system, yet they are by no means unsystematic. In fact, the severe training of the classical philologist served him well in his untiring intellectual honesty. That a classical philologist, an ardent but critical admirer of antiquity, rose to such an eminence as a cultural force may be considered good proof of the value of the study of ancient culture for our life and its higher problems. Nietzsche was an inspiring teacher, and the testimony of Erwin Rohde and Otto Crusius, not to mention others, is sufficient to establish his claim for eminent scholarship in his field, even if his work there was largely confined to interpretation. Textual criticism he has furnished none and but little of what is called emendation. He had originally a high conception of his calling, equally distant from the dry-as-dust schoolmaster and from the vague, enthusiastic gusher. In his inaugural address at Basel he called philology the exalted messenger of the gods. In a supplement of three volumes to his collected works his philological work is now presented to us in all its essential features.

But he was destined to become more than a professor. In his lectures "On the Future of our Educational Institutions," delivered at Basel in the first years of his professorial career, he insisted that the higher schools ought to train for life and its highest problems and not to be satisfied with turning out mere scholars. There was in him too much of the real cultural life and problematic

thought of his age to stultify himself with what he so wittily designated as "philistinism of culture." Schopenhauer, Goethe, Richard Wagner, besides his own idealistic Hellenism, furnish the principal elements of the five great essays with which he entered the field of German literature. From the esthetic Hellenism of the German Romanticists he developed his own, as evidenced in his *Birth of Tragedy*. The antithesis of Dionysian and Apollinian is directly traceable to Friedrich Schlegel. But Nietzsche connects this antithesis with that last and greatest of romantic offshoots, beside himself, with Richard Wagner's music-drama. We know that, even at Schulpforta, Hölderlin was his favorite poet. The influence of this romantic Hellenist is clearly seen in Nietzsche's dithyrambic lyrical style. Moreover there was Schopenhauer, he too of unmistakable romantic origin and leanings, especially in his views on esthetics. Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy did not affect Nietzsche very deeply, but the man Schopenhauer was to him an ideal of heroic life spent in thought, and in opposition to the philistine self-sufficiency of his contemporaries; the type of which, popular and acknowledged by the time, Nietzsche bitingly satirized in the literary portrait of the later David Friedrich Strauss. The most important, however, of this set of essays is the second, *On the Use and Abuse of History*. As regards composition and style it is perhaps the most finished product of Nietzsche's pen. He starts from the seemingly pragmatistic conception of history which Goethe held "Only what is fruitful, is true," and only that is really fruitful in history and worthy of our consideration which gives us enthusiasm and serves us for our own life problems. There is also recognizable a trace of Emerson's views on history. The modern "historic sense," leading to a shallow optimism and worship of success as well as to a cowardly effete lack in real cultural energy, is, according to Nietzsche, but one of the democratizing influences which must lead to mediocrity, if not barbarism. He, on the contrary, pleads, like Carlyle

or Emerson, for the man of genius as the true meaning of history. "The time will come when we shall wisely keep away from all constructions of the world-process, or even of the history of man; a time when we shall no more look at masses but at individuals, who form a sort of bridge over the wan stream of becoming. They may not perhaps continue a process, but they live out of time as contemporaries; and thanks to history that permits such a company, they live as the republic of geniuses of which Schopenhauer speaks. One giant calls to the other across the waste spaces of time, and the high spirit-talk goes on, undisturbed by the wanton, noisy dwarfs who creep in among them. The task of history is to be the mediator between these, and even to give the motive and power to produce the great man. The aim of mankind can lie ultimately only in its highest examples."

We see here something of the contempt for history which animated his teacher, Schopenhauer. Nietzsche pronounced the world senseless, except as an esthetic phenomenon. Over the bridge of these convictions he was to travel in search of the Superman, the central conception of his philosophy. But before proclaiming exultantly in his Zarathustra epic that he had discovered the land and abode of his ideals, he had yet to travel that long road on which soon he found himself alone. Not only that he parted from Wagner, that he felt more and more a vital antagonism to Schopenhauer's teachings, but even his reverenced Greeks were critically viewed and much of their teaching was discarded. Among his nearest friends, as his development went on, he found less and less understanding and sympathy for what he planned and thought and wrote. Overbeck and Rohde remained no longer the respondent echoes of his voice. Burckhardt wrote him letters with an undertone of irony. The lesser minds, like Paul Rée, Miss Lou Salome, and Malvida von Meysenbug, at least the first two of them, even went so far as to forsake him ignominiously, inflicting irreparable wounds on a heart craving

for friendship. The tragedy of his life begins. The keynote of his wandering search is struck in a letter to Rohde: "Let us be courageous, my dear, dear friend. I now believe only in becoming better, in our becoming better, in our growth in good intentions and good means, in our race after ever nobler and more distant goals! O, we shall get there, and after every victory our goal will be put farther away and we shall race on more courageously."

The two volumes of *Human-All-Too-Human* are transitional in this race. He is influenced by the positivistic philosophy of France and England and, especially as regards form, by the sceptic moralists of France from Pascal to Chamfort, and by Lichtenberg. Whatever had been in him of romantic pessimism and mere estheticism, especially of Schopenhauer, is cast aside. He avows himself a free-thinker, a free thinker — free from all fetters which religion and philosophy have cast over mankind. Reality is faced unshrinkingly. "All human life is deeply engulfed in error; the individual cannot get out of this draw-well without becoming profoundly hostile to all his past, without looking upon all present causes of action as absurd, and without opposing irony and contempt to the passions which lead us to trust in the future and in a coming happiness." But with his health restored, his ideal develops from the positivistic into the positive, joyful tones of his *Dawn of Day* and *The Joyful Wisdom*, in which are foresounded already the leitmotifs of his *Zarathustra,* the doctrines of the Superman and of "Eternal Recurrence." A Dionysian intoxication takes possession of him. In feverish exaltation, in three periods of ten days each, he writes his didactic-dithyrambic *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* "Zarathustra attacked me," he says. He felt as though he had given the age its greatest book, a book as extraordinary in style as in thought. The language of Luther's Bible is at the bottom of this bitter, sweet, rich and mellow poetic prose. But he has not fallen into those puerile archaisms in which the English translations of this work needlessly abound.

An unheard-of wealth of imagery is spread over this, his *magnum opus*. There is music in every line, differently attuned in the preponderating didactic parts, the sermons of Zarathustra, and in the lyrical prose-poems of the night-songs, the dance-songs, the *Seven Seals*, and the dithyrambic poetry for which Hölderlin and Goethe have yielded the intrinsic formal elements. Two central ideas dominate the work. First, the conception of "Eternal Recurrence," the only significant instance where Nietzsche's philosophy becomes metaphysical, mystical. And of paramount importance, the doctrine of the "Superman." The decisive passage is contained in one of the speeches of Zarathustra: "I teach you the Superman. Man is something that must be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him? All beings hitherto have created something higher than themselves, and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man? . . . Behold, I teach you the Superman. The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: the Superman shall be the meaning of the earth."

In *Zarathustra* is displayed not only a satire on this age of cultural degeneracy, a trenchant criticism of life, but a new ideal is held up and proclaimed. To call the *Zarathustra* of Nietzsche a religious epic is misleading. It is philosophical, didactic, mystic, dithyrambic, ecstatic, a work *sui generis*. At the time of their publication the first three books attracted very little attention, the disapproval of silence fell on them and on Nietzsche's soul. Therefore the fourth book was only privately printed in forty copies. When it was given to the public, in 1892, its author had forgotten that he ever wrote it. Even his best friends received the work coldly and his passionate hope for approval by a select set of "good Europeans" was not fulfilled. The attempt to sow the seed of his new revolutionizing thought in the noble soul of the young Karl Heinrich von Stein also miscarried. Only the faithful Peter Gast held out to the last. The solitude of his higher productive

self, the misunderstanding also of his family, especially of his dear sister in far-away Paraguay, drove him at times to despair and to the use of dangerous quieting drugs. The end was insanity. Nevertheless he did not give up the fight for five years, until he broke down. All he wrote after *Zarathustra* until those fateful days in 1889 may be said to be an interpretation in hard prose of what he had poetically expressed in his great prose-poem. He lived up to his thought, expressed in his journal in 1888: "My formula for a man's greatness is *amor fati:* not to wish to alter a single fact, either in the past or in the future, eternally; not only to bear up under necessity, but to *love* it." No doubt also that he thought of his own writings in this passage from *Beyond Good and Evil:* "There are books which have an inverse value for our soul and our health, according as the inferior soul and the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful make use of them. In the former case they are dangerous, disturbing, unsettling books, in the latter case they are herald-calls which summon the bravest to *their* bravery." That the thoughts expressed were thoroughly out of season becomes at once apparent in his criticism of the tendencies of the time. He opposes most fiercely and contemptuously the existing moral systems, the Christian as well as the utilitarian ethics, especially of modern England. He is a violent anti-socialist and anti-democrat. He accuses both, Socialism and Democracy, of degenerating and dwarfing man to an absolutely gregarious animal, of brutalizing him into a pigmy with equal rights and claims. Unmitigated and sweeping is also his disagreement with and attack on Christianity: "I should say that Christianity has hitherto been the most portentous of presumptions. . . . Men not sufficiently strong and far-sighted to allow, with sublime self-constraint, the obvious law of the thousandfold failures and perishings to prevail; men not sufficiently noble to see the radically different grades of rank and intervals of rank that separate man from man: — such men, with their 'equality before God'

have hitherto swayed the destiny of Europe; until at last a dwarfed, almost ludicrous species has been produced, a gregarious animal, something obliging, sickly, mediocre, the European of the present day." He is an anti-feminist, in the emancipation of woman he sees nothing but "a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts." "There is stupidity in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-reared woman — who is always a sensible woman — might be heartily ashamed. While she appropriates new rights, aspires to be 'master,' and inscribes 'progress' on her banners, the very opposite is brought to pass with terrible obviousness: woman retrogrades." Nor does one wonder at the productive artist in him revolting passionately against the mechanization and intellectualization of human existence. But beyond everything he opposes pessimism, especially race-pessimism (not exactly the same but related to Theodore Roosevelt's race-suicide).

This leads us to the positive side of his teachings. Let us from the very beginning state emphatically that Nietzsche does not advocate individualist or anarchistic ethics. But he wants to abolish the slave-morality, which, according to him, Christianity has brought into the world and is upholding, for the racially predestined higher man, the real nobleman, the ingredient material for his Superman or what he sometimes calls the good European. "My philosophy is directed toward establishing rank; not toward an individualistic morality. The mind of the herd is to prevail in the herd,—*but not beyond it:* the leaders of the herd need a fundamentally different valuation of their own actions." A new asceticism (in the original sense of the Greek word) is demanded for the higher man, a discipline of the will for responsibility, for distance from the mass of the "much-too-many." Cheap and weakly sentimentalism is to be ruthlessly destroyed in him, instead of which there is to be cultivated a noble indifference against pain and life itself for which he ought to be prepared to sacrifice men,

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JOHN PHILIPP

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

not excepting himself. "Freedom means, that the manly instincts, rejoicing in war and victory have sway over the other instincts, e. g., over the instinct for happiness. The man who has grown to be free — and how much more the free spirit tramples under foot that despicable kind of comfort of which grocers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats are dreaming — the free man is a warrior." And the women of this class are to bear warriors and mothers of warriors, and to entertain and refresh the warriors. It is a curious fact that Nietzsche never exhibits the least inclination toward sexual laxity, the great vice of modern times. Man is to love not so much his fatherland as his children's land. He speaks of the garden of matrimony in which the young aristocrats are to be reared and trained to be warriors or mothers, the life-loving, life-asserting new generation, strong men and women, who are good since they are strong, who are beyond good and evil and the slave-morals of Christianity.

Finally, in his *Transvaluation of all Values*, he claims to have discovered the law which has brought about every cultural climax in the world's history, notably the classical Greek age and the Renaissance, the will to power. For a democratic age, which requires the higher man to submit to the standards of the lower, is working at the degradation not only of the higher man, but also of the mass above which the lower should rise. So for him the essence of all history is or ought to be, not the mere will to live, but the will to live a higher and more perfect life, not the struggle for life, but the struggle for a higher and stronger existence, not the instinct for self-preservation, but the instinct for a higher self, not φιλία καὶ νεῖκος (Empedocles) but ἀγών for victory and supremacy.

It is impossible to give an idea of the abundance of his psychological observations, his remarks on style, art, philosophy, on man and ideas. The selections of this volume aim to give some representative specimens out of a wealth such as no other modern writer displays.

Of his lyrics the Dionysian dithyrambs are most remarkable in originality of rhythm and thought. He therein most successfully developed those rhythmical qualities and beauties of lyrical expression in which, since the Klopstockian renascence, the German language revealed some of its most secret powers. The pre-Italian Goethe, Hölderlin, Novalis, Heine, all these predecessors of exquisite rhythmical perfection, have contributed elements for this side of his lyrical style, not to mention the Greeks, whom he knew so well. It is obvious that the other great rejuvenating influence of German poetry, the "Volkslied," an influence so evident, e. g., in Goethe throughout his long career, in Heine, Eichendorff, Uhland, and, most consummately, in Mörike, contributed but little, if anything, to either form or content of Nietzsche's poetry. On the other hand he excelled again in the trenchant, mocking satire of his didactic-epigrammatic "Sprüche." There is a collection of his *Gedichte und Sprüche,* which contains, strange to say, a number of his most characteristic lyrical effusions, not to be found in the nineteen volumes of his collected works. Among them the youthful but important *To the Unknown God.*

Something remains to be said about the *Ecce Homo.* In the long line of eminent autobiographical portraits and statements since Saint Augustine's *Confessions*, it is certainly, to say the least, one of the most curious, one of the most sincerely personal ever given to posterity. It was withheld from the public until 1908, when it came out in an expensive limited edition. Now it can be read in any of the three authorized standard editions of the works. The reader is advised not to take up *Ecce Homo* until fairly well introduced into the work and world of the writer. Nietzsche feared himself that the courts might confiscate the published volume, with legal justification, as he frankly admits, for he writes, in a letter to Georg Brandes: "It ends in thunder and lightning against everything Christian or infected by Christianity . . . I am, at last, the first

psychological interpreter of Christianity and I can, as a veteran gunner, bring into play such heavy projectiles as no adversary of Christianity believed even to be existing." Only after the acquisition of a thorough and, on the whole, sympathetically appreciative study of Nietzsche is this extraordinary psychographical self-portrayal fully understood, not the least on account of its dissonances, as a magnificent closing movement in the extraordinary symphony of self expression which Nietzsche's lifework represents.

The longest chapter of the *Ecce Homo* bears the headline "Why I am writing such good books." Nietzsche, after a life-long, ardent, passionate, and painstaking labor to give to his thoughts the most adequate expression, was fully aware not only of the extraordinary character of his thoughts, but no less, of the paramount importance to be attached to his style. He did not aim at being a stylist, a smooth talker like Sainte-Beuve or Matthew Arnold. He has inimitably characterized the former; whether he knew Arnold and simply kept a contemptuous silence about him, we do not know. Of Nietzsche's remarks and aphorisms on style and writing one might compose a little book on literary style more suggestive and momentous than anything we have received on this subject in any language since Goethe and Schopenhauer. As a force for the development of German style, for stirring the conscience with regard to rhythm and architecture of literary prose, his services have been phenomenal and the influence of his example as a writer, of his direct teachings and of his sarcasms about the ordinary German prose style, is bearing fruit in an ever increasing cultivation of the formal elements of German imaginative and descriptive writing.*

* What Ludwig Lewisohn, in his *German Style*, put forth on the style of the *Zarathustra* is insufficient and dissects it too much after the fashion of collegiate rhetoric. Of a much higher caliber and very suggestive is what E. Eckertz has to say in his *Nietzsche als Künstler*. Richard M. Meyer, in a study on *Zarathustra*, as well as in an article on Nietzsche's word formation, has made valuable contributions to the subject.

Leaving aside the autobiographic book, there are, roughly speaking, four principal literary forms in Nietzsche's prose work: letters, essays, aphorisms, and *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Of these the letters may be dismissed without much discussion. Although highly interesting, almost every one of them, as personal documents of an extraordinary career, although excellently attuned to his correspondents, full of charm, wit, sincerity, friendship, running not infrequently into high debate; although, also, worded excellently, yet in the matter of style they are far outranked by his essays and his aphorisms. Here he attempted to give literary form, here he succeeded in gaining rank with the very foremost masters of German prose style, with Luther, Lessing, Goethe, Schopenhauer, and Heine. And, finally, with regard to his *Zarathustra*, it may be compared in point of expressiveness, the rhythm and melody of the language, to the prose of Luther and Goethe. Of course, he owes much to his study of the ancients. If any individual writers are to be mentioned, Thucydides, Sallustius, and Horace come in for his unreserved admiration. Of German writers Luther, preëminently, furthermore Hölderlin, Goethe, Heine, Lichtenberg, Schopenhauer, and Stifter have helped to form his style. Besides Lichtenberg, the French moralists, from Pascal to Chamfort, materially and admittedly contributed to his aphoristic style. Indeed he considered these French "penseurs" as classical in form and thought as the ancients. It is interesting, however, to note his remark on the French language, which he calls "*ausgelitzt*," which may be best rendered, perhaps, with effete. He realized after all that there were hidden treasures in his vernacular tongue, however arduous might be the task of bringing them to light, of putting these exquisite gems into their proper setting. He hated diffuseness, unprecision, and vagueness, pitfalls into which German prose writers only too often had tumbled. These deficiencies are completely absent in anything that came from his pen. Precision, directness, clearness, a remark-

able faculty of playing wittily with words and sentences, vigor, suggestiveness (or pregnancy, to speak with Goethe), and, especially in his *Zarathustra,* marvelous rhythmical beauty — Nietzsche possesses them to perfection. If Havelock Ellis' British ear fails to discover melody and rhythm in Nietzsche's style, this opinion, coming from such an appreciative and sensible source, may be here cited as a curiosity. At any rate, what justification would notes of plangency have in Nietzsche's melodies, which, from the very nature of the thought expressed, require major and not minor keys?

Master of periodic diction in his essays, Nietzsche vies in them with Emerson in the abundance of suggestive ideas displayed, far excelling him in keenness of psychological observation, in well-tempered balance, and in classical plasticity. But he was inevitably led into that aphoristic form, so admired in the French moralists, and prevalent also in those reverenced pre-Socratic thinkers in whose philosophies he had made himself profoundly at home. The paradoxical, seemingly erratic, antithetical and restless energy of his mind accepted this form of epigrammatic prose as the most natural medium for expression. Here especially, and in the exquisite art of his *Zarathustra,* he cut and ground the noble material of his native language into gems of resplendent fineness. There is a chapter in *Ecce Homo* wherein he asserts that nobody before him knew what could be done with German or with any language. "The art of *great* rhythm, the great style of periodic diction, for the expression of a colossal up and down of sublime, of superhuman passion, was first discovered by me; with a dithyramb as the last of the third book of *Zarathustra,* headed *The Seven Seals,* I flew a thousand miles beyond what hitherto was called poetry." As a creative force in German style Nietzsche takes rank with Luther and with Goethe.

In the style and composition of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* he avowedly followed and developed Luther's translation

of the Bible. In the attempt to utilize the biblical style for the utterance of boldest modern thought he left far behind him Lamennais, Walt Whitman, and Spitteler, to give examples from three languages. But the biblical, after all, is only one of the elements of style and composition welded together so magically in his greatest artistic achievement. He transformed the half-mythical person of the founder of Persian religion into the symbolical form of his own Zarathustra, the creator of the Superman, the prophet, seer, philosopher, and artist, embodying therein his ideal self, his teachings, hopes, bitternesses, his joys, his laughter, his restless and courageous struggle against himself and the world. All this is visualized in a language drawing every reader of some artistic sense into its magic spell. Every imaginable means of rhetoric, a wealth of connotative nuances of words, their logical and their psychological contents, alliteration, splendidly varied rhythm, symbolism of color, sound, plays on words and sentences, are employed in this didactic-epic prose-poem and bid fair to secure for it a position which may outlast all his other work. Volumes have already been written to interpret its ideas. The best commentary on it, though, are Nietzsche's own writings. Karl Gross, the psychologist, recently published a study on the paradoxical style of *Zarathustra.* But whatever dissections the investigating mind may yet undertake, the consummate art of blending form and content into a thing of overpowering beauty puts this work among the greatest achievements of literature. I do not hesitate to say this.

Nietzsche's influence is exerting itself on the great and the minor literatures of Europe. Bernard Shaw, for instance, in so many of his utterances, appears as a coarser repetition of his acknowledged master. But beside that Nietzsche's ideas are working their way into many channels. Eugenics, in some of its aspects, has received some of its strongest arguments from Nietzsche's teachings. No higher cultural and racial policy can henceforth heedlessly pass by that storehouse of suggestions and observations

contained in *Zarathustra.* One instance for many may demonstrate the effect of Nietzsche's thought. Oscar Levy, the editor of the English edition of Nietzsche's works, takes from them new hope for and assurance of the prominent part the Hebrew race is going to play in the spectacle of bringing the ideals of superhumanity into being; a revival of the chosen people as it were.

The ideals of Nietzsche, presented in the foregoing in their most essential outlines, center in the conception of the higher, the heroic man. With all the passion of his soul Nietzsche proclaimed him, foresaw him, and lived up to his ideal as a philosopher of the severe, ascetic type. He is a philosopher, not in the narrowed sense of modern times, for he strove to be not only a seeker after truth but the creator of new ethical commandments; not only a teacher but a guide of mankind. He did not hesitate to sacrifice himself for his ideal. Thus his personality receives the insignia of true tragic greatness. Were it possible that all his ideas were either absorbed or discarded, his titanic struggle, his life, as it was lived, has raised Friedrich Nietzsche among the immortals of human heroism.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA* (1883–85)

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS COMMON

ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE

1

WHEN Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed, —and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it:

Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent.

But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep: as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea, and givest light also to the nether-world, thou exuberant star!

Like thee must I *go down*, as men say, to whom I shall descend.

Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy!

* Permission The Macmillan Company, New York.

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man.

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

2

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, no one meeting him. When he entered the forest, however, there suddenly stood before him an old man, who had left his holy cot to seek roots. And thus spake the old man to Zarathustra:

"No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago passed he by. Zarathustra he was called; but he hath altered.

"Then thou carriedst thine ashes into the mountains: wilt thou now carry thy fire into the valleys? Fearest thou not the incendiary's doom?

"Yea, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and no loathing lurketh about his mouth. Goeth he not along like a dancer?

"Altered is Zarathustra; a child hath Zarathustra become; an awakened one is Zarathustra: what wilt thou do in the land of the sleepers?

"As in the sea hast thou lived in solitude, and it hath borne thee up. Alas, wilt thou now go ashore? Alas, wilt thou again drag thy body thyself?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go into the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved men far too well?

"Now I love God: men, I do not love. Man is a thing too imperfect for me. Love to man would be fatal to me."

Zarathustra answered: "What spake I of love! I am bringing gifts unto men."

"Give them nothing," said the saint. "Take rather part of their load, and carry it along with them — that will be most agreeable unto them: if only it be agreeable unto thee!

"If, however, thou wilt give unto them, give them no more than an alms, and let them also beg for it!"

"No," replied Zarathustra, "I give no alms. I am not poor enough for that."

The saint laughed at Zarathustra, and spake thus: "Then see to it that they accept thy treasures! They are distrustful of anchorites, and do not believe that we come with gifts.

"The fall of our footsteps ringeth too hollow through their streets. And just as at night, when they are in bed and hear a man abroad long before sunrise, so they ask themselves concerning us: Where goeth the thief?

"Go not to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather to the animals! Why not be like me — a bear amongst bears, a bird amongst birds?"

"And what doeth the saint in the forest?" asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: "I make hymns and sing them; and in making hymns I laugh and weep and mumble: thus do I praise God.

"With singing, weeping, laughing, and mumbling do I praise the God who is my God. But what dost thou bring us as a gift?"

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: "What should I have to give thee! Let me rather hurry hence lest I take aught away from thee!"—And thus they parted from one another, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing like schoolboys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: "Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest hath not yet heard of it, that *God is dead!*"

3

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which adjoineth the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place; for it had been announced that a rope-dancer would give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I bid you become phantoms or plants?

Lo, I teach you the Superman!

The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The Superman *shall be* the meaning of the earth!

I conjure you, my brethren, *remain true to the earth,* and believe not those who speak unto you of superearthly hopes! Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life are they, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary: so away with them!

Once blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy; but God died, and therewith also those blasphemers. To blaspheme the earth is now the dreadfulest sin, and to rate the heart of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked contemptuously on the body, and then that contempt was the supreme thing:—the soul wished the body meagre, ghastly, and famished. Thus it thought to escape from the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself meagre, ghastly, and famished; and cruelty was the delight of that soul!

But ye, also, my brethren, tell me: What doth your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency?

Verily, a polluted stream is man. One must be a sea, to receive a polluted stream without becoming impure.

Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that sea; in him can your great contempt be submerged.

What is the greatest thing ye can experience? It is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becometh loathsome unto you, and so also your reason and virtue.

The hour when ye say: "What good is my happiness! It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency. But my happiness should justify existence itself!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my reason! Doth it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my virtue! As yet it hath not made me passionate. How weary I am of my good and my bad! It is all poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my justice! I do not see that I am fervor and fuel. The just, however, are fervor and fuel!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my pity! Is not pity the cross on which he is nailed who loveth man? But my pity is not a crucifixion."

Have ye ever spoken thus? Have ye ever cried thus? Ah! would that I had heard you crying thus!

It is not your sin — it is your self-satisfaction that crieth unto heaven; your very sparingness in sin crieth unto heaven!

Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which ye should be inoculated?

Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy! —

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out: "We have now heard enough of the rope-dancer; it is time now for us to see him!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the rope-dancer, who thought the words applied to him, began his performance.

4

Zarathustra, however, looked at the people and wondered. Then he spake thus:

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman — a rope over an abyss.

A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what is lovable in man is that he is an *over-going* and a *down-going*.

I love those that know not how to live except as down-goers, for they are the over-goers.

I love the great despisers, because they are the great adorers, and arrows of longing for the other shore.

I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going down and being sacrifices, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the Superman may hereafter arrive.

I love him who liveth in order to know, and seeketh to know in order that the Superman may hereafter live. Thus seeketh he his own down-going.

I love him who laboreth and inventeth, that he may build the house for the Superman, and prepare for him earth, animal, and plant: for thus seeketh he his own down-going.

I love him who loveth his virtue: for virtue is the will to down-going, and an arrow of longing.

I love him who reserveth no share of spirit for himself, but wanteth to be wholly the spirit of his virtue: thus walketh he as spirit over the bridge.

I love him who maketh his virtue his inclination and destiny: thus, for the sake of his virtue, he is willing to live on, or live no more.

I love him who desireth not too many virtues. One virtue is more of a virtue than two, because it is more of a knot for one's destiny to cling to.

I love him whose soul is lavish, who wanteth no thanks and doth not give back: for he always bestoweth, and desireth not to keep for himself.

I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favor, and who then asketh: "Am I a dishonest player?" —for he is willing to succumb.

I love him who scattereth golden words in advance of his deeds, and always doeth more than he promiseth: for he seeketh his own down-going.

I love him who justifieth the future ones, and redeemeth the past ones: for he is willing to succumb through the present ones.

I love him who chasteneth his God, because he loveth his God: for he must succumb through the wrath of his God.

I love him whose soul is deep even in the wounding, and may succumb through a small matter: thus goeth he willingly over the bridge.

I love him whose soul is so overfull that he forgetteth himself, and all things are in him: thus all things become his down-going.

I love him who is of a free spirit and a free heart: thus is his head only the bowels of his heart; his heart, however, causeth his down-going.

I love all who are like heavy drops falling one by one out of the dark cloud that lowereth over man: they herald the coming of the lightning, and succumb as heralds.

Lo, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud: the lightning, however, is the *Superman.*—

5

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he again looked at the people, and was silent. "There they stand," said he to his heart; "there they laugh: they understand me not; I am not the mouth for these ears.

"Must one first batter their ears, that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Must one clatter like kettledrums and penitential preachers? Or do they only believe the stammerer?

"They have something whereof they are proud. What do they call it, that which maketh them proud? Culture, they call it; it distinguisheth them from the goatherds.

"They dislike, therefore, to hear of 'contempt' of themselves. So I will appeal to their pride.

"I will speak unto them of the most contemptible thing: that, however, is *the last man!*"

And thus spake Zarathustra unto the people:

It is time for man to fix his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope.

Still is his soil rich enough for it. But that soil will one day be poor and exhausted, and no lofty tree will any longer be able to grow thereon.

Alas! there cometh the time when man will no longer launch the arrow of his longing beyond man — and the string of his bow will have unlearned to whizz!

I tell you: one must still have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: ye have still chaos in you.

Alas! There cometh the time when man will no longer give birth to any star. Alas! There cometh the time of the most despicable man, who can no longer despise himself.

Lo! I show you *the last man.*

"What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?" — so asketh the last man and blinketh.

The earth hath then become small, and on it there hoppeth the last man who maketh everything small. His species is ineradicable like that of the ground-flea; the last man liveth longest.

"We have discovered happiness" — say the last men, and blink thereby.

They have left the regions where it is hard to live; for they need warmth. One still loveth one's neighbor and rubbeth against him; for one needeth warmth.

Turning ill and being distrustful, they consider sinful: they walk warily. He is a fool who still stumbleth over stones or men!

A little poison now and then: that maketh pleasant dreams. And much poison at last for a pleasant death.

One still worketh, for work is a pastime. But one is careful lest the pastime should hurt one.

One no longer becometh poor or rich; both are too burdensome. Who still wanteth to rule? Who still wanteth to obey? Both are too burdensome.

No shepherd, and one herd! Every one wanteth the same; every one is equal: he who hath other sentiments goeth voluntarily into the madhouse.

"Formerly all the world was insane,"—say the subtlest of them, and blink thereby.

They are clever and know all that hath happened: so there is no end to their raillery. People still fall out, but are soon reconciled—otherwise it spoileth their stomachs.

They have their little pleasures for the day, and their little pleasures for the night: but they have a regard for health.

"We have discovered happiness,"—say the last men, and blink thereby.—

And here ended the first discourse of Zarathustra, which is also called "The Prologue": for at this point the shouting and mirth of the multitude interrupted him. "Give us this last man, O Zarathustra,"—they called out—"make us into these last men! Then will we make thee a present of the Superman!" And all the people exulted and smacked their lips. Zarathustra, however, turned sad, and said to his heart:

"They understand me not: I am not the mouth for these ears.

"Too long, perhaps, have I lived in the mountains; too much have I hearkened unto the brooks and trees: now do I speak unto them as unto the goatherds.

"Calm is my soul, and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think me cold, and a mocker with terrible jests.

"And now do they look at me and laugh: and while they laugh they hate me too. There is ice in their laughter."

6

Then, however, something happened which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed. In the meantime, of course, the rope-dancer had commenced his performance: he had come out at a little door, and was going along the rope which was stretched between two towers, so that it hung above the market-place and the people. When he was just midway across, the little door opened once more, and a gaudily-dressed fellow like a buffoon sprang out, and went rapidly after the first one. "Go on, halt-foot," cried his frightful voice, "go on, lazy-bones, interloper, sallow-face!—lest I tickle thee with my heel! What dost thou here between the towers? In the tower is the place for thee, thou shouldst be locked up; to one better than thyself thou blockest the way!"—And with every word he came nearer and nearer the first one. When, however, he was but a step behind, there happened the frightful thing which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed:—he uttered a yell like a devil, and jumped over the other who was in his way. The latter, however, when he thus saw his rival triumph, lost at the same time his head and his footing on the rope; he threw his pole away, and shot downward faster than it, like an eddy of arms and legs, into the depth. The market-place and the people were like the sea when the storm cometh on: they all flew apart and in disorder, especially where the body was about to fall.

Zarathustra, however, remained standing, and just beside him fell the body, badly injured and disfigured, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the shattered man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What art thou doing there?" said he at last, "I knew

long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he draggeth me to hell: wilt thou prevent him?"

"On mine honor, my friend," answered Zarathustra, "there is nothing of all that whereof thou speakest: there is no devil and no hell. Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body: fear, therefore, nothing any more!"

The man looked up distrustfully. "If thou speakest the truth," said he, "I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which hath been taught to dance by blows and scanty fare."

"Not at all," said Zarathustra, "thou hast made danger thy calling; therein there is nothing contemptible. Now thou perishest by thy calling: therefore will I bury thee with mine own hands."

When Zarathustra had said this the dying one did not reply further; but he moved his hand as if he sought the hand of Zarathustra in gratitude.

7

Meanwhile the evening came on, and the market-place veiled itself in gloom. Then the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror become fatigued. Zarathustra, however, still sat beside the dead man on the ground, absorbed in thought: so he forgot the time. But at last it became night, and a cold wind blew upon the lonely one. Then arose Zarathustra and said to his heart:

"Verily, a fine catch of fish hath Zarathustra made today! It is not a man he hath caught, but a corpse.

"Sombre is human life, and as yet without meaning: a buffoon may be fateful to it.

"I want to teach men the sense of their existence, which is the Superman, the lightning out of the dark cloud — man.

"But still am I far from them, and my sense speaketh not unto their sense. To men I am still something between a fool and a corpse.

"Gloomy is the night, gloomy are the ways of Zarathustra. Come, thou cold and stiff companion! I carry thee to the place where I shall bury thee with mine own hands."

8

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he put the corpse upon his shoulders and set out on his way. Yet had he not gone a hundred steps, when there stole a man up to him and whispered in his ear — and lo! he that spake was the buffoon from the tower. "Leave this town, O Zarathustra," said he, "there are too many here who hate thee. The good and just hate thee, and call thee their enemy and despiser; the believers in the orthodox belief hate thee, and call thee a danger to the multitude. It was thy good fortune to be laughed at: and verily thou spakest like a buffoon. It was thy good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating thyself thou hast saved thy life today. Depart, however, from this town,— or tomorrow I shall jump over thee, a living man over a dead one." And when he had said this, the buffoon vanished; Zarathustra, however, went on through the dark streets.

At the gate of the town the grave-diggers met him: they shone their torch on his face, and, recognizing Zarathustra, they sorely derided him. "Zarathustra is carrying away the dead dog: a fine thing that Zarathustra hath turned a grave-digger! For our hands are too cleanly for that roast. Will Zarathustra steal the bite from the devil? Well then, good luck to the repast! If only the devil is not a better thief than Zarathustra! — he will steal them both, he will eat them both!" And they laughed among themselves, and put their heads together.

Zarathustra made no answer thereto, but went on his way. When he had gone on for two hours, past forests and swamps, he had heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, and he himself became a-hungry. So he halted at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

"Hunger attacketh me," said Zarathustra, "like a robber. Among forests and swamps my hunger attacketh me, and late in the night.

"Strange humors hath my hunger. Often it cometh to me only after a repast, and all day it hath failed to come: where hath it been?"

And thereupon Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared, who carried a light, and asked: "Who cometh unto me and my bad sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one," said Zarathustra. "Give me something to eat and drink, I forgot it during the day. He that feedeth the hungry refresheth his own soul, saith wisdom."

The old man withdrew, but came back immediately and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "A bad country for the hungry," said he; "that is why I live here. Animal and man come unto me, the anchorite. But bid thy companion eat and drink also, he is wearier than thou." Zarathustra answered: "My companion is dead; I shall hardly be able to persuade him to eat." "That doth not concern me," said the old man sullenly; "he that knocketh at my door must take what I offer him. Eat, and fare ye well!"—

Thereafter Zarathustra again went on for two hours, trusting to the path and the light of the stars: for he was an experienced night-walker, and liked to look into the face of all that slept. When the morning dawned, however, Zarathustra found himself in a thick forest, and no path was any longer visible. He then put the dead man in a hollow tree at his head—for he wanted to protect him from the wolves—and laid himself down on the ground and moss. And immediately he fell asleep, tired in body, but with a tranquil soul.

9

Long slept Zarathustra; and not only the rosy dawn passed over his head, but also the morning. At last, however, his eyes opened, and amazedly he gazed into the forest and the stillness, amazedly he gazed into himself. Then he arose quickly, like a seafarer who all at once seeth the land; and he shouted for joy: for he saw a new truth. And he spake thus to his heart:

A light hath dawned upon me: I need companions—living ones; not dead companions and corpses, which I carry with me where I will.

But I need living companions, who will follow me because they want to follow themselves — and to the place where I will.

A light hath dawned upon me. Not to the people is Zarathustra to speak, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not be the herd's herdsman and hound!

To allure many from the herd — for that purpose have I come. The people and the herd must be angry with me: a robber shall Zarathustra be called by the herdsmen.

Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the good and just. Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the believers in the orthodox belief.

Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the law-breaker: — he, however, is the creator.

Behold the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the law-breaker: — he, however, is the creator.

Companions, the creator seeketh, not corpses — and not herds or believers either. Fellow-creators the creator seeketh — those who grave new values on new tables.

Companions, the creator seeketh, and fellow-reapers: for everything is ripe for the harvest with him. But he lacketh the hundred sickles: so he plucketh the ears of corn and is vexed.

Companions, the creator seeketh, and such as know how to whet their sickles. Destroyers, will they be called, and despisers of good and evil. But they are the reapers and rejoicers.

Fellow-creators, Zarathustra seeketh; fellow-reapers and fellow-rejoicers, Zarathustra seeketh: what hath he to do with herds and herdsmen and corpses!

And thou, my first companion, rest in peace! Well have I buried thee in thy hollow tree; well have I hid thee from the wolves.

But I part from thee; the time hath arrived. 'Twixt rosy dawn and rosy dawn there came unto me a new truth.

I am not to be a herdsman, I am not to be a grave-digger.

Not any more will I discourse unto the people; for the last time have I spoken unto the dead.

With the creators, the reapers, and the rejoicers will I associate: the rainbow will I show them, and all the stairs to the Superman.

To the lone-dwellers will I sing my song, and to the twain-dwellers; and unto him who hath still ears for the unheard, will I make the heart heavy with my happiness.

I make for my goal, I follow my course; over the loitering and tardy will I leap. Thus let my on-going be their down-going!

10

This had Zarathustra said to his heart when the sun stood at noon-tide. Then he looked inquiringly aloft — for he heard above him the sharp call of a bird. And behold! An eagle swept through the air in wide circles, and on it hung a serpent, not like a prey, but like a friend: for it kept itself coiled round the eagle's neck.

"They are mine animals," said Zarathustra, and rejoiced in his heart.

"The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun — they have come out to reconnoitre.

"They want to know whether Zarathustra still liveth. Verily, do I still live?

"More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals; in dangerous paths goeth Zarathustra. Let mine animals lead me!"

When Zarathustra had said this, he remembered the words of the saint in the forest. Then he sighed and spake thus to his heart:

"Would that I were wiser! Would that I were wise from the very heart, like my serpent!

"But I am asking the impossible. Therefore do I ask my pride to go always with my wisdom!

"And if my wisdom should some day forsake me: — alas! it loveth to fly away! — may my pride then fly with my folly!"

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

FIRST PART

I—The Three Metamorphoses

Three metamorphoses of the spirit do I designate to you: how the spirit becometh a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child.

Many heavy things are there for the spirit, the strong load-bearing spirit in which reverence dwelleth: for the heavy and the heaviest longeth its strength.

What is heavy? so asketh the load-bearing spirit; then kneeleth it down like the camel, and wanteth to be well laden.

What is the heaviest thing, ye heroes? asketh the load-bearing spirit, that I may take it upon me and rejoice in my strength.

Is it not this: To humiliate oneself in order to mortify one's pride? To exhibit one's folly in order to mock at one's wisdom?

Or is it this: To desert our cause when it celebrateth its triumph? To ascend high mountains to tempt the tempter?

Or is it this: To feed on the acorns and grass of knowledge, and for the sake of truth to suffer hunger of soul?

Or is it this: To be sick and dismiss comforters, and make friends of the deaf, who never hear thy requests?

Or is it this: To go into foul water when it is the water of truth, and not disclaim cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it this: To love those who despise us, and give one's hand to the phantom when it is going to frighten us?

All these heaviest things the load-bearing spirit taketh upon itself: and like the camel, which, when laden, hasteneth into the wilderness, so hasteneth the spirit into its wilderness.

But in the loneliest wilderness happeneth the second metamorphosis: here the spirit becometh a lion; freedom will it capture, and lordship in its own wilderness.

Its last Lord it here seeketh: hostile will it be to him, and to its last God; for victory will it struggle with the great dragon.

What is the great dragon which the spirit is no longer inclined to call Lord and God? "Thou-shalt," is the great dragon called. But the spirit of the lion saith, "I will."

"Thou-shalt," lieth in its path, sparkling with gold — a scale-covered beast; and on every scale glittereth golden, "Thou-shalt."

The values of a thousand years glitter on those scales, and thus speaketh the mightiest of all dragons: "All the values of things — glitter on me.

"All values have already been created, and all created values — do I represent. Verily, there shall be no 'I will' any more." Thus speaketh the dragon.

My brethren, wherefore is there need of the lion in the spirit? Why sufficeth not the beast of burden, which renounceth and is reverent?

To create new values — that, even the lion cannot yet accomplish: but to create itself freedom for new creating — that can the might of the lion do.

To create itself freedom, and give a holy Nay even unto duty: for that, my brethren, there is need of the lion.

To assume the right to new values — that is the most formidable assumption for a load-bearing and reverent spirit. Verily, unto such a spirit it is preying, and the work of a beast of prey.

As its holiest, it once loved "Thou-shalt": now is it forced to find illusion and arbitrariness even in the holiest things, that it may capture freedom from its love: the lion is needed for this capture.

But tell me, my brethren, what the child can do, which even the lion could not do? Why hath the preying lion still to become a child?

Innocence is the child, and forgetfulness, a new beginning, a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first movement, a holy Yea.

Aye, for the game of creating, my brethren, there is needed a holy Yea unto life: *its own* will, willeth now the spirit; *his own* world winneth the world's outcast.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit have I designated to you: how the spirit became a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child.—

Thus spake Zarathustra. And at that time he abode in the town which is called The Pied Cow.

II — The Academic Chairs of Virtue

People commended unto Zarathustra a wise man, as one who could discourse well about sleep and virtue: greatly was he honored and rewarded for it, and all the youths sat before his chair. To him went Zarathustra, and sat among the youths before his chair. And thus spake the wise man:

Respect and modesty in presence of sleep! That is the first thing! And to go out of the way of all who sleep badly and keep awake at night!

Modest is even the thief in presence of sleep: he always stealeth softly through the night. Immodest, however, is the night-watchman; immodestly he carrieth his horn.

No small art is it to sleep: it is necessary for that purpose to keep awake all day.

Ten times a day must thou overcome thyself: that causeth wholesome weariness, and is poppy to the soul.

Ten times must thou reconcile again with thyself; for overcoming is bitterness, and badly sleep the unreconciled.

Ten truths must thou find during the day; otherwise wilt thou seek truth during the night, and thy soul will have been hungry.

Ten times must thou laugh during the day, and be cheerful; otherwise thy stomach, the father of affliction, will disturb thee in the night.

Few people know it, but one must have all the virtues in order to sleep well. Shall I bear false witness? Shall I commit adultery?

Shall I covet my neighbor's maidservant? All that would ill accord with good sleep.

And even if one have all the virtues, there is still one thing needful: to send the virtues themselves to sleep at the right time.

That they may not quarrel with one another, the good females! And about thee, thou unhappy one!

Peace with God and thy neighbor: so desireth good sleep. And peace also with thy neighbor's devil! Otherwise it will haunt thee in the night.

Honor to the government, and obedience, and also to the crooked government! So desireth good sleep. How can I help it, if power likes to walk on crooked legs?

He who leadeth his sheep to the greenest pasture, shall always be for me the best shepherd: so doth it accord with good sleep.

Many honors I want not, nor great treasures: they excite the spleen. But it is bad sleeping without a good name and a little treasure.

A small company is more welcome to me than a bad one: but they must come and go at the right time. So doth it accord with good sleep.

Well, also, do the poor in spirit please me: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always give in to them.

Thus passeth the day unto the virtuous. When night cometh, then take I good care not to summon sleep. It disliketh to be summoned — sleep, the lord of the virtues!

But I think of what I have done and thought during the day. Thus ruminating, patient as a cow, I ask myself: What were thy ten overcomings?

And what were the ten reconciliations, and the ten truths, and the ten laughters with which my heart enjoyed itself?

Thus pondering, and cradled by forty thoughts, it overtaketh me all at once — sleep, the unsummoned, the lord of the virtues.

Sleep tappeth on mine eye, and it turneth heavy. Sleep toucheth my mouth, and it remaineth open.

Verily, on soft soles doth it come to me, the dearest of thieves, and stealeth from me my thoughts: stupid do I then stand, like this academic chair.

But not much longer do I then stand: I already lie.—

When Zarathustra heard the wise man thus speak, he laughed in his heart: for thereby had a light dawned upon him. And thus spake he to his heart:

A fool seemeth this wise man with his forty thoughts: but I believe he knoweth well how to sleep.

Happy even is he who liveth near this wise man! Such sleep is contagious — even through a thick wall it is contagious.

A magic resideth even in his academic chair. And not in vain did the youths sit before the preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is to keep awake in order to sleep well. And verily, if life had no sense, and had I to choose nonsense, this would be the desirablest nonsense for me also.

Now know I well what people sought formerly above all else when they sought teachers of virtue. Good sleep they sought for themselves, and poppyhead virtues to promote it!

To all those belauded sages of the academic chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no higher significance of life.

Even at present, to be sure, there are some like this preacher of virtue, and not always so honorable: but their time is past. And not much longer do they stand: there they already lie.

Blessed are those drowsy ones: for they shall soon nod to sleep.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

III — Backworldsmen

Once on a time, Zarathustra also cast his fancy beyond man, like all backworldsmen. The work of a suffering and tortured God, did the world then seem to me.

The dream — and diction — of a God, did the world then seem to me; colored vapors before the eyes of a divinely dissatisfied one.

Good and evil, and joy and woe, and I and thou — colored vapors did they seem to me before creative eyes. The creator wished to look away from himself — thereupon he created the world.

Intoxicating joy is it for the sufferer to look away from his suffering and forget himself. Intoxicating joy and self-forgetting, did the world once seem to me.

This world, the eternally imperfect, an eternal contradiction's image and imperfect image — an intoxicating joy to its imperfect creator: — thus did the world once seem to me.

Thus, once on a time, did I also cast my fancy beyond man, like all backworldsmen. Beyond man, forsooth?

Ah, ye brethren, that God whom I created was human work and human madness, like all the Gods!

A man was he, and only a poor fragment of a man and ego. Out of mine own ashes and glow it came unto me, that phantom. And verily, it came not unto me from the beyond!

What happened, my brethren? I surpassed myself, the suffering one; I carried mine own ashes to the mountain; a brighter flame I contrived for myself. And lo! Thereupon the phantom *withdrew* from me!

To me the convalescent would it now be suffering and torment to believe in such phantoms: suffering would it now be to me, and humiliation. Thus speak I to backworldsmen.

Suffering was it, and impotence — that created all backworlds; and the short madness of happiness, which only the greatest sufferer experienceth.

Weariness, which seeketh to get to the ultimate with one leap, with a death-leap; a poor ignorant weariness, unwilling even to will any longer: that created all Gods and backworlds.

Believe me, my brethren! It was the body which despaired of the body — it groped with the fingers of the infatuated spirit at the ultimate walls.

Believe me, my brethren! It was the body which despaired of the earth — it heard the bowels of existence speaking unto it.

And then it sought to get through the ultimate walls with its head — and not with its head only — into "the other world."

But that "other world" is well concealed from man, that dehumanized, inhuman world, which is a celestial naught; and the bowels of existence do not speak unto man, except as man.

Verily, it is difficult to prove all being, and hard to make it speak. Tell me, ye brethren, is not the strangest of all things best proved?

Yea, this ego, with its contradiction and perplexity, speaketh most uprightly of its being — this creating, willing, evaluing ego, which is the measure and value of things.

And this most upright existence, the ego — it speaketh of the body, and still implieth the body, even when it museth and raveth and fluttereth with broken wings.

Always more uprightly learneth it to speak, the ego; and the more it learneth, the more doth it find titles and honors for the body and the earth.

A new pride taught me mine ego, and that teach I unto men: no longer to thrust one's head into the sand of celestial things, but to carry it freely, a terrestrial head, which giveth meaning to the earth!

A new will teach I unto men: to choose that path which man hath followed blindly, and to approve of it — and no longer to slink aside from it, like the sick and perishing!

The sick and perishing — it was they who despised the body and the earth, and invented the heavenly world, and

the redeeming blood-drops; but even those sweet and sad poisons they borrowed from the body and the earth!

From their misery they sought escape, and the stars were too remote for them. Then they sighed: "O that there were heavenly paths by which to steal into another existence and into happiness! Then they contrived for themselves their by-paths and bloody draughts!

Beyond the sphere of their body and this earth they now fancied themselves transported, these ungrateful ones. But to what did they owe the convulsion and rapture of their transport? To their body and this earth.

Gentle is Zarathustra to the sickly. Verily, he is not indignant at their modes of consolation and ingratitude. May they become convalescents and overcomers, and create higher bodies for themselves!

Neither is Zarathustra indignant at a convalescent who looketh tenderly on his delusions, and at midnight stealeth round the grave of his God; but sickness and a sick frame remain even in his tears.

Many sickly ones have there always been among those who muse, and languish for God; violently they hate the discerning ones, and the latest of virtues, which is uprightness.

Backward they always gaze toward dark ages: then, indeed, were delusion and faith something different. Raving of the reason was likeness to God, and doubt was sin.

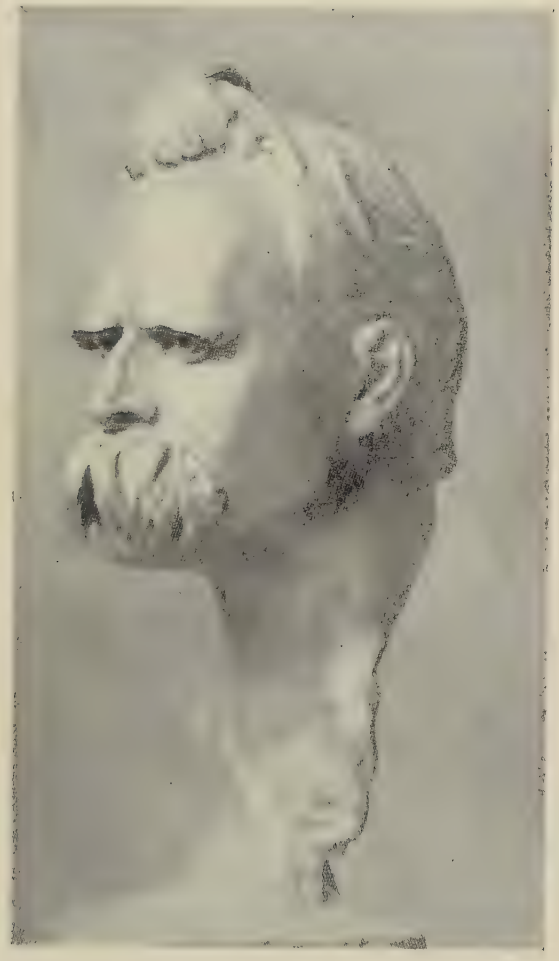
Too well do I know those godlike ones: they insist on being believed in, and that doubt is sin. Too well, also, do I know what they themselves most believe in.

Verily, not in backworlds and redeeming blood-drops: but in the body do they also believe most; and their own body is for them the thing-in-itself.

But it is a sickly thing to them, and gladly would they get out of their skin. Therefore hearken they to the preachers of death, and themselves preach backworlds.

Hearken rather, my brethren, to the voice of the healthy body; it is a more upright and pure voice.

More uprightly and purely speaketh the healthy body,



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perfect and square-built; and it speaketh of the meaning of the earth.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

IV — The Despisers of the Body

To the despisers of the body will I speak my word. I wish them neither to learn afresh, nor teach anew, but only to bid farewell to their own bodies,— and thus be dumb.

"Body am I, and soul"— so saith the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened one, the knowing one, saith: "Body am I entirely, and nothing more; and soul is only the name of something in the body."

The body is a big sagacity, a plurality with one sense, a war and a peace, a flock and a shepherd.

An instrument of thy body is also thy little sagacity, my brother, which thou callest "spirit"— a little instrument and plaything of thy big sagacity.

"Ego," sayest thou, and art proud of that word. But the greater thing — in which thou art unwilling to believe — is thy body with its big sagacity; it saith not "ego," but doeth it.

What the sense feeleth, what the spirit discerneth, hath never its end in itself. But sense and spirit would fain persuade thee that they are the end of all things: so vain are they.

Instruments and playthings are sense and spirit: behind them there is still the Self. The Self seeketh with the eyes of the senses, it hearkeneth also with the ears of the spirit.

Ever hearkeneth the Self, and seeketh; it compareth, mastereth, conquereth, and destroyeth. It ruleth, and is also the ego's ruler.

Behind thy thoughts and feelings, my brother, there is a mighty lord, an unknown sage — it is called Self; it dwelleth in thy body, it is thy body.

There is more sagacity in thy body than in thy best wisdom. And who then knoweth why thy body requireth just thy best wisdom?

Thy Self laugheth at thine ego, and its proud prancings. "What are these prancings and flights of thought unto me?" it saith to itself. "A by-way to my purpose. I am the leading-string of the ego, and the prompter of its notions."

The Self saith unto the ego: "Feel pain!" And thereupon it suffereth, and thinketh how it may put an end thereto — and for that very purpose it *is meant* to think.

The Self saith unto the ego: "Feel pleasure!" Thereupon it rejoiceth, and thinketh how it may ofttimes rejoice — and for that very purpose it *is meant* to think.

To the despisers of the body will I speak a word. That they despise is caused by their esteem. What is it that created esteeming and despising and worth and will?

The creating Self created for itself esteeming and despising, it created for itself joy and woe. The creating body created for itself spirit, as a hand to its will.

Even in your folly and despising ye each serve your Self, ye despisers of the body. I tell you, your very Self wanteth to die, and turneth away from life.

No longer can your Self do that which it desireth most: — create beyond itself. That is what it desireth most; that is all its fervor.

But it is now too late to do so: — so your Self wisheth to succumb, ye despisers of the body.

To succumb — so wisheth your Self; and therefore have ye become despisers of the body. For ye can no longer create beyond yourselves.

And therefore are ye now angry with life and with the earth. And unconscious envy is in the sidelong look of your contempt.

I go not your way, ye despisers of the body! Ye are no bridges for me to the Superman! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

V — Joys and Passions

My brother, when thou hast a virtue, and it is thine own virtue, thou hast it in common with no one.

To be sure, thou wouldst call it by name and caress it; thou wouldst pull its ears and amuse thyself with it.

And lo! Then hast thou its name in common with the people, and hast become one of the people and the herd with thy virtue!

Better for thee to say: "Ineffable is it, and nameless, that which is pain and sweetness to my soul, and also the hunger of my bowels."

Let thy virtue be too high for the familiarity of names, and if thou must speak of it, be not ashamed to stammer about it.

Thus speak and stammer: "That is *my* good, that do I love, thus doth it please me entirely, thus only do *I* desire the good.

"Not as the law of a God do I desire it, not as a human law or a human need do I desire it; it is not to be a guide-post for me to superearths and paradises.

"An earthly virtue is it which I love: little prudence is therein, and the least everyday wisdom.

"But that bird built its nest beside me: therefore, I love and cherish it — now sitteth it beside me on its golden eggs."

Thus shouldst thou stammer, and praise thy virtue.

Once hadst thou passions and calledst them evil. But now hast thou only thy virtues: they grew out of thy passions.

Thou implantedst thy highest aim into the heart of those passions: then became they thy virtues and joys.

And though thou wert of the race of the hot-tempered, or of the voluptuous, or of the fanatical, or the vindictive;

All thy passions in the end became virtues, and all thy devils angels.

Once hadst thou wild dogs in thy cellar: but they changed at last into birds and charming songstresses.

Out of thy poisons brewedst thou balsam for thyself; thy cow, affliction, milkedst thou — now drinketh thou the sweet milk of her udder.

And nothing evil groweth in thee any longer, unless it be the evil that groweth out of the conflict of thy virtues.

My brother, if thou be fortunate, then wilt thou have one virtue and no more: thus goest thou easier over the bridge.

Illustrious is it to have many virtues, but a hard lot; and many a one hath gone into the wilderness and killed himself, because he was weary of being the battle and battlefield of virtues.

My brother, are war and battle evil? Necessary, however, is the evil; necessary are the envy and the distrust and the backbiting among the virtues.

Lo! how each of thy virtues is covetous of the highest place; it wanteth thy whole spirit to be *its* herald, it wanteth thy whole power, in wrath, hatred, and love.

Jealous is every virtue of the others, and a dreadful thing is jealousy. Even virtues may succumb by jealousy.

He whom the flame of jealousy encompasseth, turneth at last, like the scorpion, the poisoned sting against himself.

Ah! my brother, hast thou never seen a virtue backbite and stab itself?

Man is something that hath to be surpassed: and therefore shalt thou love thy virtues, for thou wilt succumb by them.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

VI — The Pale Criminal

Ye do not mean to slay, ye judges and sacrificers, until the animal hath bowed its head? Lo! the pale criminal hath bowed his head: out of his eye speaketh the great contempt.

"Mine ego is something which is to be surpassed: mine ego is to me the great contempt of man:" so speaketh it out of that eye.

When he judged himself — that was his supreme mo-

ment; let not the exalted one relapse again into his low estate!

There is no salvation for him who thus suffereth from himself, unless it be speedy death.

Your slaying, ye judges, shall be pity, and not revenge; and in that ye slay, see to it that ye yourselves justify life!

It is not enough that ye should reconcile with him whom ye slay. Let your sorrow be love to the Superman: thus will ye justify your own survival!

"Enemy" shall ye say but not "villain," "invalid" shall ye say but not "wretch," "fool" shall ye say but not "sinner."

And thou, red judge, if thou would say audibly all thou hast done in thought, then would every one cry: "Away with the nastiness and the virulent reptile!"

But one thing is the thought, another thing is the deed, and another thing is the idea of the deed. The wheel of causality doth not roll between them.

An idea made this pale man pale. Adequate was he for his deed when he did it, but the idea of it he could not endure when it was done.

Evermore did he now see himself as the doer of one deed. Madness, I call this: the exception reversed itself to the rule in him.

The streak of chalk bewitcheth the hen; the stroke he struck bewitched his weak reason. Madness *after* the deed, I call this.

Hearken, ye judges! There is another madness besides, and it is *before* the deed. Ah! ye have not gone deep enough into this soul!

Thus speaketh the red judge: "Why did this criminal commit murder? He meant to rob." I tell you, however, that his soul wanted blood, not booty: he thirsted for the happiness of the knife!

But his weak reason understood not this madness, and it persuaded him. "What matter about blood!" it said; "wishest thou not, at least, to make booty thereby? Or take revenge?"

And he hearkened unto his weak reason: like lead lay its words upon him — thereupon he robbed when he murdered. He did not mean to be ashamed of his madness.

And now once more lieth the lead of his guilt upon him, and once more is his weak reason so benumbed, so paralyzed, and so dull.

Could he only shake his head, then would his burden roll off; but who shaketh that head?

What is this man? A mass of diseases that reach out into the world through the spirit; there they want to get their prey.

What is this man? A coil of wild serpents that are seldom at peace among themselves — so they go forth apart and seek prey in the world.

Look at that poor body! What it suffered and craved, the poor soul interpreted to itself — it interpreted it as murderous desire, and eagerness for the happiness of the knife.

Him who now turneth sick, the evil overtaketh which is now the evil: he seeketh to cause pain with that which causeth him pain. But there have been other ages, and another evil and good.

Once was doubt evil, and the will to Self. Then the invalid became a heretic or sorcerer; as heretic or sorcerer he suffered, and sought to cause suffering.

But this will not enter your ears; it hurteth your good people, ye tell me. But what doth it matter to me about your good people!

Many things in your good people cause me disgust, and verily, not their evil. I would that they had a madness by which they succumbed, like this pale criminal!

Verily, I would that their madness were called truth, or fidelity, or justice: but they have their virtue in order to live long, and in wretched self-complacency.

I am a railing alongside the torrent; whoever is able to grasp me may grasp me! Your crutch, however, I am not.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

VII — Reading and Writing

Of all that is written, I love only what a person hath written with his blood. Write with blood, and thou wilt find that blood is spirit.

It is no easy task to understand unfamiliar blood; I hate the reading idlers.

He who knoweth the reader, doeth nothing more for the reader. Another century of readers — and spirit itself will stink.

Every one being allowed to learn to read, ruineth in the long run not only writing but also thinking.

Once spirit was God, then it became man, and now it even becometh populace.

He that writeth in blood and proverbs doth not want to be read, but learnt by heart.

In the mountains the shortest way is from peak to peak, but for that route thou must have long legs. Proverbs should be peaks, and those spoken to should be big and tall.

The atmosphere rare and pure, danger near and the spirit full of a joyful wickedness: thus are things well matched.

I want to have goblins about me, for I am courageous. The courage which scareth away ghosts, createth for itself goblins — it wanteth to laugh.

I no longer feel in common with you; the very cloud which I see beneath me, the blackness and heaviness at which I laugh — that is your thundercloud.

Ye look aloft when ye long for exaltation; and I look downward because I am exalted.

Who among you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?

He who climbeth on the highest mountains, laugheth at all tragic plays and tragic realities.

Courageous, unconcerned, scornful, coercive — so wisdom wisheth us; she is a woman, and ever loveth only a warrior.

Ye tell me, "Life is hard to bear." But for what pur-

pose should ye have your pride in the morning and your resignation in the evening?

Life is hard to bear: but do not affect to be so delicate! We are all of us fine sumpter asses and assesses.

What have we in common with the rose-bud, which trembleth because a drop of dew hath formed upon it?

It is true we love life; not because we are wont to live, but because we are wont to love.

There is always some madness in love. But there is always, also, some method in madness.

And to me also, who appreciate life, the butterflies, and soap-bubbles, and whatever is like them amongst us, seem most to enjoy happiness.

To see these light, foolish, pretty, lively little sprites flit about — that moveth Zarathustra to tears and songs.

I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance.

And when I saw my devil, I found him serious, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the spirit of gravity — through him all things fall.

Not by wrath, but by laughter, do we slay. Come, let us slay the spirit of gravity!

I learned to walk; since then have I let myself run. I learned to fly; since then I do not need pushing in order to move from a spot.

Now am I light, now do I fly; now do I see myself under myself. Now there danceth a God in me.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

VIII — The Tree on the Hill

Zarathustra's eye had perceived that a certain youth avoided him. And as he walked alone one evening over the hills surrounding the town called "The Pied Cow," behold, there found he the youth sitting leaning against a tree, and gazing with wearied look into the valley. Zarathustra thereupon laid hold of the tree beside which the youth sat, and spake thus:

"If I wished to shake this tree with my hands, I should not be able to do so.

"But the wind, which we see not, troubleth and bendeth it as it listeth. We are sorest bent and troubled by invisible hands."

Thereupon the youth arose disconcerted, and said: "I hear Zarathustra, and just now was I thinking of him!" Zarathustra answered:

"Why art thou frightened on that account?—But it is the same with man as with the tree.

"The more he seeketh to rise into the height and light, the more vigorously do his roots struggle earthward, downward, into the dark and deep—into the evil."

"Yea, into the evil!" cried the youth. "How is it possible that thou hast discovered my soul?"

Zarathustra smiled, and said: "Many a soul one will never discover, unless one first invent it."

"Yea, into the evil!" cried the youth once more.

"Thou saidst the truth, Zarathustra. I trust myself no longer since I sought to rise into the height, and nobody trusteth me any longer; how doth that happen?

"I change too quickly: my today refuteth my yesterday. I often overleap the steps when I clamber; for so doing, none of the steps pardon me.

"When aloft, I find myself always alone. No one speaketh unto me; the frost of solitude maketh me tremble. What do I seek on the height?

"My contempt and my longing increase together; the higher I clamber, the more do I despise him who clambereth. What doth he seek on the height?

"How ashamed I am of my clambering and stumbling! How I mock at my violent panting! How I hate him who flieth! How tired I am on the height!"

Here the youth was silent. And Zarathustra contemplated the tree beside which they stood, and spake thus:

"This tree standeth lonely here on the hills; it hath grown up high above man and beast.

"And if it wanted to speak, it would have none who could understand it: so high hath it grown.

"Now it waiteth and waiteth — for what doth it wait? It dwelleth too close to the seat of the clouds; it waiteth perhaps for the first lightning?"

When Zarathustra had said this, the youth called out with violent gestures: "Yea, Zarathustra, thou speakest the truth. My destruction I longed for, when I desired to be on the height, and thou art the lightning for which I waited! Lo! what have I been since thou hast appeared amongst us? It is mine envy of thee that hath destroyed me!" — Thus spake the youth, and wept bitterly. Zarathustra, however, put his arm about him, and led the youth away with him.

And when they had walked a while together, Zarathustra began to speak thus:

It rendeth my heart. Better than thy words express it, thine eyes tell me all thy danger.

As yet thou art not free; thou still *seekest* freedom. Too unslept hath thy seeking made thee, and too wakeful.

On the open height wouldst thou be; for the stars thirsteth thy soul. But thy bad impulses also thirst for freedom.

Thy wild dogs want liberty; they bark for joy in their cellar when thy spirit endeavoreth to open all prison doors.

Still art thou a prisoner — it seemeth to me — who deviseth liberty for himself: ah! sharp becometh the soul of such prisoners, but also deceitful and wicked.

To purify himself, is still necessary for the freedman of the spirit. Much of the prison and the mold still remaineth in him: pure hath his eye still to become.

Yea, I know thy danger. But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not thy love and hope away!

Noble thou feelest thyself still, and noble others also feel thee still, though they bear thee a grudge and cast evil looks. Know this, that to everybody a noble one standeth in the way.

Also to the good, a noble one standeth in the way: and even when they call him a good man, they want thereby to put him aside.

The new, would the noble man create, and a new virtue. The old, wanteth the good man, and that the old should be conserved.

But it is not the danger of the noble man to turn a good man, but lest he should become a blusterer, a scoffer, or a destroyer.

Ah! I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they disparaged all high hopes.

Then lived they shamelessly in temporary pleasures, and beyond the day had hardly an aim.

"Spirit is also voluptuousness,"—said they. Then broke the wings of their spirit; and now it creepeth about, and defileth where it gnaweth.

Once they thought of becoming heroes; but sensualists are they now. A trouble and a terror is the hero to them.

But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Maintain holy thy highest hope!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

IX—The Preachers of Death

There are preachers of death: and the earth is full of those to whom desistance from life must be preached.

Full is the earth of the superfluous; marred is life by the many-too-many. May they be decoyed out of this life by the "life eternal!"

"The yellow ones:" so are called the preachers of death, or "the black ones." But I will show them unto you in other colors besides.

There are the terrible ones who carry about in themselves the beast of prey, and have no choice except lusts or self-laceration. And even their lusts are self-laceration.

They have not yet become men, those terrible ones: may they preach desistance from life, and pass away themselves!

There are the spiritually consumptive ones: hardly are they born when they begin to die, and long for doctrines of lassitude and renunciation.

They would fain be dead, and we should approve of their wish! Let us beware of awakening those dead ones, and of damaging those living coffins!

They meet an invalid, or an old man, or a corpse — and immediately they say: "Life is refuted!"

But they only are refuted, and their eye, which seeth only one aspect of existence.

Shrouded in thick melancholy, and eager for the little casualties that bring death: thus do they wait, and clench their teeth.

Or else, they grasp at sweetmeats, and mock at their childishness thereby: they cling to their straw of life, and mock at their still clinging to it.

Their wisdom speaketh thus: "A fool, he who remaineth alive; but so far are we fools! And that is the foolishest thing in life!"

"Life is only suffering:" so say others, and lie not. Then see to it that *ye* cease! See to it that the life ceaseth which is only suffering!

And let this be the teaching of your virtue: "Thou shalt slay thyself! Thou shalt steal away from thyself!"—

"Lust is sin,"—so say some who preach death—"let us go apart and beget no children!"

"Giving birth is troublesome,"—say others—"why still give birth? One beareth only the unfortunate!" And they also are preachers of death.

"Pity is necessary,"—so saith a third party. "Take what I have! Take what I am! So much less doth life bind me!"

Were they consistently pitiful, then would they make their neighbors sick of life. To be wicked — that would be their true goodness.

But they want to be rid of life; what care they if they bind others still faster with their chains and gifts!—

And ye also, to whom life is rough labor and disquiet, are ye not very tired of life? Are ye not very ripe for the sermon of death?

All ye to whom rough labor is dear, and the rapid, new, and strange — ye put up with yourselves badly; your diligence is flight, and the will to self-forgetfulness.

If ye believed more in life, then would ye devote yourselves less to the momentary. But for waiting, ye have not enough of capacity in you — nor even for idling!

Everywhere resoundeth the voice of those who preach death; and the earth is full of those to whom death hath to be preached.

Or "life eternal;" it is all the same to me — if only they pass away quickly!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

X — War and Warriors

By our best enemies we do not want to be spared, nor by those either whom we love from the very heart. So let me tell you the truth!

My brethren in war! I love you from the very heart. I am, and was ever, your counterpart. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth!

I know the hatred and envy of your hearts. Ye are not great enough not to know of hatred and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them!

And if ye cannot be saints of knowledge, then, I pray you, be at least its warriors. They are the companions and forerunners of such saintship.

I see many soldiers; could I but see many warriors! "Uniform" one calleth what they wear; may it not be uniform what they therewith hide!

Ye shall be those whose eyes ever seek for an enemy — for *your* enemy. And with some of you there is hatred at first sight.

Your enemy shall ye seek; your war shall ye wage, and for the sake of your thoughts! And if your thoughts succumb, your uprightness shall still shout triumph thereby!

Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars — and the short peace more than the long.

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory!

One can only be silent and sit peacefully when one hath arrow and bow; otherwise one prateth and quarreleth. Let your peace be a victory!

Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth even war? I say unto you: it is the good war which halloweth every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery hath hitherto saved the victims.

"What is good?" ye ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: "To be good is what is pretty, and at the same time touching."

They call you heartless: but your heart is true, and I love the bashfulness of your goodwill. Ye are ashamed of your flow, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

Ye are ugly? Well then, my brethren, take the sublime about you, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul becometh great, then doth it become haughty, and in your sublimity there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the haughty man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand one another. I know you.

Ye shall only have enemies to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. Ye must be proud of your enemies; then, the successes of your enemies are also your successes.

Resistance — that is the distinction of the slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying.

To the good warrior soundeth "thou shalt" pleasanter than "I will." And all that is dear unto you, ye shall first have it commanded unto you.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, ye shall have it commanded unto you by me — and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matter about long life! What warrior wisheth to be spared!

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brethren in war!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XI — The New Idol

Somewhere there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren: here there are states.

A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears unto me, for now will I say unto you my word concerning the death of peoples.

A state, is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay snares for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

This sign I give unto you: every people speaketh its language of good and evil: this its neighbor understandeth not. Its language hath it devised for itself in laws and customs.

But the state lieth in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it saith it lieth; and whatever it hath it hath stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it biteth, the biting one. False are even its bowels.

Confusion of language of good and evil; this sign I give unto you as the sign of the state. Verily, the will to death, indicateth this sign! Verily, it beckoneth unto the preachers of death!

Many too many are born: for the superfluous ones was the state devised!

See just how it enticeth them to it, the many-too-many! How it swalloweth and cheweth and recheweth them!

"On earth there is nothing greater than I: it is I who am the regulating finger of God"—thus roareth the monster. And not only the long-eared and short-sighted fall upon their knees!

Ah! even in your ears, ye great souls, it whispereth its gloomy lies! Ah! it findeth out the rich hearts which willingly lavish themselves!

Yea, it findeth you out too, ye conquerors of the old God! Weary ye became of the conflict, and now your weariness serveth the new idol!

Heroes and honorable ones, it would fain set up around it, the new idol! Gladly it basketh in the sunshine of good consciences,—the cold monster!

Everything will it give *you*, if *ye* worship it, the new idol: thus it purchaseth the lustre of your virtue, and the glance of your proud eyes.

It seeketh to allure by means of you, the many-too-many! Yea, a hellish artifice hath here been devised, a death-horse jingling with the trappings of divine honors!

Yea, a dying for many hath here been devised, which glorifieth itself as life: verily, a hearty service unto all preachers of death!

The state, I call it, where all are poison-drinkers, the good and the bad: the state, where all lose themselves, the

good and the bad: the state, where the slow suicide of all — is called "life."

Just see these superfluous ones! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise. Culture, they call their theft — and everything becometh sickness and trouble unto them!

Just see these superfluous ones! Sick are they always; they vomit their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another, and cannot even digest themselves.

Just see these superfluous ones! Wealth they acquire and become poorer thereby. Power they seek for, and above all, the lever of power, much money — these impotent ones!

See them clamber, these nimble apes! They clamber over one another, and thus scuffle into the mud and the abyss.

Toward the throne they all strive: it is their madness — as if happiness sat on the throne! Ofttimes sitteth filth on the throne — and ofttimes also the throne on filth.

Madmen they all seem to me, and clambering apes, and too eager. Badly smelleth their idol to me, the cold monster: badly they all smell to me, these idolaters.

My brethren, will ye suffocate in the fumes of their maws and appetites! Better break the windows and jump into the open air!

Do go out of the way of the bad odor! Withdraw from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Do go out of the way of the bad odor! Withdraw from the steam of these human sacrifices!

Open still remaineth the earth for great souls. Empty are still many sites for lone ones and twain ones, around which floateth the odor of tranquil seas.

Open still remaineth a free life for great souls. Verily, he who possesseth little is so much the less possessed: blessed be moderate poverty!

There, where the state ceaseth — there only commenceth the man who is not superfluous: there commenceth the song of the necessary ones, the single and irreplaceable melody.

There, where the state *ceaseth* — pray look thither, my brethren! Do you not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the Superman?

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XII — The Flies in the Market-Place

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude! I see thee deafened with the noise of the great men, and stung all over with the stings of the little ones.

Admirably do forest and rock know how to be silent with thee. Resemble again the tree which thou lovest, the broad-branched one — silently and attentively it o'erhangeth the sea.

Where solitude endeth, there beginneth the market-place; and where the market-place beginneth, there beginneth also the noise of the great actors, and the buzzing of the poison-flies.

In the world even the best things are worthless without those who represent them: those representers, the people call great men.

Little do the people understand what is great — that is to say, the creating agency. But they have a taste for all representers and actors of great things.

Around the devisers of new values revolveth the world: — invisibly it revolveth. But around the actors revolve the people and the glory: such is the course of things.

Spirit, hath the actor, but little conscience of the spirit. He believeth always in that wherewith he maketh believe most strongly — in *himself!*

Tomorrow he hath a new belief, and the day after, one still newer. Sharp perceptions hath he, like the people, and changeable humors.

To upset — that meaneth with him to prove. To drive mad — that meaneth with him to convince. And blood is counted by him as the best of all arguments.

A truth which only glideth into fine ears, he calleth false-

hood and trumpery. Verily, he believeth only in Gods that make a great noise in the world!

Full of clattering buffoons is the market-place,— and the people glory in their great men! These are for them the masters of the hour.

But the hour presseth them; so they press thee. And also from thee they want Yea or Nay. Alas! thou wouldst set thy chair betwixt For and Against?

On account of those absolute and impatient ones, be not jealous, thou lover of truth! Never yet did truth cling to the arm of an absolute one.

On account of those abrupt ones, return into thy security: only in the market-place is one assailed by Yea? or Nay?

Slow is the experience of all deep fountains: long have they to wait until they know *what* hath fallen into their depths.

Away from the market-place and from fame taketh place all that is great: away from the market-place and from fame have ever dwelt the devisers of new values.

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude: I see thee stung all over by the poisonous flies. Flee thither, where a rough, strong breeze bloweth!

Flee into thy solitude! Thou hast lived too closely to the small and the pitiable. Flee from their invisible vengeance! Toward thee they have nothing but vengeance.

Raise no longer an arm against them! Innumerable are they, and it is not thy lot to be a fly-flap.

Innumerable are the small and pitiable ones; and of many a proud structure, rain-drops and weeds have been the ruin.

Thou art not stone; but already hast thou become hollow by the numerous drops. Thou wilt yet break and burst by the numerous drops.

Exhausted I see thee, by poisonous flies; bleeding I see thee, and torn at a hundred spots; and thy pride will not even upbraid.

Blood they would have from thee in all innocence; blood

their bloodless souls crave for — and they sting, therefore, in all innocence.

But thou, profound one, thou sufferest too profoundly even from small wounds; and ere thou hadst recovered, the same poison-worm crawled over thy hand.

Too proud art thou to kill these sweet-tooths. But take care lest it be thy fate to suffer all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around thee also with their praise: obtrusiveness, is their praise. They want to be close to thy skin and thy blood.

They flatter thee, as one flattereth a God or devil; they whimper before thee, as before a God or devil. What doth it come to! Flatterers are they, and whimperers, and nothing more.

Often, also, do they show themselves to thee as amiable ones. But that hath ever been the prudence of the cowardly. Yea! the cowardly are wise!

They think much about thee with their circumscribed souls — thou art always suspected by them! Whatever is much thought about is at last thought suspicious.

They punish thee for all thy virtues. They pardon thee in their inmost hearts only — for thine errors.

Because thou art gentle and of upright character, thou sayest: "Blameless are they for their small existence." But their circumscribed souls think: "Blamable is all great existence."

Even when thou art gentle toward them, they still feel themselves despised by thee; and they repay thy beneficence with secret maleficence.

Thy silent pride is always counter to their taste; they rejoice if once thou be humble enough to be frivolous.

What we recognize in a man, we also irritate in him. Therefore be on your guard against the small ones!

In thy presence they feel themselves small, and their baseness gleameth and gloweth against thee in invisible vengeance.

Sawest thou not how often they became dumb when thou

approachedst them, and how their energy left them like the smoke of an extinguishing fire?

Yea, my friend, the bad conscience art thou of thy neighbors; for they are unworthy of thee. Therefore they hate thee, and would fain suck thy blood.

Thy neighbors will always be poisonous flies; what is great in thee — that itself must make them more poisonous, and always more fly-like.

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude — and thither, where a rough strong breeze bloweth. It is not thy lot to be a fly-flap.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XIII — Chastity

I love the forest. It is bad to live in cities: there, there are too many of the lustful.

Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer, than into the dreams of a lustful woman?

And just look at these men: their eye saith it — they know nothing better on earth than to lie with a woman.

Filth is at the bottom of their souls; and alas! if their filth hath still spirit in it!

Would that ye were perfect — at least as animals! But to animals belongeth innocence.

Do I counsel you to slay your instincts? I counsel you to innocence in your instincts.

Do I counsel you to chastity? Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many almost a vice.

These are continent, to be sure: but doggish lust looketh enviously out of all that they do.

Even into the heights of their virtue and into their cold spirit doth this creature follow them, with its discord.

And how nicely can doggish lust beg for a piece of spirit, when a piece of flesh is denied it!

Ye love tragedies and all that breaketh the heart? But I am distrustful of your doggish lust.

Ye have too cruel eyes, and ye look wantonly toward the sufferers. Hath not your lust just disguised itself and taken the name of fellow-suffering?

And also this parable give I unto you: Not a few who meant to cast out their devil, went thereby into the swine themselves.

To whom chastity is difficult, it is to be dissuaded: lest it become the road to hell — to filth and lust of soul.

Do I speak of filthy things? That is not the worst thing for me to do.

Not when the truth is filthy, but when it is shallow, doth the discerning one go unwillingly into its waters.

Verily, there are chaste ones from their very nature; they are gentler of heart, and laugh better and oftener than you.

They laugh also at chastity, and ask: "What is chastity?

"Is chastity not folly? But the folly came unto us, and not we unto it.

"We offered that guest harbor and heart: now it dwelleth with us — let it stay as long as it will!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XIV — The Friend

"One, is always too many about me" — thinketh the anchorite. "Always once one — that maketh two in the long run!"

I and me are always too earnestly in conversation: how could it be endured, if there were not a friend?

The friend of the anchorite is always the third one: the third one is the cork which preventeth the conversation of the two sinking into the depth.

Ah! there are too many depths for all anchorites. Therefore, do they long so much for a friend, and for his elevation.

Our faith in others betrayeth wherein we would fain have faith in ourselves. Our longing for a friend is our betrayer.

And often with our love we want merely to overleap envy. And often we attack and make ourselves enemies, to conceal that we are vulnerable.

"Be at least mine enemy!"—thus speaketh the true reverence, which doth not venture to solicit friendship.

If one would have a friend, then must one also be willing to wage war for him: and in order to wage war, one must be *capable* of being an enemy.

One ought still to honor the enemy in one's friend. Canst thou go nigh unto thy friend, and not go over to him?

In one's friend one shall have one's best enemy. Thou shalt be closest unto him with thy heart when thou withstandest him.

Thou wouldst wear no raiment before thy friend? It is in honor of thy friend that thou showest thyself to him as thou art? But he wisheth thee to the devil on that account!

He who maketh no secret of himself shocketh: so much reason have ye to fear nakedness! Aye, if ye were Gods, ye could then be ashamed of clothing!

Thou canst not adorn thyself fine enough for thy friend; for thou shalt be unto him an arrow and a longing for the Superman.

Sawest thou ever thy friend asleep—to know how he looketh? What is usually the countenance of thy friend? It is thine own countenance, in a coarse and imperfect mirror.

Sawest thou ever thy friend asleep? Wert thou not dismayed at thy friend looking so? O my friend, man is something that hath to be surpassed.

In divining and keeping silence shall the friend be a master: not everything must thou wish to see. Thy dream shall disclose unto thee what thy friend doeth when awake.

Let thy pity be a divining: to know first if thy friend wanteth pity. Perhaps he loveth in thee the unmoved eye, and the look of eternity.

Let thy pity for thy friend be hid under a hard shell;

thou shalt bite out a tooth upon it. Thus will it have delicacy and sweetness.

Art thou pure air and solitude and bread and medicine to thy friend? Many a one cannot loosen his own fetters, but is nevertheless his friend's emancipator.

Art thou a slave? Then thou canst not be a friend. Art thou a tyrant? Then thou canst not have friends.

Far too long hath there been a slave and a tyrant concealed in woman. On that account woman is not yet capable of friendship: she knoweth only love.

In woman's love there is injustice and blindness to all she doth not love. And even in woman's conscious love, there is still always surprise and lightning and night, along with the light.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship: women are still cats and birds. Or at the best, cows.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship. But tell me, ye men, who of you are capable of friendship?

Oh! your poverty, ye men, and your sordidness of soul! As much as ye give to your friend, will I give even to my foe, and will not have become poorer thereby.

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XV — The Thousand and One Goals

Many lands saw Zarathustra, and many peoples: thus he discovered the good and bad of many peoples. No greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than good and bad.

No people could live without first valuing; if a people will maintain itself, however, it must not value as its neighbor valueth.

Much that passed for good with one people was regarded with scorn and contempt by another: thus I found it. Much found I here called bad, which was there decked with purple honors.

Never did the one neighbor understand the other: ever

did his soul marvel at his neighbor's delusion and wickedness.

A table of excellencies hangeth over every people. Lo! it is the table of their triumphs; lo! it is the voice of their Will to Power.

It is laudable, what they think hard; what is indispensable and hard they call good; and what relieveth in the direst distress, the unique and hardest of all — they extol as holy.

Whatever maketh them rule and conquer and shine, to the dismay and envy of their neighbors, they regard as the high and foremost thing, the test and the meaning of all else.

Verily, my brother, if thou knewest but a people's need, its land, its sky, and its neighbor, then wouldst thou divine the law of its surmountings, and why it climbeth up that ladder to its hope.

"Always shalt thou be the foremost and prominent above others: no one shall thy jealous soul love, except a friend" — that made the soul of a Greek thrill: thereby went he his way to greatness.

"To speak truth, and be skilful with bow and arrow" — so seemed it alike pleasing and hard to the people from whom cometh my name — the name which is alike pleasing and hard to me.

"To honor father and mother, and from the root of the soul to do their will" — this table of surmounting hung another people over them, and became powerful and permanent thereby.

"To have fidelity, and for the sake of fidelity to risk honor and blood, even in evil and dangerous courses" — teaching itself so, another people mastered itself, and thus mastering itself, became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

Verily, men have given unto themselves all their good and bad. Verily, they took it not, they found it not, it came not unto them as a voice from heaven.

Values did man only assign to things in order to maintain himself — he created only the significance of things, a human significance! Therefore, calleth he himself "man," that is, the valuator.

Valuing is creating: hear it, ye creating ones! Valuation itself is the treasure and jewel of the valued things.

Through valuation only is there value; and without valuation the nut of existence would be hollow. Hear it, ye creating ones!

Change of values — that is, change of the creating ones. Always doth he destroy who hath to be a creator.

Creating ones were first of all peoples, and only in late times individuals; verily, the individual himself is still the latest creation.

Peoples once hung over them tables of the good. Love which would rule and love which would obey, created for themselves such tables.

Older is the pleasure in the herd than the pleasure in the ego: and as long as the good conscience is for the herd, the bad conscience only saith: ego.

Verily, the crafty ego, the loveless one, that seeketh its advantage in the advantage of many — it is not the origin of the herd, but its ruin.

Loving ones, was it always, and creating ones, that created good and bad. Fire of love gloweth in the names of all the virtues, and fire of wrath.

Many lands saw Zarathustra, and many peoples: no greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than the creations of the loving ones — "good" and "bad" are they called.

Verily, a prodigy is this power of praising and blaming. Tell me, ye brethren, who will master it for me? Who will put a fetter upon the thousand necks of this animal?

A thousand goals have there been hitherto, for a thousand peoples have there been. Only the fetter for the thousand necks is still lacking; there is lacking the one goal. As yet humanity hath not a goal.

But pray tell me, my brethren, if the goal of humanity be still lacking, is there not also still lacking — humanity itself?

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XVI — Neighbor-Love

Ye crowd around your neighbor, and have fine words for it. But I say unto you: your neighbor-love is your bad love of yourselves.

Ye flee unto your neighbor from yourselves, and would fain make a virtue thereof: but I fathom your "unselfishness."

The *Thou* is older than the *I;* the *Thou* hath been consecrated, but not yet the *I:* so man presseth nigh unto his neighbor.

Do I advise you to neighbor-love? Rather do I advise you to neighbor-flight and to furthest love!

Higher than love to your neighbor is love to the furthest and future ones; higher still than love to men, is love to things and phantoms.

The phantom that runneth on before thee, my brother, is fairer than thou; why dost thou not give unto it thy flesh and thy bones? But thou fearest, and runnest unto thy neighbor.

Ye cannot endure it with yourselves, and do not love yourselves sufficiently: so ye seek to mislead your neighbor into love, and would fain gild yourselves with his error.

Would that ye could not endure it with any kind of near ones, or their neighbors; then would ye have to create your friend and his overflowing heart out of yourselves.

Ye call in a witness when ye want to speak well of yourselves; and when ye have misled him to think well of you, ye also think well of yourselves.

Not only doth he lie, who speaketh contrary to his knowledge, but more so, he who speaketh contrary to his ignor-

ance. And thus speak ye of yourselves in your intercourse, and belie your neighbor with yourselves.

Thus saith the fool: "Association with men spoileth the character, especially when one hath none."

The one goeth to his neighbor because he seeketh himself, and the other because he would fain lose himself. Your bad love to yourselves maketh solitude a prison to you.

The furthest ones are they who pay for your love to the near ones; and when there are but five of you together, a sixth must always die.

I love not your festivals either: too many actors found I there, and even the spectators often behaved like actors.

Not the neighbor do I teach you, but the friend. Let the friend be the festival of the earth to you, and a foretaste of the Superman.

I teach you the friend and his overflowing heart. But one must know how to be a sponge, if one would be loved by overflowing hearts.

I teach you the friend in whom the world standeth complete, a capsule of the good,— the creating friend, who hath always a complete world to bestow.

And as the world unrolled itself for him, so rolleth it together again for him in rings, as the growth of good through evil, as the growth of purpose out of chance.

Let the future and the furthest be the motive of thy today; in thy friend shalt thou love the Superman as thy motive.

My brethren, I advise you not to neighbor-love — I advise you to furthest love!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XVII — The Way of the Creating One

Wouldst thou go into isolation, my brother? Wouldst thou seek the way unto thyself? Tarry yet a little and hearken unto me.

"He who seeketh may easily get lost himself. All isolation is wrong:" so say the herd. And long didst thou belong to the herd.

The voice of the herd will still echo in thee. And when thou sayest, "I have no longer a conscience in common with you," then will it be a plaint and a pain.

Lo, that pain itself did the same conscience produce; and the last gleam of that conscience still gloweth on thine affliction.

But thou wouldst go the way of thine affliction, which is the way unto thyself? Then show me thine authority and thy strength to do so!

Art thou a new strength and a new authority? A first motion? A self-rolling wheel? Canst thou also compel stars to revolve around thee?

Alas! there is so much lusting for loftiness! There are so many convulsions of the ambitions! Show me that thou art not a lusting and ambitious one!

Alas! there are so many great thoughts that do nothing more than the bellows: they inflate, and make emptier than ever.

Free, dost thou call thyself? Thy ruling thought would I hear of, and not that thou hast escaped from a yoke.

Art thou one *entitled* to escape from a yoke? Many a one hath cast away his final worth when he hath cast away his servitude.

Free from what? What doth that matter to Zarathustra! Clearly, however, shall thine eye show unto me: free *for what?*

Canst thou give unto thyself thy bad and thy good, and set up thy will as a law over thee? Canst thou be judge for thyself, and avenger of thy law?

Terrible is aloneness with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Thus is a star projected into desert space, and into the icy breath of aloneness.

Today sufferest thou still from the multitude, thou individual; today hast thou still thy courage unabated, and thy hopes.

But one day will the solitude weary thee; one day will thy pride yield, and thy courage quail. Thou wilt one day cry: "I am alone!"

One day wilt thou see no longer thy loftiness, and see too closely thy lowliness; thy sublimity itself will frighten thee as a phantom. Thou wilt one day cry: "All is false!"

There are feelings which seek to slay the lonesome one; if they do not succeed, then must they themselves die! But art thou capable of it — to be a murderer?

Hast thou ever known, my brother, the word "disdain?" And the anguish of thy justice in being just to those that disdain thee?

Thou forcest many to think differently about thee; that, charge they heavily to thine account. Thou camest nigh unto them, and yet wentest past: for that they never forgive thee.

Thou goest beyond them: but the higher thou risest, the smaller doth the eye of envy see thee. Most of all, however, is the flying one hated.

"How could ye be just unto me!" — must thou say — "I choose your injustice as my allotted portion."

Injustice and filth cast they at the lonesome one: but, my brother, if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine for them none the less on that account!

And be on thy guard against the good and just! They would fain crucify those who devise their own virtue — they hate the lonesome ones.

Be on thy guard, also, against holy simplicity! All is unholy to it that is not simple; fain, likewise, would it play with the fire — of the fagot and stake.

And be on thy guard, also, against the assaults of thy love! Too readily doth the recluse reach his hand to any one who meeteth him.

To many a one mayest thou not give thy hand, but only thy paw; and I wish thy paw also to have claws.

But the worst enemy thou canst meet, wilt thou thyself always be; thou waylayest thyself in caverns and forests.

Permission F. Bruckmann, A.-G., Munich STAUFFER-BERN

CRUICIFIED

Thou lonesome one, thou goest the way to thyself! And past thyself and thy seven devils leadeth thy way!

A heretic wilt thou be to thyself, and a wizard and a sooth-sayer, and a fool, and a doubter, and a reprobate, and a villain.

Ready must thou be to burn thyself in thine own flame; how couldst thou become new if thou have not first become ashes!

Thou lonesome one, thou goest the way of the creating one: a God wilt thou create for thyself out of thy seven devils!

Thou lonesome one, thou goest the way of the loving one: thou lovest thyself, and on that account despisest thou thyself, as only the loving ones despise.

To create, desireth the loving one, because he despiseth! What knoweth he of love who hath not been obliged to despise just what he loved!

With thy love, go into thine isolation, my brother, and with thy creating; and late only will justice limp after thee.

With my tears, go into thine isolation, my brother. I love him who seeketh to create beyond himself, and thus succumbeth.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XVIII — Old and Young Women

"Why stealest thou along so furtively in the twilight, Zarathustra? And what hidest thou so carefully under thy mantle?

"Is it a treasure that hath been given thee? Or a child that hath been born thee? Or goest thou thyself on a thief's errand, thou friend of the evil?"—

Verily, my brother, said Zarathustra, it is a treasure that hath been given me: it is a little truth which I carry.

But it is naughty, like a young child; and if I hold not its mouth, it screameth too loudly.

As I went on my way alone today, at the hour when the

sun declineth, there met me an old woman, and she spake thus unto my soul:

"Much hath Zarathustra spoken also to us women, but never spake he unto us concerning woman."

And I answered her: "Concerning woman, one should only talk unto men."

"Talk also unto me of woman," said she; "I am old enough to forget it presently."

And I obliged the old woman and spake thus unto her:

Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one solution — it is called pregnancy.

Man is for woman, a means: the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?

Two different things wanteth the true man: danger and diversion. Therefore wanteth he woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

Too sweet fruits — these the warrior liketh not. Therefore liketh he woman; — bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Better than man doth woman understand children, but man is more childish than woman.

In the true man there is a child hidden: it wanteth to play. Up then, ye women, and discover the child in man!

A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come.

Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope say: "May I bear the Superman!"

In your love let there be valor! With your love shall ye assail him who inspireth you with fear!

In your love be your honor! Little doth woman understand otherwise about honor. But let this be your honor: always to love more than ye are loved, and never be the second.

Let man fear woman when she loveth: then maketh she every sacrifice, and everything else she regardeth as worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hateth: for man in his innermost soul is merely evil; woman, however, is mean.

Whom hateth woman most? — Thus spake the iron to the loadstone: "I hate thee most, because thou attractest, but are too weak to draw unto thee."

The happiness of man is, "I will." The happiness of woman is, "He will."

"Lo! now hath the world become perfect!" — thus thinketh every woman when she obeyeth with all her love.

Obey, must the woman, and find a depth for her surface. Surface, is woman's soul, a mobile, stormy film on shallow water.

Man's soul, however, is deep, its current gusheth in subterranean caverns: woman surmiseth its force, but comprehendeth it not.—

Then answered me the old woman: "Many fine things hath Zarathustra said, especially for those who are young enough for them.

"Strange! Zarathustra knoweth little about woman, and yet he is right about them! Doth this happen, because with women nothing is impossible?

"And now accept a little truth by way of thanks! I am old enough for it!

"Swaddle it up and hold its mouth: otherwise it will scream too loudly, the little truth."

"Give me, woman, thy little truth!" said I. And thus spake the old woman:

"Thou goest to women? Do not forget thy whip!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XIX — The Bite of the Adder

One day had Zarathustra fallen asleep under a fig-tree, owing to the heat, with his arms over his face. And there came an adder and bit him in the neck, so that Zarathustra screamed with pain. When he had taken his arm from his face he looked at the serpent; and then did it recognize the

eyes of Zarathustra, wriggled awkwardly, and tried to get away. "Not at all," said Zarathustra, "as yet hast thou not received my thanks! Thou hast awakened me in time; my journey is yet long." "Thy journey is short," said the adder, sadly; "my poison is fatal." Zarathustra smiled. "When did ever a dragon die of a serpent's poison?"—said he. "But take thy poison back! Thou art not rich enough to present it to me." Then fell the adder again on his neck, and licked his wound.

When Zarathustra once told this to his disciples they asked him: "And what, O Zarathustra, is the moral of thy story?" And Zarathustra answered them thus:

The destroyer of morality, the good and just call me: my story is immoral.

When, however, ye have an enemy, then return him not good for evil: for that would abash him. But prove that he hath done something good to you.

And rather be angry than abash any one! And when ye are cursed, it pleaseth me not that ye should then desire to bless. Rather curse a little also!

And should a great injustice befall you, then do quickly five small ones besides. Hideous to behold is he on whom injustice presseth alone.

Did ye ever know this? Shared injustice is half justice. And he who can bear it, shall take the injustice upon himself!

A small revenge is humaner than no revenge at all. And if the punishment be not also a right and an honor to the transgressor, I do not like your punishing.

Nobler is it to own oneself in the wrong than to establish one's right, especially if one be in the right. Only, one must be rich enough to do so.

I do not like your cold justice; out of the eye of your judges there always glanceth the executioner and his cold steel.

Tell me: where find we justice, which is love with seeing eyes?

Devise me, then, the love which not only beareth all punishment, but also all guilt!

Devise me, then, the justice which acquitteth every one, except the judge!

And would ye hear this likewise? To him who seeketh to be just from the heart, even the lie becometh philanthropy.

But how could I be just from the heart! How can I give every one his own! Let this be enough for me: I give unto every one mine own.

Finally, my brethren, guard against doing wrong to any anchorite. How could an anchorite forget! How could he requite!

Like a deep well is an anchorite. Easy is it to throw in a stone: if it should sink to the bottom, however, tell me, who will bring it out again?

Guard against injuring the anchorite! If ye have done so, however, well then, kill him also!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XX — Child and Marriage

I have a question for thee alone, my brother: like a sounding-lead, cast I this question into thy soul, that I may know its depth.

Thou art young, and desirest child and marriage. But I ask thee: Art thou a man *entitled* to desire a child?

Art thou the victorious one, the self-conqueror, the ruler of thy passions, the master of thy virtues? Thus do I ask thee.

Or doth the animal speak in thy wish, and necessity? Or isolation? Or discord in thee?

I would have thy victory and freedom long for a child. Living monuments shalt thou build to thy victory and emancipation.

Beyond thyself shalt thou build. But first of all must thou be built thyself, rectangular in body and soul.

Not only onward shalt thou propagate thyself, but upward! For that purpose may the garden of marriage help thee!

A higher body shalt thou create, a first movement, a spontaneously rolling wheel — a creating one shalt thou create.

Marriage: so call I the will of the twain to create the one that is more than those who created it. The reverence for one another, as those exercising such a will, call I marriage.

Let this be the significance and the truth of thy marriage. But that which the many-too-many call marriage, those superfluous ones — ah, what shall I call it?

Ah, the poverty of soul in the twain! Ah, the filth of soul in the twain! Ah, the pitiable self-complacency in the twain!

Marriage they call it all; and they say their marriages are made in heaven.

Well, I do not like it, that heaven of the superfluous! No, I do not like them, those animals tangled in the heavenly toils!

Far from me also be the God who limpeth thither to bless what he hath not matched!

Laugh not at such marriages! What child hath not had reason to weep over its parents?

Worthy did this man seem, and ripe for the meaning of the earth: but when I saw his wife, the earth seemed to me a home for madcaps.

Yea, I would that the earth shook with convulsions when a saint and a goose mate with one another.

This one went forth in quest of truth as a hero, and at last got for himself a small decked-up lie: his marriage he calleth it.

That one was reserved in intercourse and chose choicely. But one time he spoilt his company for all time: his marriage he calleth it.

Another sought a handmaid with the virtues of an angel.

But all at once he became the handmaid of a woman, and now would he need also to become an angel.

Careful, have I found all buyers, and all of them have astute eyes. But even the astutest of them buyeth his wife in a sack.

Many short follies — that is called love by you. And your marriage putteth an end to many short follies with one long stupidity.

Your love to woman, and woman's love to man — ah, would that it were sympathy for suffering and veiled deities! But generally two animals light on one another.

But even your best love is only an enraptured simile and a painful ardor. It is a torch to light you to loftier paths.

Beyond yourselves shall ye love some day! Then *learn* first of all to love. And on that account ye had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love: thus doth it cause longing for the Superman; thus doth it cause thirst in thee, the creating one!

Thirst in the creating one, arrow and longing for the Superman: tell me, my brother, is this thy will to marriage?

Holy call I such a will, and such a marriage.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XXI — Voluntary Death

Many die too late, and some die too early. Yet strange soundeth the precept: "Die at the right time!"

Die at the right time: so teacheth Zarathustra.

To be sure, he who never liveth at the right time, how could he ever die at the right time? Would that he might never be born! — Thus do I advise the superfluous ones.

But even the superfluous ones make much ado about their death, and even the hollowest nut wanteth to be cracked.

Every one regardeth dying as a great matter: but as yet death is not a festival. Not yet have people learned to inaugurate the finest festivals.

The consummating death I show unto you, which becometh a stimulus and promise to the living.

His death, dieth the consummating one triumphantly, surrounded by hoping and promising ones.

Thus should one learn to die; and there should be no festival at which such a dying one doth not consecrate the oaths of the living!

Thus to die is best; the next best, however, is to die in battle, and sacrifice a great soul.

But to the fighter equally hateful as to the victor, is your grinning death which stealeth nigh like a thief — and yet cometh as master.

My death, praise I unto you, the voluntary death, which cometh unto me because *I* want it.

And when shall I want it? — He that hath a goal and an heir, wanteth death at the right time for the goal and the heir.

And out of reverence for the goal and the heir, he will hang up no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

Verily, not the rope-makers will I resemble: they lengthen out their cord, and thereby go ever backward.

Many a one, also, waxeth too old for his truths and triumphs; a toothless mouth hath no longer the right to every truth.

And whoever wanteth to have fame, must take leave of honor betimes, and practice the difficult art of — going at the right time.

One must discontinue being feasted upon when one tasteth best: that is known by those who want to be long loved.

Sour apples are there, no doubt, whose lot is to wait until the last day of autumn: and at the same time they become ripe, yellow, and shriveled.

In some ageth the heart first, and in others the spirit. And some are hoary in youth, but the late young keep long young.

To many men life is a failure; a poison-worm gnaweth

at their heart. Then let them see to it that their dying is all the more a success.

Many never become sweet; they rot even in the summer. It is cowardice that holdeth them fast to their branches.

Far too many live, and far too long hang they on their branches. Would that a storm came and shook all this rottenness and worm-eatenness from the tree!

Would that there came preachers of *speedy* death! Those would be the appropriate storms and agitators of the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with all that is "earthly."

Ah! ye preach patience with what is earthly? This earthly is it that hath too much patience with you, ye blasphemers!

Verily, too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death honor: and to many hath it proved a calamity that he died too early.

As yet had he known only tears, and the melancholy of the Hebrews, together with the hatred of the good and just — the Hebrew Jesus: then was he seized with the longing for death.

Had he but remained in the wilderness, and far from the good and just! Then, perhaps, would he have learned to live, and love the earth — and laughter also!

Believe it, my brethren! He died too early; he himself would have disavowed his doctrine had he attained to my age! Noble enough was he to disavow!

But he was still immature. Immaturely loveth the youth, and immaturely also hateth he man and earth. Confined and awkward are still his soul and the wings of his spirit.

But in man there is more of the child than in the youth, and less of melancholy: better understandeth he about life and death.

Free for death, and free in death; a holy Nay-sayer, when there is no longer time for Yea: thus understandeth he about death and life.

That your dying may not be a reproach to man and the

earth, my friends: that do I solicit from the honey of your soul.

In your dying shall your spirit and your virtue still shine like an evening after-glow around the earth: otherwise your dying hath been unsatisfactory.

Thus will I die myself, that ye friends may love the earth more for my sake; and earth will I again become, to have rest in her that bore me.

Verily, a goal had Zarathustra; he threw his ball. Now be ye friends the heirs of my goal; to you throw I the golden ball.

Best of all, do I see you, my friends, throw the golden ball! And so tarry I still a little while on the earth—pardon me for it!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

XXII—The Bestowing Virtue

1

When Zarathustra had taken leave of the town to which his heart was attached, the name of which is "The Pied Cow," there followed him many people who called themselves his disciples, and kept him company. Thus came they to a cross-road. Then Zarathustra told them that he now wanted to go alone; for he was fond of going alone. His disciples, however, presented him at his departure with a staff, on the golden handle of which a serpent twined round the sun. Zarathustra rejoiced on account of the staff, and supported himself thereon; then spake he thus to his disciples:

Tell me, pray: how came gold to the highest value? Because it is uncommon, and unprofiting, and beaming, and soft in lustre; it always bestoweth itself.

Only as image of the highest virtue came gold to the highest value. Goldlike, beneath the glance of the bestower. Gold-lustre maketh peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue, and unprofiting, beam-

ing is it, and soft of lustre: a bestowing virtue is the highest virtue.

Verily, I divine you well, my disciples: ye strive like me for the bestowing virtue. What should ye have in common with cats and wolves?

It is your thirst to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves: and therefore have ye the thirst to accumulate all riches in your soul.

Insatiably striveth your soul for treasures and jewels, because your virtue is insatiable in desiring to bestow.

Ye constrain all things to flow toward you and into you, so that they shall flow back again out of your fountain as the gifts of your love.

Verily, an appropriator of all values must such bestowing love become; but healthy and holy, call I this selfishness.—

Another selfishness is there, an all-too-poor and hungry kind, which would always steal—the selfishness of the sick, the sickly selfishness.

With the eye of the thief it looketh upon all that is lustrous; with the craving of hunger it measureth him who hath abundance; and ever doth it prowl round the tables of bestowers.

Sickness speaketh in such craving, and invisible degeneration; of a sickly body, speaketh the larcenous craving of this selfishness.

Tell me, my brother, what do we think bad, and worst of all? Is it not *degeneration?*—And we always suspect degeneration when the bestowing soul is lacking.

Upward goeth our course from genera on to supergenera. But a horror to us is the degenerating sense, which saith: "All for myself."

Upward soareth our sense: thus is it a simile of our body, a simile of an elevation. Such similes of elevations are the names of the virtues.

Thus goeth the body through history, a becomer and fighter. And the spirit—what is it to the body? Its fights' and victories' herald, its companion and echo.

Similes, are all names of good and evil; they do not speak out, they only hint. A fool who seeketh knowledge from them!

Give heed, my brethren, to every hour when your spirit would speak in similes: there is the origin of your virtue.

Elevated is then your body, and raised up; with its delight, enraptureth it the spirit; so that it becometh creator, and valuer, and lover, and everything's benefactor.

When your heart overfloweth broad and full like the river, a blessing and a danger to the lowlanders: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye are exalted above praise and blame, and your will would command all things, as a loving one's will: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye despise pleasant things, and the effeminate couch, and cannot couch far enough from the effeminate: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye are willers of one will, and when that change of every need is needful to you: there is the origin of your virtue.

Verily, a new good and evil is it! Verily, a new deep murmuring, and the voice of a new fountain!

Power is it, this new virtue; a ruling thought is it, and around it a subtle soul: a golden sun, with the serpent of knowledge around it.

2

Here paused Zarathustra awhile, and looked lovingly on his disciples. Then he continued to speak thus — and his voice had changed:

Remain true to the earth, my brethren, with the power of your virtue! Let your bestowing love and your knowledge be devoted to be the meaning of the earth! Thus do I pray and conjure you.

Let it not fly away from the earthly and beat against eternal walls with its wings! Ah, there hath always been so much flown-away virtue!

Lead, like me, the flown-away virtue back to the earth — yea, back to body and life: that it may give to the earth its meaning, a human meaning!

A hundred times hitherto hath spirit as well as virtue flown away and blundered. Alas! in our body dwelleth still all this delusion and blundering: body and will hath it there become.

A hundred times hitherto hath spirit as well as virtue attempted and erred. Yea, an attempt hath man been. Alas, much ignorance and error hath become embodied in us!

Not only the rationality of millenniums — also their madness, breaketh out in us. Dangerous is it to be an heir.

Still fight we step by step with the giant Chance, and over all mankind hath hitherto ruled nonsense, the lack-of-sense.

Let your spirit and your virtue be devoted to the sense of the earth, my brethren: let the value of everything be determined anew by you! Therefore shall ye be fighters! Therefore shall ye be creators!

Intelligently doth the body purify itself; attempting with intelligence it exalteth itself; to the discerners all impulses sanctify themselves; to the exalted the soul becometh joyful.

Physician, heal thyself: then wilt thou also heal thy patient. Let it be his best cure to see with his eyes him who maketh himself whole.

A thousand paths are there which have never yet been trodden; a thousand salubrities and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered is still man and man's world.

Awake and hearken, ye lonesome ones! From the future come winds with stealthy pinions, and to fine ears good tidings are proclaimed.

Ye lonesome ones of today, ye seceding ones, ye shall one day be a people: out of you who have chosen yourselves, shall a chosen people arise: — and out of it the Superman.

Verily, a place of healing shall the earth become! And already is a new odor diffused around it, a salvation-bringing odor — and a new hope!

3

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he paused, like one who had not said his last word; and long did he balance the staff doubtfully in his hand. At last he spake thus — and his voice had changed:

I now go alone, my disciples! Ye also now go away, and alone! So will I have it.

Verily, I advise you: depart from me, and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he hath deceived you.

The man of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies, but also to hate his friends.

One requiteth a teacher badly if one remain merely a scholar. And why will ye not pluck at my wreath?

Ye venerate me; but what if your veneration should some day collapse? Take heed lest a statue crush you!

Ye say, ye believe in Zarathustra? But of what account is Zarathustra! Ye are my believers: but of what account are all believers!

Ye had not yet sought yourselves: then did ye find me. So do all believers; therefore all belief is of so little account.

Now do I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when ye have all denied me, will I return unto you.

Verily, with other eyes, my brethren, shall I then seek my lost ones; with another love shall I then love you.

And once again shall ye have become friends unto me, and children of one hope: then will I be with you for the third time, to celebrate the great noontide with you.

And it is the great noontide, when man is in the middle of his course between animal and Superman, and celebrateth his advance to the evening as his highest hope: for it is the advance to a new morning.

At such time will the down-goer bless himself, that he should be an over-goer; and the sun of his knowledge will be at noontide.

"*Dead are all the Gods: now do we desire the Superman to live.*"—Let this be our final will at the great noontide!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF HISTORY

By Friedrich Nietzsche

translated by adrian collins, m.a.

PREFACE

"I hate everything that merely instructs me without increasing or directly quickening my activity." These words of Goethe, like a sincere *ceterum censeo*, may well stand at the head of my thoughts on the worth and the worthlessness of history. I will show in them why instruction that does not "quicken," knowledge that slackens the rein of activity, why in fact history, in Goethe's phrase, must be seriously "hated," as a costly and superfluous luxury of the understanding: for we are still in want of the necessaries of life, and the superfluous is an enemy to the necessary. We do need history, but quite differently from the jaded idlers in the garden of knowledge, however grandly they may look down on our rude and unpicturesque requirements. In other words, we need it for life and action, not as a convenient way to avoid life and action, or to excuse a selfish life and a cowardly or base action. We would serve history only so far as it serves life; but to value its study beyond a certain point mutilates and degrades life: and this is a fact that certain marked symptoms of our time make it as necessary as it may be painful to bring to the test of experience.

I have tried to describe a feeling that has often troubled me: I revenge myself on it by giving it publicity. This may lead some one to explain to me that he has also had the feeling, but that I do not feel it purely and elementally enough, and cannot express it with the ripe certainty of experience. A few may say so; but most people will tell me

that it is a perverted, unnatural, horrible, and altogether unlawful feeling to have, and that I show myself unworthy of the great historical movement which is especially strong among the German people for the last two generations.

I am at all costs going to venture on a description of my feelings; which will be decidedly in the interests of propriety, as I shall give plenty of opportunity for paying compliments to such a "movement." And I gain an advantage for myself that is more valuable to me than propriety — the attainment of a correct point of view, through my critics, with regard to our age.

These thoughts are "out of season," because I am trying to represent something of which the age is rightly proud — its historical culture — as a fault and a defect in our time, believing as I do that we are all suffering from a malignant historical fever and should at least recognize the fact. But even if it be a virtue, Goethe may be right in asserting that we cannot help developing our faults at the same time as our virtues; and an excess of virtue can obviously bring a nation to ruin, as well as an excess of vice. In any case I may be allowed my say. But I will first relieve my mind by the confession that the experiences which produced those disturbing feelings were mostly drawn from myself,— and from other sources only for the sake of comparison; and that I have only reached such "unseasonable" experience, so far as I am the nursling of older ages like the Greek, and less a child of this age. I must admit so much in virtue of my profession as a classical scholar: for I do not know what meaning classical scholarship may have for our time except in its being "unseasonable" — that is, contrary to our time, and yet with an influence on it for the benefit, it may be hoped, of a future time.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF HISTORY*

I

CONSIDER the herds that are feeding yonder: they know not the meaning of yesterday or today; they graze and ruminate, move or rest, from morning to night, from day to day, taken up with their little loves and hates, at the mercy of the moment, feeling neither melancholy nor satiety. Man cannot see them without regret, for even in the pride of his humanity he looks enviously on the beast's happiness. He wishes simply to live without satiety or pain, like the beast; yet it is all in vain, for he will not change places with it. He may ask the beast—"Why do you look at me and not speak to me of your happiness?" The beast wants to answer—"Because I always forget what I wished to say": but he forgets this answer too, and is silent; and the man is left to wonder.

He wonders also about himself, that he cannot learn to forget, but hangs on the past: however far or fast he run, that chain runs with him. It is matter for wonder: the moment, that is here and gone, that was nothing before and nothing after, returns like a spectre to trouble the quiet of a later moment. A leaf is continually dropping out of the volume of time and fluttering away—and suddenly it flutters back into the man's lap. Then he says, "I remember," and envies the beast, that forgets at once, and sees every moment really die, sink into night and mist, extinguished for ever. The beast lives *unhistorically;* for it "goes into" the present, like a number, without leaving

* Chapters I–IV. From *Thoughts Out of Season* (1873–76). Permission The Macmillan Co., New York.

any curious remainder. It cannot dissimulate, it conceals nothing; at every moment it seems what it actually is, and thus can be nothing that is not honest. But man is always resisting the great and continually increasing weight of the past; it presses him down, and bows his shoulders; he travels with a dark invisible burden that he can plausibly disown, and is only too glad to disown in converse with his fellows — in order to excite their envy. And so it hurts him, like the thought of a lost Paradise, to see a herd grazing, or, nearer still, a child, that has nothing yet of the past to disown, and plays in a happy blindness between the walls of the past and the future. And yet its play must be disturbed, and only too soon will it be summoned from its little kingdom of oblivion. Then it learns to understand the words "once upon a time," the "open sesame" that lets in battle, suffering and weariness on mankind, and reminds them what their existence really is, an imperfect tense that never becomes a présent. And when death brings at last the desired forgetfulness, it abolishes life and being together, and sets the seal on the knowledge that "being" is merely a continual "has been," a thing that lives by denying and destroying and contradicting itself.

If happiness and the chase for new happiness keep alive in any sense the will to live, no philosophy has perhaps more truth than the cynic's: for the beast's happiness, like that of the perfect cynic, is the visible proof of the truth of cynicism. The smallest pleasure, if it be only continuous and make one happy, is incomparably a greater happiness than the more intense pleasure that comes as an episode, a wild freak, a mad interval between ennui, desire, and privation. But in the smallest and greatest happiness there is always one thing that makes it happiness: the power of forgetting, or, in more learned phrase, the capacity of feeling "unhistorically" throughout its duration. One who cannot leave himself behind on the threshold of

the moment and forget the past, who cannot stand on a single point, like a goddess of victory, without fear or giddiness, will never know what happiness is; and, worse still, will never do anything to make others happy. The extreme case would be the man without any power to forget, who is condemned to see "becoming" everywhere. Such a man believes no more in himself or his own existence, he sees everything fly past in an eternal succession, and loses himself in the stream of becoming. At last, like the logical disciple of Heraclitus, he will hardly dare to raise his finger. Forgetfulness is a property of all action; just as not only light but darkness is bound up with the life of every organism. One who wished to feel everything historically, would be like a man forcing himself to refrain from sleep, or a beast who had to live by chewing a continual cud. Thus even a happy life is possible without remembrance, as the beast shows: but life in any true sense is absolutely impossible without forgetfulness. Or, to put my conclusion better, there is a degree of sleeplessness, of rumination, of "historical sense," that injures and finally destroys the living thing, be it a man or a people or a system of culture.

To fix this degree and the limits to the memory of the past, if it is not to become the gravedigger of the present, we must see clearly how great is the "plastic power" of a man or a community or a culture; I mean the power of specifically growing out of one's self, of making the past and the strange one body with the near and the present, of healing wounds, replacing what is lost, repairing broken molds. There are men who have this power so slightly that a single sharp experience, a single pain, often a little injustice, will lacerate their souls like the scratch of a poisoned knife. There are others, who are so little injured by the worst misfortunes, and even by their own spiteful actions, as to feel tolerably comfortable, with a fairly quiet conscience, in the midst of them — or at any rate shortly afterward. The deeper the roots of a man's inner nature, the

better will he take the past into himself; and the greatest and most powerful nature would be known by the absence of limits for the historical sense to overgrow and work harm. It would assimilate and digest the past, however foreign, and turn it to sap. Such a nature can forget what it cannot subdue; there is no break in the horizon, and nothing to remind it that there are still men, passions, theories, and aims on the other side. This is a universal law; a living thing can only be healthy, strong and productive within a certain horizon: if it be incapable of drawing one round itself, or too selfish to lose its own view in another's, it will come to an untimely end. Cheerfulness, a good conscience, belief in the future, the joyful deed, all depend, in the individual as well as the nation, on there being a line that divides the visible and clear from the vague and shadowy: we must know the right time to forget as well as the right time to remember; and instinctively see when it is necessary to feel historically, and when unhistorically. This is the point that the reader is asked to consider: that the unhistorical and the historical are equally necessary to the health of an individual, a community, and a system of culture.

Every one has noticed that a man's historical knowledge and range of feeling may be very limited, his horizon as narrow as that of an Alpine valley, his judgments incorrect, and his experience falsely supposed original, and yet in spite of all the incorrectness and falsity he may stand forth in unconquerable health and vigor, to the joy of all who see him; whereas another man with far more judgment and learning will fail in comparison, because the lines of his horizon are continually changing and shifting, and he cannot shake himself free from the delicate network of his truth and righteousness for a downright act of will or desire. We saw that the beast, absolutely "unhistorical," with the narrowest of horizons, has yet a certain happiness, and lives at least without hypocrisy or ennui; and so we may hold the capacity of feeling (to a certain extent) un-

historically, to be the more important and elemental, as providing the foundation of every sound and real growth, everything that is truly great and human. The unhistorical is like the surrounding atmosphere that can alone create life, and in whose annihilation life itself disappears. It is true that man can only become man by first suppressing this unhistorical element in his thoughts, comparisons, distinctions, and conclusions, letting a clear sudden light break through these misty clouds by his power of turning the past to the uses of the present. But an excess of history makes him flag again, while without the veil of the unhistorical he would never have the courage to begin. What deeds could man ever have done if he had not been enveloped in the dust-cloud of the unhistorical? Or, to leave metaphors and take a concrete example, imagine a man swayed and driven by a strong passion, whether for a woman or a theory. His world is quite altered. He is blind to everything behind him, new sounds are muffled and meaningless; though his perceptions were never so intimately felt in all their color, light, and music, and he seems to grasp them with his five senses together. All his judgments of value are changed for the worse; there is much he can no longer value, as he can scarcely feel it: he wonders that he has so long been the sport of strange words and opinions, that his recollections have run round in one unwearying circle and are yet too weak and weary to make a single step away from it. His whole case is most indefensible; it is narrow, ungrateful to the past, blind to danger, deaf to warnings, a small living eddy in a dead sea of night and forgetfulness. And yet this condition, unhistorical and antihistorical throughout, is the cradle not only of unjust action, but of every just and justifiable action in the world. No artist will paint his picture, no general win his victory, no nation gain its freedom, without having striven and yearned for it under those very "unhistorical" conditions. If the man of action, in Goethe's phrase, is without conscience, he is also without knowledge: he forgets most

things in order to do one, he is unjust to what is behind him, and only recognizes one law, the law of that which is to be. So he loves his work infinitely more than it deserves to be loved; and the best works are produced in such an ecstasy of love that they must always be unworthy of it, however great their worth otherwise.

Should any one be able to dissolve the unhistorical atmosphere in which every great event happens, and breathe afterward, he might be capable of rising to the "super-historical" standpoint of consciousness, that Niebuhr has described as the possible result of historical research. "History," he says, "is useful for one purpose, if studied in detail: that men may know, as the greatest and best spirits of our generation do not know, the accidental nature of the forms in which they see and insist on others seeing — insist, I say, because their consciousness of them is exceptionally intense. Any one who has not grasped this idea in its different applications will fall under the spell of a more powerful spirit who reads a deeper emotion into the given form." Such a standpoint might be called "super-historical," as one who took it could feel no impulse from history to any further life or work, for he would have recognized the blindness and injustice in the soul of the doer as a condition of every deed: he would be cured henceforth of taking history too seriously, and have learnt to answer the question how and why life should be lived — for all men and all circumstances, Greeks or Turks, the first century or the nineteenth. Whoever asks his friends whether they would live the last ten or twenty years over again, will easily see which of them is born for the "super-historical standpoint": they will all answer no, but will give different reasons for their answer. Some will say they have the consolation that the next twenty will be better: they are the men referred to satirically by David Hume:

> "And from the dregs of life hope to receive,
> What the first sprightly running could not give."

We will call them the "historical men." Their vision of the past turns them toward the future, encourages them to persevere with life, and kindles the hope that justice will yet come and happiness is behind the mountain they are climbing. They believe that the meaning of existence will become ever clearer in the course of its evolution, they only look backward at the process to understand the present and stimulate their longing for the future. They do not know how unhistorical their thoughts and actions are in spite of all their history, and how their preoccupation with it is for the sake of life rather than mere science.

But that question to which we have heard the first answer, is capable of another; also a "no," but on different grounds. It is the "no" of the "super-historical" man who sees no salvation in evolution, for whom the world is complete and fulfils its aim in every single moment. How could the next ten years teach what the past ten were not able to teach?

Whether the aim of the teaching be happiness or resignation, virtue or penance, these super-historical men are not agreed; but as against all merely historical ways of viewing the past, they are unanimous in the theory that the past and the present are one and the same, typically alike in all their diversity, and forming together a picture of eternally present imperishable types of unchangeable value and significance. Just as the hundreds of different languages correspond to the same constant and elemental needs of mankind, and one who understood the needs could learn nothing new from the languages; so the "super-historical" philosopher sees all the history of nations and individuals from within. He has a divine insight into the original meaning of the hieroglyphs, and comes even to be weary of the letters that are continually unrolled before him. How should the endless rush of events not bring satiety, surfeit, loathing? So the boldest of us is ready perhaps at last to say from his heart with Giacomo Leopardi: "Nothing lives that were worth thy pains,

and the earth deserves not a sigh. Our being is pain and weariness, and the world is mud — nothing else. Be calm."

But we will leave the super-historical men to their loathings and their wisdom: we wish rather today to be joyful in our unwisdom and have a pleasant life as active men who go forward, and respect the course of the world. The value we put on the historical may be merely a Western prejudice: let us at least go forward within this prejudice and not stand still. If we could only learn better to study history as a means to life! We would gladly grant the super-historical people their superior wisdom, so long as we are sure of having more life than they: for in that case our unwisdom would have a greater future before it than their wisdom. To make my opposition between life and wisdom clear, I will take the usual road of the short summary.

A historical phenomenon, completely understood and reduced to an item of knowledge, is, in relation to the man who knows it, dead: for he has found out its madness, its injustice, its blind passion, and especially the earthly and darkened horizon that was the source of its power for history. This power has now become, for him who has recognized it, powerless; not yet, perhaps, for him who is alive.

History regarded as pure knowledge and allowed to sway the intellect would mean for men the final balancing of the ledger of life. Historical study is only fruitful for the future if it follow a powerful life-giving influence, for example, a new system of culture; only, therefore, if it be guided and dominated by a higher force, and do not itself guide and dominate.

History, so far as it serves life, serves an unhistorical power, and thus will never become a pure science like mathematics. The question how far life needs such a service is one of the most serious questions affecting the well-being of a man, a people and a culture. For by excess of history life becomes maimed and degenerate, and is followed by the degeneration of history as well.

II

The fact that life does need the service of history must be as clearly grasped as that an excess of history hurts it; this will be proved later. History is necessary to the living man in three ways: in relation to his action and struggle, his conservatism and reverence, his suffering and his desire for deliverance. These three relations answer to the three kinds of history — so far as they can be distinguished — the *monumental,* the *antiquarian,* and the *critical.*

History is necessary above all to the man of action and power who fights a great fight and needs examples, teachers, and comforters; he cannot find them among his contemporaries. It was necessary in this sense to Schiller; for our time is so evil, Goethe says, that the poet meets no nature that will profit him, among living men. Polybius is thinking of the active man when he calls political history the true preparation for governing a State; it is the great teacher, that shows us how to bear steadfastly the reverses of fortune, by reminding us of what others have suffered. Whoever has learned to recognize this meaning in history must hate to see curious tourists and laborious beetle-hunters climbing up the great pyramids of antiquity. He does not wish to meet the idler who is rushing through the picture-galleries of the past for a new distraction or sensation, where he himself is looking for example and encouragement. To avoid being troubled by the weak and hopeless idlers, and those whose apparent activity is merely neurotic, he looks behind him and stays his course toward the goal in order to breathe. His goal is happiness, not perhaps his own, but often the nation's, or humanity's at large: he avoids quietism, and uses history as a weapon against it. For the most part he has no hope of reward except fame, which means the expectation of a niche in the temple of history, where he in his turn may be the consoler and counsellor of posterity. For his orders are that what has once been able to extend the conception "man" and give it a fairer content, must ever exist for the same office.

The great moments in the individual battle form a chain, a high road for humanity through the ages, and the highest points of those vanished moments are yet great and living for men; and this is the fundamental idea of the belief in humanity, that finds a voice in the demand for a "monumental" history.

But the fiercest battle is fought round the demand for greatness to be eternal. Every other living thing cries no. "Away with the monuments," is the watchword. Dull custom fills all the chambers of the world with its meanness, and rises in thick vapor round anything that is great, barring its way to immortality, blinding and stifling it. And the way passes through mortal brains! Through the brains of sick and short-lived beasts that ever rise to the surface to breathe, and painfully keep off annihilation for a little space. For they wish but one thing: to live at any cost. Who would ever dream of any "monumental history" among them, the hard torch-race that alone gives life to greatness? And yet there are always men awakening, who are strengthened and made happy by gazing on past greatness, as though man's life were a lordly thing, and the fairest fruit of this bitter tree were the knowledge that there was once a man who walked sternly and proudly through this world, another who had pity and loving-kindness, another who lived in contemplation — but all leaving one truth behind them, that his life is the fairest who thinks least about life. The common man snatches greedily at this little span, with tragic earnestness, but they, on their way to monumental history and immortality, knew how to greet it with Olympic laughter, or at least with a lofty scorn; and they went down to their graves in irony — for what had they to bury? Only what they had always treated as dross, refuse, and vanity, and which now falls into its true home of oblivion, after being so long the sport of their contempt. One thing will live, the sign-manual of their inmost being, the rare flash of light, the deed, the creation; because posterity cannot do without it.

In this spiritualized form fame is something more than the sweetest morsel for our egoism, in Schopenhauer's phrase: it is the belief in the oneness and continuity of the great in every age, and a protest against the change and decay of generations.

What is the use to the modern man of this "monumental" contemplation of the past, this preoccupation with the rare and classic? It is the knowledge that the great thing existed and was therefore possible, and so may be possible again. He is heartened on his way; for his doubt in weaker moments, whether his desire be not for the impossible, is struck aside. Suppose one believe that no more than a hundred men, brought up in the new spirit, efficient and productive, were needed to give the deathblow to the present fashion of education in Germany; he will gather strength from the remembrance that the culture of the Renaissance was raised on the shoulders of such another band of a hundred men.

And yet if we really wish to learn something from an example, how vague and elusive do we find the comparison! If it is to give us strength, many of the differences must be neglected, the individuality of the past forced into a general formula and all the sharp angles broken off for the sake of correspondence. Ultimately, of course, what was once possible can only become possible a second time on the Pythagorean theory, that when the heavenly bodies are in the same position again, the events on earth are reproduced to the smallest detail; so when the stars have a certain relation, a Stoic and an Epicurean will form a conspiracy to murder Cæsar, and a different conjunction will show another Columbus discovering America. Only if the earth always began its drama again after the fifth act, and it were certain that the same interaction of motives, the same *deus ex machina*, the same catastrophe would occur at particular intervals, could the man of action venture to look for the whole archetypic truth in monumental history, to see each fact fully set out in its uniqueness: it would not prob-

ably be before the astronomers became astrologers again. Till then monumental history will never be able to have complete truth; it will always bring together things that are incompatible and generalize them into compatibility, will always weaken the differences of motive and occasion. Its object is to depict effects at the expense of the causes — "monumentally," that is, as examples for imitation: it turns aside, as far as it may, from reasons, and might be called with far less exaggeration a collection of "effects in themselves," than of events that will have an effect on all ages. The events of war or religion cherished in our popular celebrations are such "effects in themselves;" it is these that will not let ambition sleep, and lie like amulets on the bolder hearts — not the real historical nexus of cause and effect, which, rightly understood, would only prove that nothing quite similar could ever be cast again from the dice-boxes of fate and the future.

As long as the soul of history is found in the great impulse that it gives to a powerful spirit, as long as the past is principally used as a model for imitation, it is always in danger of being a little altered and touched up, and brought nearer to fiction. Sometimes there is no possible distinction between a "monumental" past and a mythical romance, as the same motives for action can be gathered from the one world as the other. If this monumental method of surveying the past dominate the others — the antiquarian and the critical — the past itself suffers wrong. Whole tracts of it are forgotten and despised; they flow away like a dark unbroken river, with only a few gaily colored islands of fact rising above it. There is something beyond nature in the rare figures that become visible, like the golden hips that his disciples attributed to Pythagoras. Monumental history lives by false analogy; it entices the brave to rashness, and the enthusiastic to fanaticism by its tempting comparisons. Imagine this history in the hands — and the head — of a gifted egoist or an inspired scoundrel; kingdoms will be overthrown, princes murdered, war

and revolution let loose, and the number of "effects in themselves"—in other words, effects without sufficient cause—increased. So much for the harm done by monumental history to the powerful men of action, be they good or bad; but what if the weak and the inactive take it as their servant—or their master!

Consider the simplest and commonest example, the inartistic or half artistic natures whom a monumental history provides with sword and buckler. They will use the weapons against their hereditary enemies, the great artistic spirits, who alone can learn from that history the one real lesson, how to live, and embody what they have learnt in noble action. Their way is obstructed, their free air darkened by the idolatrous—and conscientious—dance round the half understood monument of a great past. "See, that is the true and real art," we seem to hear: "of what use are these aspiring little people of today?" The dancing crowd has apparently the monopoly of "good taste": for the creator is always at a disadvantage compared with the mere looker-on, who never put a hand to the work; just as the arm-chair politician has ever had more wisdom and foresight than the actual statesman. But if the custom of democratic suffrage and numerical majorities be transferred to the realm of art, and the artist put on his defence before the court of esthetic dilettanti, you may take your oath on his condemnation; although, or rather because, his judges had proclaimed solemnly the canon of "monumental art," the art that has "had an effect on all ages," according to the official definition. In their eyes no need nor inclination nor historical authority is in favor of the art which is not yet "monumental" because it is contemporary. Their instinct tells them that art can be slain by art: the monumental will never be reproduced, and the weight of its authority is invoked from the past to make it sure. They are connoisseurs of art, primarily because they wish to kill art; they pretend to be physicians, when their real idea is to dabble in poisons. They develop their tastes to

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HANS THOMA

SOLITUDE

a point of perversion, that they may be able to show a reason for continually rejecting all the nourishing artistic fare that is offered them. For they do not want greatness to arise: their method is to say, "See, the great thing is already here!" In reality they care as little about the great thing that is already here, as that which is about to arise: their lives are evidence of that. Monumental history is the cloak under which their hatred of present power and greatness masquerades as an extreme admiration of the past: the real meaning of this way of viewing history is disguised as its opposite; whether they wish it or no, they are acting as though their motto were, "let the dead bury the — living."

Each of the three kinds of history will only flourish in one ground and climate: otherwise it grows to a noxious weed. If the man who will produce something great, have need of the past, he makes himself its master by means of monumental history: the man who can rest content with the traditional and venerable, uses the past as an "antiquarian historian": and only he whose heart is oppressed by an instant need, and who will cast the burden off at any price, feels the want of "critical history," the history that judges and condemns. There is much harm wrought by wrong and thoughtless planting: the critic without the need, the antiquary without piety, the knower of the great deed who cannot be the doer of it, are plants that have grown to weeds, they are torn from their native soil and therefore degenerate.

III

Secondly, history is necessary to the man of conservative and reverent nature, who looks back to the origins of his existence with love and trust; through it, he gives thanks for life. He is careful to preserve what survives from ancient days, and will reproduce the conditions of his own upbringing for those who come after him; thus he does life a service. The possession of his ancestors' furniture changes its meaning in his soul: for his soul is rather

possessed by it. All that is small and limited, moldy and obsolete, gains a worth and inviolability of its own from the conservative and reverent soul of the antiquary migrating into it, and building a secret nest there. The history of his town becomes the history of himself; he looks on the walls, the turreted gate, the town council, the fair, as an illustrated diary of his youth, and sees himself in it all — his strength, industry, desire, reason, faults, and follies. "Here one could live," he says, "as one can live here now — and will go on living; for we are tough folk, and will not be uprooted in the night." And so, with his "we," he surveys the marvelous individual life of the past and identifies himself with the spirit of the house, the family and the city. He greets the soul of his people from afar as his own, across the dim and troubled centuries: his gifts and his virtues lie in such power of feeling and divination, his scent of a half-vanished trail, his instinctive correctness in reading the scribbled past, and understanding at once its palimpsests — nay, its polypsests. Goethe stood with such thoughts before the monument of Erwin von Steinbach: the storm of his feeling rent the historical cloud-veil that hung between them, and he saw the German work for the first time "coming from the stern, rough, German soul." This was the road that the Italians of the Renaissance traveled, the spirit that reawakened the ancient Italic genius in their poets to "a wondrous echo of the immemorial lyre," as Jacob Burckhardt says. But the greatest value of this antiquarian spirit of reverence lies in the simple emotions of pleasure and content that it lends to the drab, rough, even painful circumstances of a nation's or individual's life: Niebuhr confesses that he could live happily on a moor among free peasants with a history, and would never feel the want of art. How could history serve life better than by anchoring the less gifted races and peoples to the homes and customs of their ancestors, and keeping them from ranging far afield in search of better, to find only struggle and competition? The influence that

ties men down to the same companions and circumstances, to the daily round of toil, to their bare mountain-side — seems to be selfish and unreasonable: but it is a healthy unreason and of profit to the community; as every one knows who has clearly realized the terrible consequences of mere desire for migration and adventure — perhaps in whole peoples — or who watches the destiny of a nation that has lost confidence in its earlier days, and is given up to a restless cosmopolitanism and an unceasing desire for novelty. The feeling of the tree that clings to its roots, the happiness of knowing one's growth to be not merely arbitrary and fortuitous, but the inheritance, the fruit and blossom of a past, that does not merely justify but crown the present — this is what we nowadays prefer to call the real historical sense.

These are not the conditions most favorable to reducing the past to pure science: and we see here too, as we saw in the case of monumental history, that the past itself suffers when history serves life and is directed by its end. To vary the metaphor, the tree feels its roots better than it can see them: the greatness of the feeling is measured by the greatness and strength of the visible branches. The tree may be wrong here; how far more wrong will it be in regard to the whole forest, which it only knows and feels so far as it is hindered or helped by it, and not otherwise! The antiquarian sense of a man, a city or a nation has always a very limited field. Many things are not noticed at all; the others are seen in isolation, as through a microscope. There is no measure: equal importance is given to everything, and therefore too much to anything. For the things of the past are never viewed in their true perspective or receive their just value; but value and perspective change with the individual or the nation that is looking back on its past.

There is always the danger here, that everything ancient will be regarded as equally venerable, and everything without this respect for antiquity, like a new spirit, rejected as

an enemy. The Greeks themselves admitted the archaic style of plastic art by the side of the freer and greater style; and later, did not merely tolerate the pointed nose and the cold mouth, but made them even a canon of taste. If the judgment of a people harden in this way, and history's service to the past life be to undermine a further and higher life; if the historical sense no longer preserve life, but mummify it: then the tree dies, unnaturally, from the top downward, and at last the roots themselves wither. Antiquarian history degenerates from the moment that it no longer gives a soul and inspiration to the fresh life of the present. The spring of piety is dried up, but the learned habit persists without it and revolves complaisantly round its own centre. The horrid spectacle is seen of the mad collector raking over all the dust-heaps of the past. He breathes a moldy air; the antiquarian habit may degrade a considerable talent, a real spiritual need in him, to a mere insatiable curiosity for everything old: he often sinks so low as to be satisfied with any food, and greedily devour all the scraps that fall from the bibliographical table.

Even if this degeneration do not take place, and the foundation be not withered on which antiquarian history can alone take root with profit to life: yet there are dangers enough, if it become too powerful and invade the territories of the other methods. It only understands how to preserve life, not to create it; and thus always undervalues the present growth, having, unlike monumental history, no certain instinct for it. Thus it hinders the mighty impulse to a new deed and paralyzes the doer, who must always, as doer, be grazing some piety or other. The fact that has grown old carries with it a demand for its own immortality. For when one considers the life-history of such an ancient fact, the amount of reverence paid to it for generations — whether it be a custom, a religious creed, or a political principle — it seems presumptuous, even impious, to replace it by a new fact, and the ancient congregation of pieties by a new piety.

Here we see clearly how necessary a third way of looking at the past is to man, beside the other two. This is the "critical" way; which is also in the service of life. Man must have the strength to break up the past; and apply it too, in order to live. He must bring the past to the bar of judgment, interrogate it remorselessly, and finally condemn it. Every past is worth condemning: this is the rule in mortal affairs, which always contain a large measure of human power and human weakness. It is not justice that sits in judgment here; nor mercy that proclaims the verdict; but only life, the dim, driving force that insatiably desires — itself. Its sentence is always unmerciful, always unjust, as it never flows from a pure fountain of knowledge: though it would generally turn out the same, if Justice herself delivered it. "For everything that is born is *worthy* of being destroyed: better were it then that nothing should be born." It requires great strength to be able to live and forget how far life and injustice are one. Luther himself once said that the world only arose by an oversight of God; if He had ever dreamed of heavy ordnance, He would never have created it. The same life that needs forgetfulness, needs sometimes its destruction; for should the injustice of something ever become obvious — a monopoly, a caste, a dynasty for example — the thing deserves to fall. Its past is critically examined, the knife put to its roots, and all the "pieties" are grimly trodden under foot. The process is always dangerous, even for life; and the men or the times that serve life in this way, by judging and annihilating the past, are always dangerous to themselves and others. For as we are merely the resultant of previous generations, we are also the resultant of their errors, passions, and crimes: it is impossible to shake off this chain. Though we condemn the errors and think we have escaped them, we cannot escape the fact that we spring from them. At best, it comes to a conflict between our innate, inherited nature and our knowledge, between a stern, new discipline and an ancient tradition;

and we plant a new way of life, a new instinct, a second nature, that withers the first. It is an attempt to gain a past *a posteriori* from which we might spring, as against that from which we do spring; always a dangerous attempt, as it is difficult to find a limit to the denial of the past, and the second natures are generally weaker than the first. We stop too often at knowing the good without doing it, because we also know the better but cannot do it. Here and there the victory is won, which gives a strange consolation to the fighters, to those who use critical history for the sake of life. The consolation is the knowledge that this "first nature" was once a second, and that every conquering "second nature" becomes a first.

IV

This is how history can serve life. Every man and nation needs a certain knowledge of the past, whether it be through monumental, antiquarian, or critical history, according to his objects, powers, and necessities. The need is not that of the mere thinkers who only look on at life, or the few who desire knowledge and can only be satisfied with knowledge; but it has always a reference to the end of life, and is under its absolute rule and direction. This is the natural relation of an age, a culture and a people to history; hunger is its source, necessity its norm, the inner plastic power assigns its limits. The knowledge of the past is only desired for the service of the future and the present, not to weaken the present or undermine a living future. All this is as simple as truth itself, and quite convincing to any one who is not in the toils of "historical deduction."

And now to take a quick glance at our time! We fly back in astonishment. The clearness, naturalness, and purity of the connection between life and history has vanished; and in what a maze of exaggeration and contradiction do we now see the problem! Is the guilt ours who see it, or have life and history really altered their conjunction and an inauspicious star risen between them? Others

may prove we have seen falsely; I am merely saying what we believe we see. There is such a star, a bright and lordly star, and the conjunction is really altered — by science, and the demand for history to be a science. Life is no more dominant, and knowledge of the past no longer its thrall: boundary marks are overthrown and everything bursts its limits. The perspective of events is blurred, and the blur extends through their whole immeasurable course. No generation has seen such a panoramic comedy as is shown by the "science of universal evolution," history; that shows it with the dangerous audacity of its motto — "*Fiat veritas, pereat vita.*"

Let me give a picture of the spiritual events in the soul of the modern man. Historical knowledge streams on him from sources that are inexhaustible, strange incoherencies come together, memory opens all its gates and yet is never open wide enough, nature busies herself to receive all the foreign guests, to honor them and put them in their places. But they are at war with each other: violent measures seem necessary, in order to escape destruction of one's self. It becomes second nature to grow gradually accustomed to this irregular and stormy home-life, though this second nature is unquestionably weaker, more restless, more radically unsound than the first. The modern man carries inside him an enormous heap of indigestible knowledge-stones that occasionally rattle together in his body, as the fairy-tale has it. And the rattle reveals the most striking characteristic of these modern men, the opposition of something inside them to which nothing external corresponds; and the reverse. The ancient nations knew nothing of this. Knowledge, taken in excess without hunger, even contrary to desire, has no more the effect of transforming the external life; and remains hidden in a chaotic inner world that the modern man has a curious pride in calling his "real personality." He has the substance, he says, and only wants the form; but this is quite an unreal opposition in a living thing. Our modern culture is for that reason not a

living one, because it cannot be understood without that opposition. In other words, it is not a real culture but a kind of knowledge about culture, a complex of various thoughts and feelings about it, from which no decision as to its direction can come. Its real motive force that issues in visible action is often no more than a mere convention, a wretched imitation, or even a shameless caricature. The man probably feels like the snake that has swallowed a rabbit whole and lies still in the sun, avoiding all movement not absolutely necessary. The "inner life" is now the only thing that matters to education, and all who see it hope that the education may not fail by being too indigestible. Imagine a Greek meeting it; he would observe that for modern men "education" and "historical education" seem to mean the same thing, with the difference that the one phrase is longer. And if he spoke of his own theory, that a man can be very well educated without any history at all, people would shake their heads and think they had not heard aright. The Greeks, the famous people of a past still near to us, had the "unhistorical sense" strongly developed in the period of their greatest power. If a typical child of his age were transported to that world by some enchantment, he would probably find the Greeks very "uneducated." And that discovery would betray the closely guarded secret of modern culture to the laughter of the world. For we moderns have nothing of our own. We only become worth notice by filling ourselves to overflowing with foreign customs, arts, philosophies, religions, and sciences: we are wandering encyclopædias, as an ancient Greek who had strayed into our time would probably call us. But the only value of an encyclopædia lies in the inside, in the contents, not in what is written outside, in the binding or the wrapper. And so the whole of modern culture is essentially internal; the bookbinder prints something like this on the cover: "Manual of internal culture for external barbarians." The opposition of inner and outer makes the outer side still more barbarous, as it would natu-

rally be, when the outward growth of a rude people merely developed its primitive inner needs. For what means has nature of repressing too great a luxuriance from without? Only one — to be affected by it as little as possible, to set it aside and stamp it out at the first opportunity. And so we have the custom of no longer taking real things seriously, we get the feeble personality on which the real and the permanent make so little impression. Men become at last more careless and accommodating in external matters, and the considerable cleft between substance and form is widened; until they have no longer any feeling for barbarism, if only their memories be kept continually titillated, and there flow a constant stream of new things to be known, that can be neatly packed up in the cupboards of their memory. The culture of a people as against this barbarism, can be, I think, described with justice as the "unity of artistic style in every outward expression of the people's life." This must not be misunderstood, as though it were merely a question of the opposition between barbarism and "fine style." The people that can be called cultured, must be in a real sense a living unity, and not be miserably cleft asunder into form and substance. If one wish to promote a people's culture, let him try to promote this higher unity first, and work for the destruction of the modern educative system for the sake of a true education. Let him dare to consider how the health of a people that has been destroyed by history may be restored, and how it may recover its instincts with its honor.

I am only speaking, directly, about the Germans of the present day, who have had to suffer more than other people from the feebleness of personality and the opposition of substance and form. "Form" generally implies for us some convention, disguise or hypocrisy, and if not hated, is at any rate not loved. We have an extraordinary fear of both the word convention and the thing. This fear drove the German from the French school; for he wished to become more natural, and therefore more German. But

he seems to have come to a false conclusion with his "therefore." First he ran away from his school of convention, and went by any road he liked: he has come ultimately to imitate voluntarily in a slovenly fashion, what he imitated painfully and often successfully before. So now the lazy fellow lives under French conventions that are actually incorrect: his manner of walking shows it, his conversation and dress, his general way of life. In the belief that he was returning to Nature, he merely followed caprice and comfort, with the smallest possible amount of self-control. Go through any German town; you will see conventions that are nothing but the negative aspect of the national characteristics of foreign states. Everything is colorless, worn out, shoddy, and ill-copied. Every one acts at his own sweet will — which is not a strong or serious will — on laws dictated by the universal rush and the general desire for comfort. A dress that made no head ache in its inventing and wasted no time in the making, borrowed from foreign models and imperfectly copied, is regarded as an important contribution to German fashion. The sense of form is ironically disclaimed by the people — for they have the "sense of substance": they are famous for their cult of "inwardness."

But there is also a famous danger in their "inwardness": the internal substance cannot be seen from the outside, and so may one day take the opportunity of vanishing, and no one notice its absence, any more than its presence before. One may think the German people to be very far from this danger: yet the foreigner will have some warrant for his reproach that our inward life is too weak and ill-organized to provide a form and external expression for itself. It may in rare cases show itself finely receptive, earnest, and powerful, richer perhaps than the inward life of other peoples: but, taken as a whole, it remains weak, as all its fine threads are not tied together in one strong knot. The visible action is not the self-manifestation of the inward life, but only a weak and crude attempt of a

single thread to make a show of representing the whole. And thus the German is not to be judged on any one action, for the individual may be as completely obscure after it as before. He must obviously be measured by his thoughts and feelings, which are now expressed in his books; if only the books did not, more than ever, raise the doubt whether the famous inward life is still really sitting in its inaccessible shrine. It might one day vanish and leave behind it only the external life — with its vulgar pride and vain servility — to mark the German. Fearful thought! — as fearful as if the inward life still sat there, painted and rouged and disguised, become a play-actress or something worse; as his theatrical experience seems to have taught the quiet observer Grillparzer, standing aside as he did from the main press. "We feel by theory," he says. "We hardly know any more how our contemporaries give expression to their feelings: we make them use gestures that are impossible nowadays. Shakespeare has spoilt us moderns."

This is a single example, its general application perhaps too hastily assumed. But how terrible it would be were that generalization justified before our eyes! There would be then a note of despair in the phrase, "We Germans feel by theory, we are all spoilt by history;" — a phrase that would cut at the roots of any hope for a future national culture. For every hope of that kind grows from the belief in the genuineness and immediacy of German feeling, from the belief in an untarnished inward life. Where is our hope or belief, when its spring is muddied, and the inward quality has learned gestures and dances and the use of cosmetics, has learned to express itself "with due reflection in abstract terms," and gradually to lose itself? And how should a great productive spirit exist among a nation that is not sure of its inward unity and is divided into educated men whose inner life has been drawn from the true path of education, and uneducated men whose inner life cannot be approached at all? How should it exist, I say, when

the people has lost its own unity of feeling, and knows that the feeling of the part calling itself the educated part and claiming the right of controlling the artistic spirit of the nation, is false and hypocritical? Here and there the judgment and taste of individuals may be higher and finer than the rest, but that is no compensation: it tortures a man to have to speak only to one section and be no longer in sympathy with his people. He would rather bury his treasure now, in disgust at the vulgar patronage of a class, though his heart be filled with tenderness for all. The instinct of the people can no longer meet him half-way; it is useless for them to stretch their arms out to him in yearning. What remains but to turn his quickened hatred against the ban, strike at the barrier raised by the so-called culture, and condemn as judge what blasted and degraded him as a living man and a source of life? He takes a profound insight into fate in exchange for the godlike desire of creation and help, and ends his days as a lonely philosopher, with the wisdom of disillusion. It is the painfullest comedy: he who sees it will feel a sacred obligation on him, and say to himself — "Help must come: the higher unity in the nature and soul of a people must be brought back, the cleft between inner and outer must again disappear under the hammer of necessity." But to what means can he look? What remains to him now but his knowledge? He hopes to plant the feeling of a need, by speaking from the breadth of that knowledge, giving it freely with both hands. From the strong need the strong action may one day arise. And to leave no doubt of the instance I am taking of the need and the knowledge, my testimony shall stand, that it is German unity in its highest sense which is the goal of our endeavor, far more than political union: it is the unity of the German spirit and life after the annihilation of the antagonism between form and substance, inward life and convention.

APHORISMS*

By Friedrich Nietzsche

I. From "Human-All-Too-Human" (Part I)†

250

MANNERS.—Good manners disappear in proportion as the influence of a Court and an exclusive aristocracy lessens. This decrease can be plainly observed from decade to decade by those who have an eye for public behavior, which grows visibly more vulgar. No one any longer knows how to court and flatter intelligently; hence arises the ludicrous fact that in cases where we must render actual homage (to a great statesman or artist, for instance), the words of deepest feeling, of simple, peasant-like honesty, have to be borrowed, owing to the embarrassment resulting from the lack of grace and wit. Thus the public ceremonious meeting of men appears ever more clumsy, but more full of feeling and honesty without really being so. But must there always be a decline in manners? It appears to me, rather, that manners take a deep curve and that we are approaching their lowest point. When society has become sure of its intentions and principles, so that they have a molding effect (the manners we have learnt from former molding conditions are now inherited and always more weakly learnt), there will then be company manners, gestures and social expressions, which must appear as necessary and simply natural because they are intentions and principles. The better division of time and work, the gymnastic exercise transformed into the accompaniment of

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* From *The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche* (Authorized English Translation), edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Permission The Macmillan Co., New York.

† Translated by Helen Zimmern.

all beautiful leisure, increased and severer meditation, which brings wisdom and suppleness even to the body, will bring all this in its train. Here, indeed, we might think with a smile of our scholars, and consider whether, as a matter of fact, they who wish to be regarded as the forerunners of that new culture are distinguished by their better manners. This is hardly the case; although their spirit may be willing enough, their flesh is weak. The past of culture is still too powerful in their muscles, they still stand in the fettered position, and are half worldly priests and half dependent educators of the upper classes, and besides this they have been rendered crippled and lifeless by the pedantry of science and by antiquated, spiritless methods. In any case, therefore, they are physically, and often three-fourths mentally, still the courtiers of an old, even antiquated culture, and as such are themselves antiquated; the new spirit that occasionally inhabits these old dwellings often serves only to make them more uncertain and frightened. In them there dwell the ghosts of the past as well as the ghosts of the future; what wonder if they do not wear the best expression or show the most pleasing behavior?

251

The Future of Science.— To him who works and seeks in her, science gives much pleasure — to him who learns her facts, very little. But as all important truths of science must gradually become commonplace and everyday matters, even this small amount of pleasure ceases, just as we have long ceased to take pleasure in learning the admirable multiplication table. Now if science goes on giving less pleasure in herself, and always takes more pleasure in throwing suspicion on the consolations of metaphysics, religion, and art, that greatest of all sources of pleasure, to which mankind owes almost its whole humanity, becomes impoverished. Therefore a higher culture must give man a double brain, two brain-chambers, so to speak, one to feel science and the other to feel non-science, which can

lie side by side, without confusion, divisible, exclusive; this is a necessity of health. In one part lies the source of strength, in the other lies the regulator; it must be heated with illusions, onesidednesses, passions; and the malicious and dangerous consequences of overheating must be averted by the help of conscious science. If this necessity of the higher culture is not satisfied, the further course of human development can almost certainly be foretold: the interest in what is true ceases as it guarantees less pleasure; illusion, error, and imagination reconquer step by step the ancient territory, because they are united to pleasure; the ruin of science: the relapse into barbarism is the next result; mankind must begin to weave its web afresh after having, like Penelope, destroyed it during the night. But who will assure us that it will always find the necessary strength for this?

635

On the whole, scientific methods are at least as important results of investigation as any other results, for the scientific spirit is based upon a knowledge of method, and if the methods were lost, all the results of science could not prevent the renewed prevalence of superstition and absurdity. Clever people may learn as much as they like of the results of science, but one still notices in their conversation, and especially in the hypotheses they make, that they lack the scientific spirit; they have not the instinctive distrust of the devious courses of thinking which, in consequence of long training, has taken root in the soul of every scientific man. It is enough for them to find any kind of hypothesis on a subject, they are then all on fire for it, and imagine the matter is thereby settled. To have an opinion is with them equivalent to immediately becoming fanatical for it, and finally taking it to heart as a conviction. In the case of an unexplained matter they become heated for the first idea that comes into their head which has any resemblance to an explanation — a course

from which the worst results constantly follow, especially in the field of politics. On that account everybody should nowadays have become thoroughly acquainted with at least one science, for then surely he knows what is meant by method, and how necessary is the extremest carefulness. To women in particular this advice is to be given at present; as to those who are irretrievably the victims of all hypotheses, especially when these have the appearance of being witty, attractive, enlivening, and invigorating. Indeed, on close inspection one sees that by far the greater number of educated people still desire convictions from a thinker and nothing but convictions, and that only a small minority want certainty. The former want to be forcibly carried away in order thereby to obtain an increase of strength; the latter few have the real interest which disregards personal advantages and the increase of strength also. The former class, who greatly predominate, are always reckoned upon when the thinker comports himself and labels himself as a genius, and thus views himself as a higher being to whom authority belongs. In so far as genius of this kind upholds the ardor of convictions, and arouses distrust of the cautious and modest spirit of science, it is an enemy of truth, however it may think itself the wooer thereof.

*II. From "Human-All-Too-Human" (Part II)**

99

THE POET AS GUIDE TO THE FUTURE.—All the surplus poetical force that still exists in modern humanity, but is not used under our conditions of life, should (without any deduction) be devoted to a definite goal—not to depicting the present nor to reviving and summarizing the past, but to pointing the way to the future. Nor should this be so done as if the poet, like an imaginative political economist, had to anticipate a more favorable national and social state

* Translated by Paul V. Cohn, B.A.

of things and picture their realization. Rather will he, just as the earlier poets portrayed the images of the gods, portray the fair images of men. He will divine those cases where, in the midst of our modern world and reality (which will not be shirked or repudiated in the usual poetic fashion), a great, noble soul is still possible, where it may be embodied in harmonious, equable conditions, where it may become permanent, visible, and representative of a type, and so, by the stimulus to imitation and envy, help to create the future. The poems of such a poet would be distinguished by appearing secluded and protected from the heated atmosphere of the passions. The irremediable failure, the shattering of all the strings of the human instrument, the scornful laughter and gnashing of teeth, and all tragedy and comedy in the usual old sense, would appear by the side of this new art as mere archaic lumber, a blurring of the outlines of the world-picture. Strength, kindness, gentleness, purity, and an unsought, innate moderation in the personalities and their action: a leveled soil, giving rest and pleasure to the foot: a shining heaven mirrored in faces and events: science and art welded into a new unity: the mind living together with her sister, the soul, without arrogance or jealousy, and enticing from contrasts the grace of seriousness, not the impatience of discord — all this would be the general environment, the background on which the delicate differences of the embodied ideals would make the real picture, that of ever-growing human majesty. Many roads to this poetry of the future start from Goethe, but the quest needs good pathfinders and above all a far greater strength than is possessed by modern poets, who unscrupulously represent the half-animal and the immaturity and intemperance that are mistaken by them for power and naturalness.

113

The Freest Writer.— In a book for free spirits one cannot avoid mention of Laurence Sterne, the man whom Goethe honored as the freest spirit of his century. May

he be satisfied with the honor of being called the freest writer of all times, in comparison with whom all others appear stiff, squaretoed, intolerant, and downright boorish! In his case we should not speak of the clear and rounded but of "the endless melody"—if by this phrase we arrive at a name for an artistic style in which the definite form is continually broken, thrust aside and transferred to the realm of the indefinite, so that it signifies one and the other at the same time. Sterne is the great master of *double entendre*, this phrase being naturally used in a far wider sense than is commonly done when one applies it to sexual relations. We may give up for lost the reader who always wants to know exactly what Sterne thinks about a matter, and whether he be making a serious or a smiling face (for he can do both with one wrinkling of his features; he can be and even wishes to be right and wrong at the same moment, to interweave profundity and farce). His digressions are at once continuations and further developments of the story, his maxims contain a satire on all that is sententious, his dislike of seriousness is bound up with a disposition to take no matter merely externally and on the surface. So in the proper reader he arouses a feeling of uncertainty whether he be walking, lying, or standing, a feeling most closely akin to that of floating in the air. He, the most versatile of writers, communicates something of this versatility to his reader. Yes, Sterne unexpectedly changes the parts, and is often as much reader as author, his book being like a play within a play, a theatre audience before another theatre audience. We must surrender at discretion to the mood of Sterne, although we can always expect it to be gracious. It is strangely instructive to see how so great a writer as Diderot has affected this *double entendre* of Sterne's—to be equally ambiguous throughout is just the Sternian super-humor. Did Diderot imitate, admire, ridicule, or parody Sterne in his *Jacques le Fataliste?* One cannot be exactly certain, and this uncertainty was perhaps intended by the author. This very doubt makes the French unjust to the work of one of their first

masters, one who need not be ashamed of comparison with any of the ancients or moderns. For humor (and especially for this humorous attitude toward humor itself) the French are too serious. Is it necessary to add that of all great authors Sterne is the worst model, in fact the inimitable author, and that even Diderot had to pay for his daring? What the worthy Frenchmen, and before them some Greeks and Romans, aimed at and attained in prose is the very opposite of what Sterne aims at and attains. He raises himself as a masterly exception above all that artists in writing demand of themselves — propriety, reserve, character, steadfastness of purpose, comprehensiveness, perspicuity, good deportment in gait and feature. Unfortunately Sterne the man seems to have been only too closely related to Sterne the writer. His squirrel-soul sprang with insatiable unrest from branch to branch; he knew what lies between sublimity and rascality; he had sat on every seat, always with unabashed watery eyes and mobile play of feature. He was — if language does not revolt from such a combination — of a hard-hearted kindness, and in the midst of the joys of a grotesque and even corrupt imagination he showed the bashful grace of innocence. Such a carnal and spiritual hermaphroditism, such untrammeled wit penetrating into every vein and muscle, was perhaps never possessed by any other man.

118

Herder.— Herder fails to be all that he made people think he was and himself wished to think he was. He was no great thinker or discoverer, no newly fertile soil with the unexhausted strength of a virgin forest. But he possessed in the highest degree the power of scenting the future, he saw and picked the first-fruits of the seasons earlier than all others, and they then believed that he had made them grow. Between darkness and light, youth and age, his mind was like a hunter on the watch, looking everywhere for transitions, depressions, convulsions, the outward and visible signs of internal growth. The unrest of

spring drove him to and fro, but he was himself not the spring. At times, indeed, he had some inkling of this, and yet would fain not have believed it — he, the ambitious priest, who would have so gladly been the intellectual pope of his epoch! This is his despair. He seems to have lived long as a pretender to several kingdoms or even to a universal monarchy. He had his following which believed in him, among others the young Goethe. But whenever crowns were really distributed, he was passed over. Kant, Goethe, and then the first true German historians and scholars robbed him of what he thought he had reserved for himself (although in silence and secret he often thought the reverse). Just when he doubted in himself, he gladly clothed himself in dignity and enthusiasm; these were often in him mere garments, which had to hide a great deal and also to deceive and comfort him. He really had fire and enthusiasm, but his ambition was far greater! It blew impatiently at the fire, which flickered, crackled, and smoked — his *style* flickers, crackles, and smokes — but he yearned for the great flame which never broke out. He did not sit at the table of the genuine creators, and his ambition did not admit of his sitting modestly among those who simply enjoy. Thus he was a restless spirit, the taster of all intellectual dishes, which were collected by the Germans from every quarter and every age in the course of half a century. Never really happy and satisfied, Herder was also too often ill, and then at times envy sat by his bed, and hypocrisy paid her visit as well. He always had an air of being scarred and crippled, and he lacked simple, stalwart manliness more completely than any of the so-called "classical writers."

*III. From "The Dawn of Day"**

199

We Are Nobler.— Fidelity, generosity, concern for one's good reputation: these three qualities, combined in one

* Translated by J. M. Kennedy.

sentiment, we call noble, distinguished, aristocratic; and in this respect we excel the Greeks. We do not wish to give this up at any cost under the pretext that the ancient objects of these virtues have rightly fallen in esteem, but we wish cautiously to substitute new objects for these most precious and hereditary impulses. To understand why the sentiments of the noblest Greek, must be considered as inferior and scarcely respectable in the present age, where we are still under the influence of the chivalric and feudal nobility, we must recall the words of consolation to which Ulysses gave utterance in the midst of the most humiliating situations, "Bear with it, my dear heart, bear with it! Thou hast borne with many more swinish things* than these!" As an instance of this mythical example, consider also the tale of that Athenian officer, who, when threatened with a stick by another officer in the presence of the entire general staff, shook off his disgrace with the words, "Strike, but listen to me!" (This was Themistocles, that ingenious Ulysses of the classical epoch, who was just the man at the moment of disgrace to address to his "dear heart" that verse of comfort and affliction.)

The Greeks were far from making light of life and death because of an insult, as we, influenced by a hereditary spirit of chivalric adventurousness and self-devotion, are in the habit of doing; or from looking for opportunities of honorably risking life and death, as in duels; or from valuing the preservation of an unstained name (honor) more than the acquirement of an evil reputation, when the latter was compatible with glory and the feeling of power; or from remaining faithful to the prejudices and the articles of faith of a caste, when these could prevent them from becoming tyrants. For this is the ignoble secret of the good Greek aristocrat: out of sheer jealousy he treats every one of the members of his caste as being on an equal footing

* The reference is to the *Odyssey*, xx. 18: "*Τέτλαθι δή, καρδίη καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης . . .*" etc. *Κύντερος*, from *κύων*, "a dog," lit. more dog-like, i.e. shameless, horrible, audacious.—Translator.

with himself, but he is ready at every moment to spring like a tiger on its prey — despotism. What matter lies, murders, treason, or the betrayal of his native city to him! Justice was an extremely difficult matter for people of this kind to understand — nay, justice was almost something incredible. "The Just man" was to the Greeks what "the saint" was to the Christians. When Socrates, however, laid down the axiom, "The most virtuous man is the happiest," they could not trust their ears; they thought they had heard a madman speaking. For, as a picture of the happiest man, every nobleman had in his mind the cheeky audacity and devilry of the tyrant who sacrifices everything and every one to his own exuberance and pleasure. Among people whose imagination secretly raved about such happiness, the worship of the State could not, of course, have been too deeply implanted — but I think that men whose desire for power does not rage so blindly as that of the Greek noblemen no longer stand in need of such idolatry of the State, by means of which, in past ages, such a passion was kept within due bounds.

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The Future of the Nobility. — The bearing of the aristocratic classes shows that in all the members of their body the consciousness of power is continually playing its fascinating game. Thus people of aristocratic habits, men or women, never sink worn out into a chair; when every one else makes himself comfortable, as in a train, for example, they avoid reclining at their ease; they do not appear to get tired after standing at Court for hours at a stretch; they do not furnish their houses in a comfortable manner, but in such a way as to produce the impression of something grand and imposing, as if they had to serve as a residence for greater and taller beings; they reply to a provoking speech with dignity and clearness of mind, and not as if scandalized, crushed, shamed, or out of breath in the plebeian fashion. As the aristocrat is able to pre-

serve the appearance of being possessed of a superior physical force which never leaves him, he likewise wishes by his aspect of constant serenity and civility of disposition, even in the most trying circumstances, to convey the impression that his mind and soul are equal to all dangers and surprises. A noble culture may resemble, so far as passions are concerned, either a horseman who takes pleasure in making his proud and fiery animal trot in the Spanish fashion — we have only to recollect the age of Louis XIV.— or like the rider who feels his horse dart away with him like the elemental forces, to such a degree that both horse and rider come near losing their heads, but, owing to the enjoyment of the delight, do keep very clear heads: in both these cases this aristocratic culture breathes power, and if very often in its customs only the appearance of the feeling of power is required, nevertheless the real sense of superiority continues constantly to increase as the result of the impression which this display makes upon those who are not aristocrats.

This indisputable happiness of aristocratic culture, based as it is on the feeling of superiority, is now beginning to rise to ever higher levels; for now, thanks to the free spirits, it is henceforth permissible and not dishonorable for people who have been born and reared in aristocratic circles to enter the domain of knowledge, where they may secure more intellectual consecrations and learn chivalric services even higher than those of former times, and where they look up to that ideal of victorious wisdom which as yet no age has been able to set before itself with so good a conscience as the period which is about to dawn. Lastly, what is to be the occupation of the nobility in the future if it becomes more evident from day to day that it is less and less indecorous to take any part in politics?

207

The Attitude of the Germans to Morality.—A German is capable of great things, but he is unlikely to accomplish them, for he obeys whenever he can, as suits a naturally

lazy intellect. If he is ever in the dangerous situation of having to stand alone and cast aside his sloth, when he finds it no longer possible to disappear like a cipher in a number (in which respect he is far inferior to a Frenchman or an Englishman), he shows his true strength: then he becomes dangerous, evil, deep, and audacious, and exhibits to the light of day that wealth of latent energy which he had previously carried hidden in himself, and in which no one, not even himself, had ever believed. When in such a case a German obeys himself — it is very exceptional for him to do so — he does so with the same heaviness, inflexibility, and endurance with which he obeys his prince and performs his official duties: so that, as I have said, he is then capable of great things which bear no relation to the "weak disposition" he attributes to himself.

As a rule, however, he is afraid of depending upon himself alone, he is afraid of taking the initiative: that is why Germany uses up so many officials and so much ink. Lightheartedness is a stranger to the German; he is too timid for it: but in entirely new situations which rouse him from his torpor he exhibits an almost frivolous spirit — he then delights in the novelty of his new position as if it were some intoxicating drink, and he is, as we know, quite a connoisseur in intoxication. It thus happens that the German of the present day is almost always frivolous in politics, though even here he has the advantage and prejudice of thoroughness and seriousness; and, although he may take full advantage of these qualities in negotiations with other political powers, he nevertheless rejoices inwardly at being able for once in his life to feel enthusiastic and capricious, to show his fondness for innovations, and to change persons, parties, and hopes as if they were masks. Those learned German scholars, who hitherto have been considered as the most German of Germans, were and perhaps still are as good as the German soldiers on account of their profound and almost childish inclination to obey in all external things, and on account of being often compelled

to stand alone in science and to answer for many things: if they can only preserve their proud, simple, and patient disposition, and their freedom from political madness at those times when the wind changes, we may yet expect great things from them — such as they are or such as they were, they are the embryonic stage of something higher.

So far the advantages and disadvantages of the Germans, including even their learned men, have been that they were more given to superstition and showed greater eagerness to believe than any of the other nations; their vices are, and always have been, their drunkenness and suicidal inclinations (the latter a proof of the clumsiness of their intellect, which is easily tempted to throw away the reins). Their danger is to be sought in everything that binds down the faculties of reason and unchains the passions (as, for example, the excessive use of music and spirits), for the German passion acts contrarily to its own advantage, and is as self-destructive as the passions of the drunkard. Indeed, German enthusiasm is worth less than that of other nations, for it is barren. When a German ever did anything great it was done at a time of danger, or when his courage was high, with his teeth firmly set and his prudence on the alert, and often enough in a fit of generosity. Intercourse with these Germans is indeed advisable, for almost every one of them has something to give, if we can only understand how to make him find it, or rather recover it (for he is very untidy in storing away his knowledge).

Well: when people of this type occupy themselves with morals, what precisely will be the morality that will satisfy them? In the first place, they will wish to see idealized in their morals their sincere instinct for obedience. "Man must have something which he can implicitly obey" — this is a German sentiment, a German deduction; it is the basis of all German moral teaching. How different is the impression, however, when we compare this with the entire morality of the ancient world! All those Greek thinkers, however varied they may appear to us, seem to resemble, as moralists, the gymnastic teacher who encourages his

pupils by saying, "Come, follow me! Submit to my discipline! Then perhaps you may carry off the prize from all the other Greeks." Personal distinction: such was the virtue of antiquity. Submission, obedience, whether public or private: such is German virtue. Long before Kant set forth his doctrine of the Categorical Imperative, Luther, actuated by the same impulse, said that there surely must be a being in whom man could trust implicitly — it was his proof of the existence of God; it was his wish, coarser and more popular than that of Kant, that people should implicitly obey a person and not an idea, and Kant also finally took his roundabout route through morals merely that he might secure obedience for the person. This is indeed the worship of the German, the more so as there is now less worship left in his religion.

The Greeks and Romans had other opinions on these matters, and would have laughed at such "there must be a being:" it is part of the boldness of their Southern nature to take up a stand against "implicit belief," and to retain in their inmost heart a trace of scepticism against all and every one, whether God, man, or idea. The thinker of antiquity went even further, and said *nil admirari:* in this phrase he saw reflected all philosophy. A German, Schopenhauer, goes so far in the contrary direction as to say: *admirari id est philosophari.* But what if, as happens now and then, the German should attain to that state of mind which would enable him to perform great things? If the hour of exception comes, the hour of disobedience? I do not think Schopenhauer is right in saying that the single advantage the Germans have over other nations is that there are more atheists among them than elsewhere; but I do know this: whenever the German reaches the state in which he is capable of great things, he invariably raises himself above morals! And why should he not? Now he has something new to do, viz., to command — either himself or others! But this German morality of his has not taught him how to command! Commanding has been forgotten in it.

*IV. From "The Joyful Wisdom"**

3

Noble and Ignoble.— To ignoble natures all noble, magnanimous sentiments appear inexpedient, and on that account first and foremost, as incredible: they blink with their eyes when they hear of such matters, and seem inclined to say, "there will, no doubt, be some advantage therefrom, one cannot see through all walls";— they are jealous of the noble person, as if he sought advantage by backstair methods. When they are all too plainly convinced of the absence of selfish intentions and emoluments, the noble person is regarded by them as a kind of fool: they despise him in his gladness, and laugh at the lustre of his eye. "How can a person rejoice at being at a disadvantage, how can a person with open eyes want to meet with disadvantage! It must be a disease of the reason with which the noble affection is associated,"— so they think, and they look depreciatingly thereon; just as they depreciate the joy which the lunatic derives from his fixed idea. The ignoble nature is distinguished by the fact that it keeps its advantage steadily in view, and that this thought of the end and advantage is even stronger than its strongest impulse: not to be tempted to inexpedient activities by its impulses — that is its wisdom and inspiration. In comparison with the ignoble nature the higher nature is *more irrational;* — for the noble, magnanimous, and self-sacrificing person succumbs in fact to his impulses, and in his best moments his reason *lapses* altogether. An animal, which at the risk of life protects its young, or in the pairing season follows the female where it meets with death, does not think of the risk and the death; its reason pauses likewise, because its delight in its young, or in the female, and the fear of being deprived of this delight, dominate it exclusively; it becomes stupider than at other times, like

* Translated by Thomas Common.

the noble and magnanimous person. He possesses feelings of pleasure and pain of such intensity that the intellect must either be silent before them, or yield itself to their service: his heart then goes into his head, and one henceforth speaks of "passions." (Here and there to be sure, the antithesis to this, and as it were the "reverse of passion," presents itself; for example, in Fontenelle, to whom some one once laid the hand on the heart with the words, "What you have there, my dearest friend, is brain also.") It is the unreason, or perverse reason of passion, which the ignoble man despises in the noble individual, especially when it concentrates upon objects whose value appears to him to be altogether fantastic and arbitrary. He is offended at him who succumbs to the passion of the belly, but he understands the allurement which here plays the tyrant; but he does not understand, for example, how a person out of love of knowledge can stake his health and honor on the game. The taste of the higher nature devotes itself to exceptional matters, to things which usually do not affect people, and seem to have no sweetness; the higher nature has a singular standard of value. Besides, it is mostly of the belief that it has not a singular standard of value in its idiosyncrasies of taste; it rather sets up its values and non-values as the generally valid values and non-values, and thus becomes incomprehensible and impracticable. It is very rarely that a higher nature has so much reason over and above as to understand and deal with everyday men as such; for the most part it believes in its passion as if it were the concealed passion of every one, and precisely in this belief it is full of ardor and eloquence. If then such exceptional men do not perceive themselves as exceptions, how can they ever understand the ignoble natures and estimate average men fairly! Thus it is that they also speak of the folly, inexpediency and fantasy of mankind, full of astonishment at the madness of the world, and that it will not recognize the "one thing needful for it." This is the eternal unrighteousness of noble natures.

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In Honor of Priestly Natures.—I think that philosophers have always felt themselves farthest removed from that which the people (in all classes of society nowadays) take for wisdom: the prudent, bovine placidity, piety, and country-parson meekness, which lies in the meadow and *gazes at* life seriously and ruminatingly:—this is probably because philosophers have not had sufficiently the taste of the "people," or of the country-parson for that kind of wisdom. Philosophers will also perhaps be the latest to acknowledge that the people *should* understand something of that which lies farthest from them, something of the great *passion* of the thinker, who lives and must live continually in the storm-cloud of the highest problems and the heaviest responsibilities (consequently, not gazing at all, to say nothing of doing so indifferently, securely, objectively). The people venerate an entirely different type of man when on their part they form the ideal of a "sage," and they are a thousand times justified in rendering homage with the highest eulogies and honors to precisely that type of men—namely, the gentle, serious, simple, chaste, priestly natures and those related to them,—it is to them that the praise falls due in the popular veneration of wisdom. And to whom should the people ever have more reason to be grateful than to these men who pertain to its class and rise from its ranks, but are persons consecrated, chosen, and *sacrificed* for its good—they themselves believe themselves sacrificed to God,— before whom the people can pour forth its heart with impunity, by whom it can *get rid* of its secrets, cares, and worse things (for the man who "communicates himself" gets rid of himself, and he who has "confessed" forgets). Here there exists a great need: for sewers and pure cleansing waters are required also for spiritual filth, and rapid currents of love are needed, and strong, lowly, pure hearts, who qualify and sacrifice themselves for such service of the non-public health department—for it *is* a sacrificing, the priest is, and continues

to be, a human sacrifice. . . . The people regard such sacrificed, silent, serious men of "faith" as "*wise*," that is to say, as men who have become sages, as "reliable" in relation to their own unreliability. Who would desire to deprive the people of that expression and that veneration? But as is fair on the other side, among philosophers the priest also is still held to belong to the "people," and is *not* regarded as a sage, because, above all, they themselves do not believe in "sages," and they already scent "the people" in this very belief and superstition. It was *modesty* which invented in Greece the word "philosopher," and left to the play-actors of the spirit the superb arrogance of assuming the name "wise"—the modesty of such monsters of pride and self-glorification as Pythagoras and Plato.

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The Peasant Revolt of the Spirit.—We Europeans find ourselves in view of an immense world of ruins, where some things still tower aloft, while other objects stand moldering and dismal, where most things, however, already lie on the ground, picturesque enough—where were there ever finer ruins?—overgrown with weeds, large and small. It is the Church which is this city of decay: we see the religious organization of Christianity shaken to its deepest foundations. The belief in God is overthrown, the belief in the Christian ascetic ideal is now fighting its last fight. Such a long and solidly built work as Christianity—it was the last construction of the Romans!—could not of course be demolished all at once; every sort of earthquake had to shake it, every sort of spirit which perforates, digs, gnaws, and molders had to assist in the work of destruction. But that which is strangest is that those who have exerted themselves most to retain and preserve Christianity, have been precisely those who did most to destroy it—the Germans. It seems that the Germans do not understand the essence of a Church. Are they not spiritual enough, or not distrustful enough to do so? In any case the structure

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From the Painting by Hans Thoma

to be a human sacrifice. . . . The people regard such sacrificed, silent, serious men of "faith" as "sages," that is to say, as men who have become stages, as "persons" in relation to their own unreliability. Who would desire to deprive the people of this expression and this consolation? But as is fair on the other side, among philosophers the priest also is still held to belong to the "people," and is *not* regarded as a sage, because, above all, they themselves do not believe in "sages," and they already scent "the people" in this very belief and superstition. It was *modesty* which invented in Greece the word "philosopher," and left to the play-actors of the spirit the superb arrogance of assuming the name "wise"—the modesty of such monsters of pride and self-glorification as Pythagoras and Plato.

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THE PEASANT REVOLT OF THE SPIRIT.—We Europeans find ourselves in view of an immense world of ruins, where some things still tower aloft, where many objects stand wandering and dismal, where most things, however, already lie on the ground, picturesque enough—where were there ever finer ruins?—overgrown with weeds, large and small. It is the Church which is this city of decay: we see the religious organization of Christianity shaken to its deepest foundations. The belief in God is overthrown: the belief in the Christian ascetic ideal is now fighting its last fight. Such a long and solidly built work as Christianity—it was the last construction of the Romans!—could not of course be demolished all at once; every sort of earthquake had to shake it, every sort of spirit which penetrates, digs, gnaws, and moulders had to assist in the work of destruction. But that which is strangest is that those who have exerted themselves most to retain and preserve Christianity, have been precisely those who did most to destroy it—the Germans. It is [illegible] understand the essence of a Church. Are they not spiritual enough, or not distrustful enough to do so? In any case the structure

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PERMISSION DEUTSCHE VERLAGS-ANSTALT, STUTTGART

of the Church rests on a *southern* freedom and liberality of spirit, and similarly on a southern suspicion of nature, man, and spirit,— it rests on a knowledge of man, an experience of man, entirely different from what the north has had. The Lutheran Reformation in all its length and breadth was the indignation of the simple against something "complicated." To speak cautiously, it was a coarse, honest misunderstanding, in which much is to be forgiven,— people did not understand the mode of expression of a *victorious* Church, and only saw corruption; they misunderstood the noble scepticism, the *luxury* of scepticism and toleration which every victorious self-confident power permits. . . . One overlooks the fact readily enough at present that as regards all cardinal questions concerning power Luther was badly endowed; he was fatally short-sighted, superficial, and imprudent — and above all, as a man sprung from the people, he lacked all the hereditary qualities of a ruling caste, and all the instincts for power; so that his work, his intention to restore the work of the Romans, merely became involuntarily and unconsciously the commencement of a work of destruction. He unraveled, he tore asunder with honest rage, where the old spider had woven longest and most carefully. He gave the sacred books into the hands of every one,— they thereby got at last into the hands of the philologists, that is to say, the annihilators of every belief based upon books. He demolished the conception of "the Church" in that he repudiated the belief in the inspiration of the Councils: for only under the supposition that the inspiring spirit which had founded the Church still lives in it, still builds it, still goes on building its house, does the conception of "the Church" retain its power. He gave back to the priest sexual intercourse: but three-fourths of the reverence of which the people (and above all the women of the people) are capable, rests on the belief that an exceptional man in this respect will also be an exceptional man in other respects. It is precisely here that the popular belief in something super-

human in man, in a miracle, in the saving God in man, has its most subtle and insidious advocate. After Luther had given a wife to the priest, he had *to take from him* auricular confession; that was psychologically right: but thereby he practically did away with the Christian priest himself, whose profoundest utility has ever consisted in his being a sacred ear, a silent well, and a grave for secrets. "Every man his own priest"—behind such formulæ and their bucolic slyness, there was concealed in Luther the profoundest hatred of "higher men" and the rule of "higher men," as the Church had conceived them. Luther disowned an ideal which he did not know how to attain, while he seemed to combat and detest the degeneration thereof. As a matter of fact, he, the impossible monk, repudiated the *rule* of the *homines religiosi;* he consequently brought about precisely the same thing within the ecclesiastical social order that he combated so impatiently in the civic order,—namely, a "peasant insurrection." As to all that grew out of his Reformation afterward, good and bad, which can at present be almost counted up,—who would be naïve enough to praise or blame Luther simply on account of these results? He is innocent of all; he knew not what he did. The art of making the European spirit shallower, especially in the north, or more *good-natured*, if people would rather hear it designated by a moral expression, undoubtedly took a clever step in advance in the Lutheran Reformation; and similarly there grew out of it the mobility and disquietude of the spirit, its thirst for independence, its belief in the right to freedom, and its "naturalness." If people wish to ascribe to the Reformation in the last instance the merit of having prepared and favored that which we at present honor as "modern science," they must of course add that it is also accessory to bringing about the degeneration of the modern scholar with his lack of reverence, of shame, and of profundity; and that it is also responsible for all naïve candor and plain-dealing in matters of knowledge, in short for the

plebeianism of the spirit which is peculiar to the last two centuries, and from which even pessimism hitherto has not in any way delivered us. "Modern ideas" also belong to this peasant insurrection of the north against the colder, more ambiguous, more suspicious spirit of the south, which has built itself its greatest monument in the Christian Church. Let us not forget in the end what a Church is, and especially, in contrast to every "State": a Church is above all an authoritative organization which secures to the *most spiritual* men the highest rank, and *believes* in the power of spirituality so far as to forbid all grosser appliances of authority. Through this alone the Church is under all circumstances a *nobler* institution than the State.

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My Belief in the Virilizing of Europe.—We owe it to Napoleon (and not at all to the French Revolution, which had in view the "fraternity" of the nations, and the florid interchange of good graces among people generally) that several warlike centuries, which have not had their like in past history, may now follow one another—in short, that we have entered upon *the classical age of war*, war at the same time scientific and popular, on the grandest scale (as regards means, talents, and discipline), to which all coming millenniums will look back with envy and awe as a work of perfection:—for the national movement out of which this martial glory springs, is only the counter-*choc* against Napoleon, and would not have existed without him. To him, consequently, one will one day be able to attribute the fact that *man* in Europe has again got the upper hand of the merchant and the Philistine; perhaps even of "woman" also, who has become pampered owing to Christianity and the extravagant spirit of the eighteenth century, and still more owing to "modern ideals." Napoleon, who saw in modern ideas, and accordingly in civilization, something like a personal enemy, has by this hostility proved himself one of the greatest continuators of the

Renaissance: he has brought to the surface a whole block of the ancient character, the decisive block perhaps, the block of granite. And who knows but that this block of ancient character will in the end get the upper hand of the national movement, and will have to make itself in a *positive* sense the heir and continuator of Napoleon:— who, as one knows, wanted one Europe, which was to be *mistress of the world.*

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How Each Sex has Its Prejudice about Love.— Notwithstanding all the concessions which I am inclined to make to the monogamic prejudice, I will never admit that we should speak of *equal* rights in the love of man and woman: there are no such equal rights. The reason is that man and woman understand something different by the term love,— and it belongs to the conditions of love in both sexes that the one sex does *not* presuppose the same feeling, the same conception of "love," in the other sex. What woman understands by love is clear enough: complete surrender (not merely devotion) of soul and body, without any motive, without any reservation, rather with shame and terror at the thought of a devotion restricted by clauses or associated with conditions. In this absence of conditions her love is precisely a *faith;* woman has no other. Man, when he loves a woman, *wants* precisely this love from her; he is consequently, as regards himself, farthest removed from the prerequisites of feminine love; granted, however, that there should also be men to whom on their side the demand for complete devotion is not unfamiliar,— well, they are really — not men. A man who loves like a woman becomes thereby a slave; a woman, however, who loves like a woman becomes thereby a *more perfect* woman. . . . The passion of woman in its unconditional renunciation of its own rights presupposes in fact that there does *not* exist on the other side an equal *pathos*, an equal desire for renunciation: for if both renounced themselves out of

love, there would result — well, I don't know what, perhaps a *horror vacui?* Woman wants to be taken and accepted as a possession, she wishes to be merged in the conceptions of "possession" and "possessed"; consequently she wants one who *takes*, who does not offer and give himself away, but who reversely is rather to be made richer in "himself" — by the increase of power, happiness, and faith which the woman herself gives to him. Woman gives herself, man takes her. I do not think one will get over this natural contrast by any social contract, or with the very best will to do justice, however desirable it may be to avoid bringing the severe, frightful, enigmatical, and unmoral elements of this antagonism constantly before our eyes. For love, regarded as complete, great, and full, is nature, and as nature, is to all eternity something "unmoral." *Fidelity* is accordingly included in woman's love, it follows from the definition thereof; with man fidelity *may* readily result in consequence of his love, perhaps as gratitude or idiosyncrasy of taste, and so-called elective affinity, but it does not belong to the *essence* of his love — and indeed so little, that one might almost be entitled to speak of a natural opposition between love and fidelity in man, whose love is just a desire to possess, and *not* a renunciation and giving away; the desire to possess, however, comes to an end every time with the possession. . . . As a matter of fact it is the more subtle and jealous thirst for possession in the man (who is rarely and tardily convinced of having this "possession"), which makes his love continue; in that case it is even possible that the love may increase after the surrender,— he does not readily own that a woman has nothing more to "surrender" to him.

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What is Romanticism? — It will be remembered perhaps, at least among my friends, that at first I assailed the modern world with some gross errors and exaggerations, but at any rate with *hope* in my heart. I recognized — who

knows from what personal experiences? — the philosophical pessimism of the nineteenth century as the symptom of a higher power of thought, a more daring courage and a more triumphant *plenitude* of life than had been characteristic of the eighteenth century, the age of Hume, Kant, Condillac, and the sensualists; so that the tragic view of things seemed to me the peculiar *luxury* of our culture, its most precious, noble, and dangerous mode of prodigality; but nevertheless, in view of its overflowing wealth, a *justifiable* luxury. In the same way I interpreted for myself German music as the expression of a Dionysian power in the German soul: I thought I heard in it the earthquake by means of which a primeval force that had been imprisoned for ages was finally finding vent — indifferent as to whether all that usually calls itself culture was thereby made to totter. It is obvious that I then misunderstood what constitutes the veritable character both of philosophical pessimism and of German music,— namely, their *Romanticism.* What is Romanticism? Every art and every philosophy may be regarded as a healing and helping appliance in the service of growing, struggling life: they always presuppose suffering and sufferers. But there are two kinds of sufferers: on the one hand those that suffer from *overflowing vitality,* who need Dionysian art, and require a tragic view and insight into life; and on the other hand those who suffer from *reduced vitality,* who seek repose, quietness, calm seas, and deliverance from themselves through art or knowledge, or else intoxication, spasm, bewilderment, and madness. All Romanticism in art and knowledge responds to the twofold craving of the *latter;* to them Schopenhauer as well as Wagner responded (and respond),— to name those most celebrated and decided romanticists who were then *misunderstood* by me (*not* however to their disadvantage, as may be reasonably conceded to me). The being richest in overflowing vitality, the Dionysian God and man, may not only allow himself the spectacle of the horrible and questionable, but even the

fearful deed itself, and all the luxury of destruction, disorganization, and negation. With him evil, senselessness, and ugliness seem as it were licensed, in consequence of the overflowing plenitude of procreative, fructifying power, which can convert every desert into a luxuriant orchard. Conversely, the greatest sufferer, the man poorest in vitality, would have most need of mildness, peace, and kindliness in thought and action: he would need, if possible, a God who is specially the God of the sick, a "Saviour"; similarly he would have need of logic, the abstract intelligibility of existence — for logic soothes and gives confidence; — in short he would need a certain warm, fear-dispelling narrowness and imprisonment within optimistic horizons. In this manner I gradually began to understand Epicurus, the opposite of a Dionysian pessimist; — in a similar manner also the "Christian," who in fact is only a type of Epicurean, and like him essentially a romanticist: — and my vision has always become keener in tracing that most difficult and insidious of all forms of *retrospective inference,* in which most mistakes have been made — the inference from the work to its author, from the deed to its doer, from the ideal to him who *needs* it, from every mode of thinking and valuing to the imperative *want* behind it. In regard to all esthetic values I now avail myself of this radical distinction: I ask in every single case, "Has hunger or superfluity become creative here?" At the outset another distinction might seem to recommend itself more — it is far more conspicuous, — namely, to have in view whether the desire for rigidity, for perpetuation, for *being* is the cause of the creating, or the desire for destruction, for change, for the new, for the future — for *becoming.* But when looked at more carefully, both these kinds of desire prove themselves ambiguous, and are explicable precisely according to the before-mentioned and, as it seems to me, rightly preferred scheme. The desire for *destruction,* change and becoming, may be the expression of overflowing power, pregnant with futurity (my *ter-*

minus for this is of course the word "Dionysian"); but it may be the hatred of the ill-constituted, destitute and unfortunate, which destroys, and *must* destroy, because the enduring, yea, all that endures, in fact all being, excites and provokes it. To understand this emotion we have but to look closely at our anarchists. The will to *perpetuation* requires equally a double interpretation. It may on the one hand proceed from gratitude and love:—art of this origin will always be an art of apotheosis, perhaps dithyrambic, as with Rubens, mocking divinely, as with Hafiz, or clear and kind-hearted as with Goethe, and spreading a Homeric brightness and glory over everything (in this case I speak of *Apollonian* art). It may also, however, be the tyrannical will of a sorely-suffering, struggling or tortured being, who would like to stamp his most personal, individual, and narrow characteristics, the very idiosyncrasy of his suffering, as an obligatory law and constraint on others; who, as it were, takes revenge on all things, in that he imprints, enforces, and brands *his* image, the image of *his* torture, upon them. The latter is *romantic pessimism* in its most extreme form, whether it be as Schopenhauerian will-philosophy, or as Wagnerian music:—romantic pessimism, the last *great* event in the destiny of our civilization. (That there *may be* quite a different kind of pessimism, a classical pessimism—this presentiment and vision belongs to me, as something inseparable from me, as my *proprium* and *ipsissimum;* only that the word "classical" is repugnant to my ears, it has become far too worn, too indefinite and indistinguishable. I call that pessimism of the future,—for it is coming! I see it coming!—*Dionysian* pessimism.)

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The Question of Intelligibility.—One not only wants to be understood when one writes, but also—quite as certainly—*not* to be understood. It is by no means an objection to a book when some one finds it unintelligible:

perhaps this might just have been the intention of its author,—perhaps he did not *want* to be understood by "any one." A distinguished intellect and taste, when it wants to communicate its thoughts, always selects its hearers; by selecting them, it at the same time closes its barriers against "the others." It is there that all the more refined laws of style have their origin; they at the same time keep off, they create distance, they prevent "access" (intelligibility, as we have said)—while they open the ears of those who are acoustically related to them. And to say it between ourselves and with reference to my own case,—I do not desire that either my ignorance, or the vivacity of my temperament, should prevent me being understood by *you,* my friends: I certainly do not desire that my vivacity should have that effect, however much it may impel me to arrive quickly at an object, in order to arrive at it at all. For I think it is best to do with profound problems as with a cold bath—quickly in, quickly out. That one does not thereby get into the depths, that one does not get deep enough *down*—is a superstition of the hydrophobic, the enemies of cold water; they speak without experience. Oh! the great cold makes one quick! And let me ask by the way: Is it a fact that a thing has been misunderstood and unrecognized when it has only been touched upon in passing, glanced at, flashed at? Must one absolutely sit upon it in the first place? Must one have brooded on it as on an egg? *Diu noctuque incubando,* as Newton said of himself? At least there are truths of a peculiar shyness and ticklishness which one can only get hold of suddenly, and in no other way,—which one must either *take by surprise,* or leave alone. . . . Finally, my brevity has still another value: on those questions which preoccupy me, I must say a great deal briefly, in order that it may be heard yet more briefly. For as immoralist, one has to take care lest one ruins innocence, I mean the asses and old maids of both sexes, who get nothing from life but their innocence; moreover my writ-

ings are meant to fill them with enthusiasm, to elevate them, to encourage them in virtue. I should be at a loss to know of anything more amusing than to see enthusiastic old asses and maids moved by the sweet feelings of virtue: and "that have I seen"—spake Zarathustra. So much with respect to brevity; the matter stands worse as regards my ignorance, of which I make no secret to myself. There are hours in which I am ashamed of it; to be sure there are likewise hours in which I am ashamed of this shame. Perhaps we philosophers, all of us, are badly placed at present with regard to knowledge: science is growing, the most learned of us are on the point of discovering that we know too little. But it would be worse still if it were otherwise,—if we knew too much; our duty is and remains, first of all, not to get into confusion about ourselves. We *are* different from the learned; although it cannot be denied that amongst other things we are also learned. We have different needs, a different growth, a different digestion: we need more, we need also less. There is no formula as to how much an intellect needs for its nourishment; if, however, its taste be in the direction of independence, rapid coming and going, traveling, and perhaps adventure for which only the swiftest are qualified, it prefers rather to live free on poor fare, than to be unfree and plethoric. Not fat, but the greatest suppleness and power is what a good dancer wishes from his nourishment,—and I know not what the spirit of a philosopher would like better than to be a good dancer. For the dance is his ideal, and also his art, in the end likewise his sole piety, his "divine service." . . .

*V. From "Beyond Good and Evil"**

22

Let me be pardoned, as an old philologist who cannot desist from the mischief of putting his finger on bad modes of interpretation, but "Nature's conformity to law," of

* Translated by Helen Zimmern.

which you physicists talk so proudly, as though — why, it exists only owing to your interpretation and bad "philology." It is no matter of fact, no "text," but rather just a naïvely humanitarian adjustment and perversion of meaning, with which you made abundant concessions to the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere equality before the law — Nature is not different in that respect, nor better than we": a fine instance of secret motive, in which the vulgar antagonism to everything privileged and autocratic — likewise a second and more refined atheism — is once more disguised. "*Ni dieu, ni maître*" — that, also, is what you want; and therefore "Cheers for natural law!" — is it not so? But, as has been said, that is interpretation, not text; and somebody might come along who, with opposite intentions and modes of interpretation, could read out of the same "Nature," and with regard to the same phenomena, just the tyrannically inconsiderate and relentless enforcement of the claims of power — an interpreter who should so place the unexceptionalness and unconditionalness of all "Will to Power" before your eyes, that almost every word, and the word "tyranny" itself, would eventually seem unsuitable, or like a weakening and softening metaphor — as being too human; and who should, nevertheless, end by asserting the same about this world as you do, namely, that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course, *not*, however, because laws obtain in it, but because they are absolutely *lacking*, and every power effects its ultimate consequences every moment. Granted that this also is only interpretation — and you will be eager enough to make this objection? — well, so much the better.

23

All psychology hitherto has run aground on moral prejudices and timidities, it has not dared to launch out into the depths. In so far as it is allowable to recognize in that which has hitherto been written, evidence of that which has hitherto been kept silent, it seems as if nobody

had yet harbored the notion of psychology as the Morphology and *Development-doctrine of the Will to Power,* as I conceive of it. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the most intellectual world, the world apparently most indifferent and unprejudiced, and has obviously operated in an injurious, obstructive, blinding, and distorting manner. A proper physio-psychology has to contend with unconscious antagonism in the heart of the investigator, it has "the heart" against it: even a doctrine of the reciprocal conditionalness of the "good" and the "bad" impulses, causes (as refined immorality) distress and aversion in a still strong and manly conscience — still more so, a doctrine of the derivation of all good impulses from bad ones. If, however, a person should regard even the emotions of hatred, envy, covetousness, and imperiousness as life-conditioning emotions, as factors which must be present, fundamentally and essentially, in the general economy of life (which must, therefore, be further developed if life is to be further developed), he will suffer from such a view of things as from sea-sickness. And yet this hypothesis is far from being the strangest and most painful in this immense and almost new domain of dangerous knowledge; and there are in fact a hundred good reasons why every one should keep away from it who *can* do so! On the other hand, if one has once drifted hither with one's bark, well! very good! now let us set our teeth firmly! let us open our eyes and keep our hand fast on the helm! We sail away right *over* morality, we crush out, we destroy perhaps the remains of our own morality by daring to make our voyage thither — but what do *we* matter! Never yet did a *profounder* world of insight reveal itself to daring travelers and adventurers, and the psychologist who thus "makes a sacrifice" — it is *not* the *sacrifizio dell' intelletto,* on the contrary! — will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology shall once more be recognized as the queen of the sciences, for whose service and equipment the other sciences exist. For psychology is once more the path to the fundamental problems.

26

Every select man strives instinctively for a citadel and a privacy, where he is *free* from the crowd, the many, the majority — where he may forget "men who are the rule," as their exception; — exclusive only of the case in which he is pushed straight to such men by a still stronger instinct, as a discerner in the great and exceptional sense. Whoever, in intercourse with men, does not occasionally glisten in all the green and gray colors of distress, owing to disgust, satiety, sympathy, gloominess, and solitariness, is assuredly not a man of elevated tastes; supposing, however, that he does not voluntarily take all this burden and disgust upon himself, that he persistently avoids it, and remains, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his citadel, one thing is then certain: he was not made, he was not predestined for knowledge. For as such, he would one day have to say to himself: "The devil take my good taste! but 'the rule' is more interesting than the exception — than myself, the exception!" And he would go *down,* and above all, he would go "inside." The long and serious study of the *average* man — and consequently much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, and bad intercourse (all intercourse is bad intercourse except with one's equals): — that constitutes a necessary part of the life-history of every philosopher; perhaps the most disagreeable, odious, and disappointing part. If he is fortunate, however, as a favorite child of knowledge should be, he will meet with suitable auxiliaries who will shorten and lighten his task; I mean so-called cynics, those who simply recognize the animal, the common-place and "the rule" in themselves, and at the same time have so much spirituality and ticklishness as to make them talk of themselves and their like *before witnesses* — sometimes they wallow, even in books, as on their own dung-hill. Cynicism is the only form in which base souls approach what is called honesty; and the higher man must open his ears to all the coarser or finer cynicism, and congratulate himself when the clown becomes

shameless right before him, or the scientific satyr speaks out. There are even cases where enchantment mixes with the disgust — namely, where by a freak of nature, genius is bound to some such indiscreet billygoat and ape, as in the case of the Abbé Galiani, the profoundest, acutest, and perhaps also filthiest man of his century — he was far profounder than Voltaire, and consequently also, a good deal more silent. It happens more frequently, as has been hinted, that a scientific head is placed on an ape's body, a fine exceptional understanding in a base soul, an occurrence by no means rare, especially amongst doctors and moral physiologists. And whenever any one speaks without bitterness, or rather quite innocently of man, as a belly with two requirements, and a head with one; whenever any one sees, seeks and *wants* to see only hunger, sexual instinct, and vanity as the real and only motives of human actions; in short, when any one speaks "badly" — and not even "ill" — of man, then ought the lover of knowledge to hearken attentively and diligently; he ought, in general, to have an open ear wherever there is talk without indignation. For the indignant man, and he who perpetually tears and lacerates himself with his own teeth (or, in place of himself, the world, God, or society), may indeed, morally speaking, stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent, and less instructive case. And no one is such a *liar* as the indignant man.

44

Need I say expressly after all this that they will be free, *very* free spirits, these philosophers of the future — as certainly also they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different, which does not wish to be misunderstood and mistaken? But while I say this, I feel under *obligation* almost as much to them as to ourselves (we free spirits who are their heralds and forerunners), to sweep away from ourselves

altogether a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding, which, like a fog, has too long made the conception of "free spirit" obscure. In every country of Europe, and the same in America, there is at present something which makes an abuse of this name: a very narrow, prepossessed, enchained class of spirits, who desire almost the opposite of what our intentions and instincts prompt — not to mention that in respect to the *new* philosophers who are appearing, they must still more be closed windows and bolted doors. Briefly and regrettably, they belong to the *levelers,* these wrongly named "free spirits" — as glib-tongued and scribe-fingered slaves of the democratic taste and its "modern ideas": all of them men without solitude, without personal solitude, blunt honest fellows to whom neither courage nor honorable conduct ought to be denied; only, they are not free, and are ludicrously superficial, especially in their innate partiality for seeing the cause of almost *all* human misery and failure in the old forms in which society has hitherto existed — a notion which happily inverts the truth entirely! What they would fain attain with all their strength, is the universal, green-meadow happiness of the herd, together with security, safety, comfort, and alleviation of life for every one; their two most frequently chanted songs and doctrines are called "Equality of Rights" and "Sympathy with all Sufferers" — and suffering itself is looked upon by them as something which must be *done away with.* We opposite ones, however, who have opened our eye and conscience to the question how and where the plant "man" has hitherto grown most vigorously, believe that this has always taken place under the opposite conditions, that for this end the dangerousness of his situation had to be increased enormously, his inventive faculty and dissembling power (his "spirit") had to develop into subtlety and daring under long oppression and compulsion, and his Will to Life had to be increased to the unconditioned Will to Power: — we believe that severity, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart,

secrecy, stoicism, tempter's art and devilry of every kind, — that everything wicked, terrible, tyrannical, predatory, and serpentine in man, serves as well for the elevation of the human species as its opposite: — we do not even say enough when we only say *this much;* and in any case we find ourselves here, both with our speech and our silence, at the *other* extreme of all modern ideology and gregarious desirability, as their antipodes perhaps? What wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative spirits? that we do not wish to betray in every respect *what* a spirit can free itself from, and *where* perhaps it will then be driven? And as to the import of the dangerous formula, "Beyond Good and Evil," with which we at least avoid confusion, we *are* something else than "*libres-penseurs,*" "*liberi pensatori,*" "free-thinkers," and whatever these honest advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. Having been at home, or at least guests, in many realms of the spirit; having escaped again and again from the gloomy, agreeable nooks in which preferences and prejudices, youth, origin, the accident of men and books, or even the weariness of travel seemed to confine us; full of malice against the seductions of dependency which lie concealed in honors, money, positions, or exaltation of the senses; grateful even for distress and the vicissitudes of illness, because they always free us from some rule, and its "prejudice," grateful to the God, devil, sheep, and worm in us; inquisitive to a fault, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the intangible, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible, ready for any business that requires sagacity and acute senses, ready for every adventure, owing to an excess of "free will;" with anterior and posterior souls, into the ultimate intentions of which it is difficult to pry, with foregrounds and backgrounds to the end of which no foot may run; hidden ones under the mantles of light, appropriators, although we resemble heirs and spendthrifts, arrangers and collectors from morning till night,

misers of our wealth and our full-crammed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in scheming; sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night-owls of work even in full day; yea, if necessary, even scarecrows — and it is necessary nowadays, that is to say, inasmuch as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of *solitude,* of our own profoundest midnight and midday solitude: — such kind of men are we, we free spirits! And perhaps *ye* are also something of the same kind, ye coming ones? ye *new* philosophers?

186

The moral sentiment in Europe at present is perhaps as subtle, belated, diverse, sensitive, and refined, as the "Science of Morals" belonging thereto is recent, initial, awkward, and coarse-fingered: — an interesting contrast, which sometimes becomes incarnate and obvious in the very person of a moralist. Indeed, the expression, "Science of Morals" is, in respect to what is designated thereby, far too presumptuous and counter to *good* taste, — which is always a foretaste of more modest expressions. One ought to avow with the utmost fairness *what* is still necessary here for a long time, *what* is alone proper for the present: namely, the collection of material, the comprehensive survey and classification of an immense domain of delicate sentiments of worth, and distinctions of worth, which live, grow, propagate, and perish — and perhaps attempts to give a clear idea of the recurring and more common forms of these living crystallizations — as preparation for a *theory of types* of morality. To be sure, people have not hitherto been so modest. All the philosophers, with a pedantic and ridiculous seriousness, demanded of themselves something very much higher, more pretentious, and ceremonious, when they concerned themselves with morality as a science: they wanted to *give a basis* to morality — and every philosopher hitherto has believed that he has given it a basis; morality itself, however, has been

regarded as something "given." How far from their awkward pride was the seemingly insignificant problem — left in dust and decay — of a description of forms of morality, notwithstanding that the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough for it! It was precisely owing to moral philosophers knowing the moral facts imperfectly, in an arbitrary epitome, or an accidental abridgment — perhaps as the morality of their environment, their position, their church, their *Zeitgeist*, their climate and zone — it was precisely because they were badly instructed with regard to nations, eras, and past ages, and were by no means eager to know about these matters, that they did not even come in sight of the real problems of morals — problems which only disclose themselves by a comparison of *many* kinds of morality. In every "Science of Morals" hitherto, strange as it may sound, the problem of morality itself has been *omitted;* there has been no suspicion that there was anything problematic there! That which philosophers called "giving a basis to morality," and endeavored to realize, has, when seen in a right light, proved merely a learned form of good *faith* in prevailing morality, a new means of its *expression,* consequently just a matter-of-fact within the sphere of a definite morality, yea, in its ultimate motive, a sort of denial that it is *lawful* for this morality to be called in question — and in any case the reverse of the testing, analyzing, doubting, and vivisecting of this very faith. Hear, for instance, with what innocence — almost worthy of honor — Schopenhauer represents his own task, and draw your conclusions concerning the scientificalness of a "science" whose latest master still talks in the strain of children and old wives: "The principle," he says (page 136 of the *Grundprobleme der Ethik* *), "the axiom about the purport of which all moralists are *practically* agreed: *neminem læde, immo omnes quantum potes juva* — is really the proposition which all moral teachers strive to establish, . . . the *real* basis of ethics which has

* Pages 54–55 of Schopenhauer's *Basis of Morality,* translated by Arthur B. Bullock, M.A. (1903).

been sought, like the philosopher's stone, for centuries." The difficulty of establishing the proposition referred to may indeed be great — it is well known that Schopenhauer also was unsuccessful in his efforts; and whoever has thoroughly realized how absurdly false and sentimental this proposition is, in a world whose essence is Will to Power, may be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, *actually* — played the flute . . . daily after dinner: one may read about the matter in his biography. A question by the way: a pessimist, a repudiator of God and of the world, who *makes a halt* at morality — who assents to morality, and plays the flute to *læde-neminem* morals, what? Is that really — a pessimist?

189

Industrious races find it a great hardship to be idle: it was a master stroke of *English* instinct to hallow and begloom Sunday to such an extent that the Englishman unconsciously hankers for his week-and-work-day again: — as a kind of cleverly devised, cleverly intercalated *fast,* such as is also frequently found in the ancient world (although, as is appropriate in southern nations, not precisely with respect to work). Many kinds of fasts are necessary; and wherever powerful impulses and habits prevail, legislators have to see that intercalary days are appointed, on which such impulses are fettered, and learn to hunger anew. Viewed from a higher standpoint, whole generations and epochs, when they show themselves infected with any moral fanaticism, seem like those intercalated periods of restraint and fasting, during which an impulse learns to humble and submit itself — at the same time also to *purify* and *sharpen* itself; certain philosophical sects likewise admit of a similar interpretation (for instance, the Stoa, in the midst of Hellenic culture, with the atmosphere rank and overcharged with Aphrodisiacal odors). Here also is a hint for the explanation of the paradox, why it was precisely in the most Christian period

of European history, and in general only under the pressure of Christian sentiments, that the sexual impulse sublimated into love (*amour-passion*).

195

The Jews — a people "born for slavery," as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say of them; "the chosen people among the nations," as they themselves say and believe — the Jews performed the miracle of the inversion of valuations, by means of which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millenniums. Their prophets fused into one the expressions "rich," "godless," "wicked," "violent," "sensual," and for the first time coined the word "world" as a term of reproach. In this inversion of valuations (in which is also included the use of the word "poor" as synonymous with "saint" and "friend") the significance of the Jewish people is to be found; it is with *them* that the *slave-insurrection in morals* commences.

224

The *historical sense* (or the capacity for divining quickly the order of rank of the valuations according to which a people, a community, or an individual has lived, the "divining instinct" for the relationships of these valuations, for the relation of the authority of the valuations to the authority of the operating forces),— this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our specialty, has come to us in the train of the enchanting and mad *semi-barbarity* into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races — it is only the nineteenth century that has recognized this faculty as its sixth sense. Owing to this mingling, the past of every form and mode of life, and of cultures which were formerly closely contiguous and superimposed on one another, flows forth into us "modern souls;" our instincts now

run back in all directions, we ourselves are a kind of chaos: in the end, as we have said, the spirit perceives its advantage therein. By means of our semi-barbarity in body and in desire, we have secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never had; we have access above all to the labyrinth of imperfect civilizations, and to every form of semi-barbarity that has at any time existed on earth; and in so far as the most considerable part of human civilization hitherto has just semi-barbarity, the "historical sense" implies almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it immediately proves itself to be an *ignoble* sense. For instance, we enjoy Homer once more: it is perhaps our happiest acquisition that we know how to appreciate Homer, whom men of distinguished culture (as the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Evremond, who reproached him for his *esprit vaste,* and even Voltaire, the last echo of the century) cannot and could not so easily appropriate — whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. The very decided Yea and Nay of their palate, their promptly ready disgust, their hesitating reluctance with regard to everything strange, their horror of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general the averseness of every distinguished and self-sufficing culture to avow a new desire, a dissatisfaction with its own condition, or an admiration of what is strange: all this determines and disposes them unfavorably even toward the best things of the world which are not their property or *could not* become their prey — and no faculty is more unintelligible to such men than just this historical sense, with its truckling, plebeian curiosity. The case is not different with Shakespeare, that marvelous Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of Æschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation: but we accept precisely this wild motleyness, this medley of the most delicate, the most coarse, and the most artificial, with a secret con-

fidence and cordiality; we enjoy it as a refinement of art reserved expressly for us, and allow ourselves to be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the proximity of the English populace in which Shakespeare's art and taste lives, as perhaps on the Chiaja of Naples, where, with all our senses awake, we go our way, enchanted and voluntarily, in spite of the drain-odor of the lower quarters of the town. That as men of the "historical sense" we have our virtues is not to be disputed: — we are unpretentious, unselfish, modest, brave, habituated to self-control and self-renunciation, very grateful, very patient, very complaisant — but with all this we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally confess it, that what is most difficult for us men of the "historical sense" to grasp, feel, taste, and love, what finds us fundamentally prejudiced and almost hostile, is precisely the perfection and ultimate maturity in every culture and art, the essentially noble in works and men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the goldenness and coldness which all things show that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense is in necessary contrast to *good* taste, at least to the very best taste; and we can only evoke in ourselves imperfectly, hesitatingly, and with compulsion the small, short, and happy godsends and glorifications of human life as they shine here and there: those moments and marvelous experiences, when a great power has voluntarily come to a halt before the boundless and infinite,— when a superabundance of refined delight has been enjoyed by a sudden checking and petrifying, by standing firmly and planting oneself fixedly on still trembling ground. *Proportionateness* is strange to us, let us confess it to ourselves; our itching is really the itching for the infinite, the immeasurable. Like the rider on his forward panting horse, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern men, we semi-barbarians — and are only in *our* highest bliss when we — *are in most danger.*

251

It must be taken into the bargain, if various clouds and disturbances — in short, slight attacks of stupidity — pass over the spirit of a people that suffers and *wants* to suffer from national nervous fever and political ambition: for instance, among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called. May it be forgiven me that I, too, when on a short daring sojourn on very infected ground, did not remain wholly exempt from the disease, but like every one else, began to entertain thoughts about matters which did not concern me — the first symptom of political infection. About the Jews, for instance, listen to the following: — I have never yet met a German who was favorably inclined to the Jews; and however decided the repudiation of actual anti-Semitism may be on the part of all prudent and political men, this prudence and policy is not perhaps directed against the nature of the sentiment itself, but only against its dangerous excess, and especially against the distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment; — on this point we must not deceive ourselves. That Germany has amply *sufficient* Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood, has difficulty (and will long have difficulty) in disposing only of this quantity of "Jew" — as the Italian, the Frenchman, and Englishman have done by means of a stronger digestion: — that is the unmistakable declaration and language of a general instinct, to which one must listen and according to which one must act. "Let no more Jews come in! And shut the doors, especially toward the East (also toward Austria)!" — thus commands the instinct of a people whose nature is still feeble and uncertain, so that it could be easily wiped out, easily

extinguished, by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race at present living in Europe; they know how to succeed even under the worst conditions (in fact better than under favorable ones), by means of virtues of some sort, which one would like nowadays to label as vices — owing above all to a resolute faith which does not need to be ashamed before "modern ideas;" they alter only, *when* they do alter, in the same way that the Russian Empire makes its conquest — as an empire that has plenty of time and is not of yesterday — namely, according to the principle, "as slowly as possible!" A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart will, in all his perspectives concerning the future, calculate upon the Jews, as he will calculate upon the Russians, as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces. That which is at present called a "nation" in Europe, and is really rather a *res facta* than *nata* (indeed, sometimes confusingly similar to a *res ficta et picta*), is in every case something evolving, young, easily displaced, and not yet a race, much less such a race *ære perennius,* as the Jews are: such "nations" should most carefully avoid all hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews, if they desired — or if they were driven to it, as the anti-Semites seem to wish — *could* now have the ascendency, nay, literally the supremacy, over Europe; that they are *not* working and planning for that end is equally certain. Meanwhile, they rather wish and desire, even somewhat importunately, to be insorbed and absorbed by Europe; they long to be finally settled, authorized, and respected somewhere, and wish to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "wandering Jew;" — and one should certainly take account of this impulse and tendency, and *make advances* to it (it possibly betokens a mitigation of the Jewish instincts): for which purpose it would perhaps be useful and fair to banish the anti-Semitic bawlers out of the country. One should make advances with all prudence, and with selection; pretty

much as the English nobility do. It stands to reason that the more powerful and strongly marked types of new Germanism could enter into relation with the Jews with the least hesitation, for instance, the nobleman officer from the Prussian border: it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience (and especially some intellectuality — sadly lacking in the place referred to) could not in addition be annexed and trained to the hereditary art of commanding and obeying — for both of which the country in question has now a classic reputation. But here it is expedient to break off my festal discourse and my sprightly Teutonomania: for I have already reached my *serious topic*, the "European problem," as I understand it, the rearing of a new ruling caste for Europe.

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They are not a philosophical race — the English: Bacon represents an *attack* on the philosophical spirit generally, Hobbes, Hume, and Locke, an abasement, and a depreciation of the idea of a "philosopher" for more than a century. It was *against* Hume that Kant uprose and raised himself; it was Locke of whom Schelling *rightly* said, "*Je méprise Locke;*" in the struggle against the English mechanical stultification of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (along with Goethe) were of one accord; the two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy, who pushed in different directions toward the opposite poles of German thought, and thereby wronged each other as only brothers will do. What is lacking in England, and has always been lacking, that half-actor and rhetorician knew well enough, the absurd muddle-head, Carlyle, who sought to conceal under passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely, what was *lacking* in Carlyle — real *power* of intellect, real *depth* of intellectual perception, in short, philosophy. It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race to hold on firmly to Christianity — they *need* its discipline for "moralizing" and humanizing. The English-

man, more gloomy, sensual, headstrong, and brutal than the German — is for that very reason, as the baser of the two, also the most pious: he has all the *more need* of Christianity. To finer nostrils, this English Christianity itself has still a characteristic English taint of spleen and alcoholic excess, for which, owing to good reasons, it is used as an antidote — the finer poison to neutralize the coarser: a finer form of poisoning is in fact a step in advance with coarse-mannered people, a step toward spiritualization. The English coarseness and rustic demureness is still most satisfactorily disguised by Christian pantomime, and by praying and psalm-singing (or, more correctly, it is thereby explained and differently expressed); and for the herd of drunkards and rakes who formerly learned moral grunting under the influence of Methodism (and more recently as the "Salvation Army"), a penitential fit may really be the relatively highest manifestation of "humanity" to which they can be elevated: so much may reasonably be admitted. That, however, which offends even in the humanest Englishman is his lack of music, to speak figuratively (and also literally): he has neither rhythm nor dance in the movements of his soul and body; indeed, not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music." Listen to him speaking; look at the most beautiful Englishwoman *walking* — in no country on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans; finally, listen to them singing! But I ask too much. . . .

253

There are truths which are best recognized by mediocre minds, because they are best adapted for them, there are truths which only possess charms and seductive power for mediocre spirits: — one is pushed to this probably unpleasant conclusion, now that the influence of respectable but mediocre Englishmen — I may mention Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer — begins to gain the ascendency in the middle-class region of European taste. Indeed, who could doubt that it is a useful thing for *such*

minds to have the ascendency for a time? It would be an error to consider the highly developed and independently soaring minds as specially qualified for determining and collecting many little common facts, and deducing conclusions from them; as exceptions, they are rather from the first in no very favorable position toward those who are "the rules." After all, they have more to do than merely to perceive:—in effect, they have to *be* something new, they have to *signify* something new, they have to *represent* new values! The gulf between knowledge and capacity is perhaps greater, and also more mysterious, than one thinks: the capable man in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be an ignorant person;—while on the other hand, for scientific discoveries like those of Darwin, a certain narrowness, aridity, and industrious carefulness (in short, something English,) may not be unfavorable for arriving at them. Finally, let it not be forgotten that the English, with their profound mediocrity, brought about once before a general depression of European intelligence. What is called "modern ideas," or "the ideas of the eighteenth century," or "French ideas"—that, consequently, against which the *German* mind rose up with profound disgust—is of English origin, there is no doubt about it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, their best soldiers, and likewise, alas! their first and profoundest *victims;* for owing to the diabolical Anglomania of "modern ideas," the *âme française* has in the end become so thin and emaciated, that at present one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its profound, passionate strength, its inventive excellency, almost with disbelief. One must, however, maintain this verdict of historical justice in a determined manner, and defend it against present prejudices and appearances: the European *noblesse*—of sentiment, taste, and manners, taking the word in every high sense,—is the work and invention of *France;* the European ignobleness, the plebeianism of modern ideas—is *England's* work and invention.

apostolate, could only perfect itself in sight of the French socialistic original. On a more subtle comparison it will perhaps be found, to the honor of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he has acted in everything with more strength, daring, severity, and elevation than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could have done — owing to the circumstance that we Germans are as yet nearer to barbarism than the French; — perhaps even the most remarkable creation of Richard Wagner is not only at present, but forever inaccessible, incomprehensible, and inimitable to the whole latter-day Latin race: the figure of Siegfried, that *very free* man, who is probably far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too *anti-Catholic* for the taste of old and mellow civilized nations. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Latin Siegfried: well, Wagner atoned amply for this sin in his old sad days, when — anticipating a taste which has meanwhile passed into politics — he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, to preach, at least, *the way to Rome*, if not to walk therein. That these last words may not be misunderstood, I will call to my aid a few powerful rhymes, which will even betray to less delicate ears what I mean — what I mean *counter* to the "last Wagner" and his Parsifal music: —

— Is this our mode? —
From German heart came this vexed ululating?
From German body, this self-lacerating?
Is ours this priestly hand-dilation,
This incense-fuming exaltation?
Is ours this faltering, falling, shambling,
This quite uncertain ding-dong-dangling?
This sly nun-ogling, Ave-hour-bell ringing,
This wholly false enraptured heaven-o'erspringing?
— Is this our mode? —
Think well! — ye still wait for admission —
For what ye hear is *Rome — Rome's faith by intuition!*

*VI. From "The Genealogy of Morals"**

16

Let us come to a conclusion. The two *opposing values*, "good and bad," "good and evil," have fought a dreadful, thousand-year fight in the world, and though indubitably the second value has been for a long time in the preponderance, there are not wanting places where the fortune of the fight is still undecisive. It can almost be said that in the meanwhile the fight reaches a higher and higher level, and that in the meanwhile it has become more and more intense, and always more and more psychological; so that nowadays there is perhaps no more decisive mark of the *higher nature*, of the more psychological nature, than to be in that sense self-contradictory, and to be actually still a battleground for those two opposites. The symbol of this fight, written in a writing which has remained worthy of perusal throughout the course of history up to the present time, is called "Rome against Judæa, Judæa against Rome." Hitherto there has been no greater event than *that* fight, the putting of *that* question, *that* deadly antagonism. Rome found in the Jew the incarnation of the unnatural, as though it were its diametrically opposed monstrosity, and in Rome the Jew was held to be *convicted of hatred* of the whole human race: and rightly so, in so far as it is right to link the well-being and the future of the human race to the unconditional mastery of the aristocratic values, of the Roman values. What, conversely, did the Jews feel against Rome? One can surmise it from a thousand symptoms, but it is sufficient to carry one's mind back to the Johannian Apocalypse, that most obscene of all the written outbursts, which has revenge on its conscience. (One should also appraise at its full value the profound logic of the Christian instinct, when over this very book of hate it wrote the name of the Disciple of Love, that self-same disciple to whom it attributed that impas-

* Translated by Horace B. Samuel, M.A.

sioned and ecstatic Gospel — therein lurks a portion of truth, however much literary forging may have been necessary for this purpose.) The Romans were the strong and aristocratic; a nation stronger and more aristocratic has never existed in the world, has never even been dreamed of; every relic of them, every inscription enraptures, granted that one can divine *what* it is that writes the inscription. The Jews, conversely, were that priestly nation of resentment *par excellence*, possessed by a unique genius for popular morals: just compare with the Jews the nations with analogous gifts, such as the Chinese or the Germans, so as to realize afterward what is first rate, and what is fifth rate.

Which of them has been provisionally victorious, Rome or Judæa? but there is not a shadow of doubt; just consider to whom in Rome itself nowadays you bow down, as though before the quintescence of all the highest values — and not only in Rome, but almost over half the world, everywhere where man has been tamed or is about to be tamed — to *three Jews*, as we know, and *one Jewess* (to Jesus of Nazareth, to Peter the fisher, to Paul the tent-maker, and to the mother of the aforesaid Jesus, named Mary). This is very remarkable: Rome is undoubtedly defeated. At any rate there took place in the Renaissance a brilliantly sinister revival of the classical ideal, of the aristocratic valuation of all things: Rome herself, like a man waking up from a trance, stirred beneath the burden of the new Judaized Rome that had been built over her, which presented the appearance of an ecumenical synagogue and was called the "Church;" but immediately Judæa triumphed again, thanks to that fundamentally popular (German and English) movement of revenge, which is called the Reformation, and taking also into account its inevitable corollary, the restoration of the Church — the restoration also of the ancient graveyard peace of classical Rome. Judæa proved yet once more victorious over the classical ideal in the French Revolution, and in a sense which was even more

crucial and even more profound: the last political aristocracy that existed in Europe, that of the French seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, broke into pieces beneath the instincts of a resentful populace — never had the world heard a greater jubilation, a more uproarious enthusiasm: indeed, there took place in the midst of it the most monstrous and unexpected phenomenon; the ancient ideal *itself* swept before the eyes and conscience of humanity with all its life and with unheard-of splendor, and in opposition to resentment's lying war-cry of *the prerogative of the most*, in opposition to the will to lowliness, abasement, and equalization, the will to a retrogression and twilight of humanity, there rang out once again, stronger, simpler, more penetrating than ever, the terrible and enchanting counter-war-cry of *the prerogative of the few!* Like a final signpost to other ways, there appeared Napoleon, the most unique and violent anachronism that ever existed, and in him the incarnate problem *of the aristocratic ideal in itself* — consider well what a problem it is: — Napoleon, that synthesis of Monster and Superman.

22

The ascetic priest has, wherever he has obtained the mastery, corrupted the health of the soul, he has consequently also corrupted *taste in artibus et litteris* — he corrupts it still. "Consequently?" I hope I shall be granted this "consequently;" at any rate, I am not going to prove it first. One solitary indication, it concerns the arch-book of Christian literature, their real model, their "book-in-itself." In the very midst of the Græco-Roman splendor, which was also a splendor of books, face to face with an ancient world of writings which had not yet fallen into decay and ruin, at a time when certain books were still to be read, to possess which we would give nowadays half our literature in exchange, at that time the simplicity and vanity of Christian agitators (they are generally called Fathers of the Church) dared to declare: "We too have

our classical literature, *we do not need that of the Greeks*" — and meanwhile they proudly pointed to their books of legends, their letters of apostles, and their apologetic tractlets, just in the same way that today the English "Salvation Army" wages its fight against Shakespeare and other "heathens" with an analogous literature. You already guess it, I do not like the "New Testament;" it almost upsets me that I stand so isolated in my taste so far as concerns this valued, this over-valued Scripture; the taste of two thousand years is *against* me; but what boots it! "Here I stand! I cannot help myself"* — I have the courage of my bad taste. The *Old* Testament — yes, that is something quite different, all honor to the Old Testament! I find therein great men, an heroic landscape, and one of the rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naïvete *of the strong heart;* further still, I find a people. In the New, on the contrary, just a hostel of petty sects, pure rococo of the soul, twisting angles and fancy touches, nothing but conventicle air, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic sweetness which appertains to the epoch (*and* the Roman province) and is less Jewish than Hellenistic. Meekness and braggadocio cheek by jowl; an emotional garrulousness that almost deafens; passionate hysteria, but no passion; painful pantomime; here manifestly every one lacked good breeding. How dare any one make so much fuss about their little failings as do these pious little fellows! No one cares a straw about it — let alone God. Finally they actually wish to have "the crown of eternal life," do all these little provincials! In return for what, in sooth? For what end? It is impossible to carry insolence any further. An immortal Peter! who could stand *him!* They have an ambition which makes one laugh: the *thing* dishes up cut and dried his most personal life, his melancholies, and commoner-garden troubles, as though the Universe itself were under an obligation to bother itself

* "Here I stand! I cannot help myself. God help me! Amen" — were Luther's words before the Reichstag at Worms.

about them, for it never gets tired of wrapping up God Himself in the petty misery in which its troubles are involved. And how about the atrocious form of this chronic hobnobbing with God? This Jewish, and not merely Jewish, slobbering and clawing importunacy toward God! There exist little despised "heathen nations" in East Asia, from whom these first Christians could have learnt something worth learning, a little tact in worshipping; these nations do not allow themselves to say aloud the name of their God. This seems to me delicate enough, it is certain that it is *too* delicate, and not only for primitive Christians; to take a contrast, just recollect Luther, the most "eloquent" and insolent peasant whom Germany has had, think of the Lutherian tone, in which he felt quite the most in his element during his tête-à-têtes with God. Luther's opposition to the medieval saints of the Church (in particular, against "that devil's hog, the Pope"), was, there is no doubt, at bottom the opposition of a boor, who was offended at the *good etiquette* of the Church, that worship-etiquette of the sacerdotal code, which only admits to the holy of holies the initiated and the silent, and shuts the door against the boors. These definitely were not to be allowed a hearing in this planet,—but Luther the peasant simply wished it otherwise; as it was, it was not German enough for him. He personally wished himself to talk direct, to talk personally, to talk "straight from the shoulder" with his God. Well, he's done it. The ascetic ideal, you will guess, was at no time and in no place a school of good taste, still less of good manners—at the best it was a school for sacerdotal manners: that is, it contains in itself something which was a deadly enemy to all good manners. Lack of measure, opposition to measure, it is itself a "*non plus ultra.*"

23

The ascetic ideal has corrupted not only health and taste, there are also third, fourth, fifth, and sixth things which it has corrupted—I shall take care not to go through the

catalogue (when should I get to the end?). I have here to expose not what this ideal effected; but rather only what it *means*, on what it is based, what lies lurking behind it and under it, that of which it is the provisional expression, an obscure expression bristling with queries and misunderstandings. And with this object only in view I presumed "not to spare" my readers a glance at the awfulness of its results, a glance at its fatal results; I did this to prepare them for the final and most awful aspect presented to me by the question of the significance of that ideal. What is the significance of the *power* of that ideal, the monstrousness of its power? Why is it given such an amount of scope? Why is not a better resistance offered against it? The ascetic ideal expresses one will: where is the opposition will, in which an *opposition ideal* expresses itself? The ascetic ideal has an aim — this goal is, putting it generally, that all the other interests of human life should, measured by its standard, appear petty and narrow; it explains epochs, nations, men, in reference to this one end; it forbids any other interpretation, any other end; it repudiates, denies, affirms, confirms, only in the sense of its own interpretation (and was there ever a more thoroughly elaborated system of interpretation?); it subjects itself to no power, rather does it believe in its own precedence over every power — it believes that nothing powerful exists in the world that has not first got to receive from "it" a meaning, a right to exist, a value, as being an instrument in its work, a way and means to its end, to one end. Where is the *counterpart* of this complete system of will, end, and interpretation? Why is the counterpart lacking? Where is the other "one aim?" But I am told it is not lacking, that not only has it fought a long and fortunate fight with that ideal, but that further it has already won the mastery over that ideal in all essentials: let our whole modern *science* attest this — that modern science, which, like the genuine reality-philosophy which it is, manifestly believes in itself alone, manifestly has the courage to be itself, the

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will to be itself, and has got on well enough without God, another world, and negative virtues.

With all their noisy agitator-babble, however, they effect nothing with me; these trumpeters of reality are bad musicians, their voices do not come from the deeps with sufficient audibility, they are *not* the mouthpiece for the abyss of scientific knowledge — for today scientific knowledge is an abyss — the word "science," in such trumpeter-mouths, is a prostitution, an abuse, an impertinence. The truth is just the opposite from what is maintained in the ascetic theory. Science has today absolutely *no* belief in itself, let alone in an ideal superior to itself, and wherever science still consists of passion, love, ardor, suffering, it is not the opposition to that ascetic ideal, but rather the *incarnation of its latest and noblest form.* Does that ring strange? There are enough brave and decent working people, even among the learned men of today, who like their little corner, and who, just because they are pleased so to do, become at times indecently loud with their demand, that people today should be quite content, especially in science — for in science there is so much useful work to do. I do not deny it — there is nothing I should like less than to spoil the delight of these honest workers in their handiwork; for I rejoice in their work. But the fact of science requiring hard work, the fact of its having contented workers, is absolutely no proof of science as a whole having today one end, one will, one ideal, one passion for a great faith; the contrary, as I have said, is the case. When science is not the latest manifestation of the ascetic ideal — but these are cases of such rarity, selectness, and exquisiteness, as to preclude the general judgment being affected thereby — science is a *hiding-place* for every kind of cowardice, disbelief, remorse, *despectio sui*, bad conscience — it is the very *anxiety* that springs from having no ideal, the suffering from the *lack* of a great love, the discontent with an enforced moderation. Oh, what does all science not cover today? How much, at any rate, does it not try

to cover? The diligence of our best scholars, their senseless industry, their burning the candle of their brain at both ends — their very mastery in their handiwork — how often is the real meaning of all that to prevent themselves continuing to see a certain thing? Science as a self-anesthetic: *do you know that?* You wound them — every one who consorts with scholars experiences this — you wound them sometimes to the quick through just a harmless word; when you think you are paying them a compliment you embitter them beyond all bounds, simply because you didn't have the *finesse* to infer the real kind of customers you had to tackle, the *sufferer* kind (who won't own up even to themselves what they really are), the dazed and unconscious kind who have only one fear — *coming to consciousness.*

*VII. From "The Twilight of the Idols"**

12

I HAVE been reading the life of Thomas Carlyle, that unconscious and involuntary farce, that heroico-moral interpretation of dyspeptic moods — Carlyle, a man of strong words and attitudes, a rhetorician by necessity, who seems ever to be tormented by the desire of finding some kind of strong faith, and by his inability to do so (— in this respect a typical Romanticist!). To yearn for a strong faith is not the proof of a strong faith, but rather the reverse. If a man have a strong faith he can indulge in the luxury of scepticism; he is strong enough, firm enough, well-knit enough for such a luxury. Carlyle stupefies something in himself by means of the *fortissimo* of his reverence for men of a strong faith, and his rage over those who are less foolish: he is in sore need of noise. An attitude of constant and passionate dishonesty toward himself — this is his *proprium;* by virtue of this he is and remains interesting. Of course, in England he is admired precisely on

* Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici.

account of his honesty. Well, that is English; and in view of the fact that the English are the nation of consummate cant, it is not only comprehensible but also very natural. At bottom, Carlyle is an English atheist who makes it a point of honor not to be so.

13

Emerson.— He is much more enlightened, much broader, more versatile, and more subtle than Carlyle; but above all, he is happier. He is one who instinctively lives on ambrosia and who leaves the indigestible parts of things on his plate. Compared with Carlyle he is a man of taste. Carlyle, who was very fond of him, nevertheless declared that "he does not give us enough to chew." This is perfectly true, but it is not unfavorable to Emerson. Emerson possesses that kindly intellectual cheerfulness which deprecates over-much seriousness; he has absolutely no idea of how old he is already, and how young he will yet be — he could have said of himself, in Lope de Vega's words: "*yo me sucedo a mi mismo.*" His mind is always finding reasons for being contented and even thankful; and at times he gets preciously near to that serene superiority of the worthy bourgeois who returning from an amorous rendezvous *tamquam re bene pesta*, said gratefully "*Ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda voluptas.*"

14

Anti-Darwin.— As to the famous "struggle for existence," it seems to me, for the present, to be more of an assumption than a fact. It does occur, but as an exception. The general condition of life is not one of want or famine, but rather of riches, of lavish luxuriance, and even of absurd prodigality — where there is a struggle, it is a struggle for power. We should not confound Malthus with nature. Supposing, however, that this struggle exists,— and it does indeed occur — its result is unfortunately the very reverse of that which the Darwinian school seems to

desire, and of that which in agreement with them we also might desire: that is to say, it is always to the disadvantage of the strong, the privileged, and the happy exceptions. Species do not evolve toward perfection: the weak always prevail over the strong — simply because they are the majority, and because they are also the more crafty. Darwin forgot the intellect (— that is English!), the weak have more intellect. In order to acquire intellect, one must be in need of it. One loses it when one no longer needs it. He who possesses strength flings intellect to the deuce (— "let it go hence!"* say the Germans of the present day, "the *Empire* will remain"). As you perceive, intellect to me means caution, patience, craft, dissimulation, great self-control, and everything related to mimicry (what is praised nowadays as virtue is very closely related to the latter).

VIII. From "The Will to Power"†

910

The Type of My Disciples.— To such men as concern me in any way I wish suffering, desolation, sickness, ill-treatment, indignities of all kinds. I wish them to be acquainted with profound self-contempt, with the martyrdom of self-distrust, with the misery of the defeated: I have no pity for them; because I wish them to have the only thing which today proves whether a man has any value or not, namely, *the capacity of sticking to his guns.*

911

The happiness and self-contentedness of the lazzaroni, or the blessedness of "beautiful souls," or the consumptive love of Puritan pietists proves nothing in regard to the *order of rank* among men. As a great educator one ought inexorably to thrash a race of such blissful creatures into

*An allusion to a verse in Luther's hymn: "*Lass fahren dahin . . . das Reich muss uns doch bleiben,*" which Nietzsche applies to the German Empire.— Translator.

† Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici.

unhappiness. The danger of belittlement and of a slackening of powers follows immediately — I am opposed to happiness *à la* Spinoza or *à la* Epicurus, and to all the relaxation of contemplative states. But when virtue is the means to such happiness, well then, *one must master even virtue.*

912

I CANNOT see how any one can make up for having missed going to *a good school* at the proper time. Such a person does not know himself; he walks through life without ever having learned to walk. His soft muscles betray themselves at every step. Occasionally life itself is merciful enough to make a man recover this lost and severe schooling: by means of periods of sickness, perhaps, which exact the utmost will-power and self-control; or by means of a sudden state of poverty, which threatens his wife and child, and which may force a man to such activity as will restore energy to his slackened tendons, and a *tough spirit* to his will to life. The most desirable thing of all, however, is, under all circumstances to have severe discipline *at the right time*, i. e., at that age when it makes us proud that people should expect great things from us. For this is what distinguishes hard schooling, as good schooling, from every other schooling, namely, that a good deal is demanded, that a good deal is severely exacted; that goodness, nay, even excellence itself, is required as if it were normal; that praise is scanty, that leniency is non-existent; that blame is sharp, practical, and without reprieve, and has no regard to talent and antecedents. We are in every way in need of such a school; and this holds good of corporeal as well as of spiritual things; it would be fatal to draw distinctions here! The same discipline makes the soldier and the scholar efficient; and, looked at more closely, there is no true scholar who has not the instincts of a true soldier in his veins. To be able to command and to be able to obey in a proud fashion; to keep one's place in rank and file, and yet to be ready at any moment to lead; to prefer danger

to comfort; not to weigh what is permitted and what is forbidden in a tradesman's balance; to be more hostile to pettiness, slyness, and parasitism than to wickedness. What is it that one *learns* in a hard school? — *to obey and to command.*

915

It is my desire to *naturalize asceticism:* I would substitute the old intention of asceticism, "self-denial," by my own intention, "*self-strengthening:*" a gymnastic of the will; a period of abstinence and occasional fasting of every kind, even in things intellectual; a casuistry in deeds, in regard to the opinions which we derive from our powers; we should try our hand at adventure and at deliberate dangers. (*Dîners chez Magny:* all intellectual gourmets with spoilt stomachs.) *Tests* ought also to be devised for discovering a man's power in keeping his word.

916

The things which have become *spoilt* through having been abused by the Church:

(1) *Asceticism.*— People have scarcely got the courage yet to bring to light the natural utility and necessity of asceticism for the purpose of the *education of the will.* Our ridiculous world of education, before whose eyes the useful State official hovers as an ideal to be striven for, believes that it has completed its duty when it has instructed or trained the brain; it never even suspects that something else is first of all necessary — the education of *will-power;* tests are devised for everything except for the most important thing of all: whether a man can *will,* whether he can *promise;* the young man completes his education without a question or an inquiry having been made concerning the problem of the highest value of his nature.

(2) *Fasting.*— In every sense — even as a means of maintaining the capacity for taking pleasure in all good things (for instance, to give up reading for a while, to hear no

music for a while, to cease from being amiable for a while; one ought also to have fast days for one's virtues).

(3) *The monastery.*— Temporary isolation with severe seclusion from all letters, for instance; a kind of profound introspection and self-recovery, which does not go out of the way of "temptations," but out of the way of "duties;" a stepping out of the daily round of one's environment; a detachment from the tyranny of stimuli and external influences, which condemns us to expend our power only in reactions, and does not allow it to gather volume until it bursts into spontaneous activity (let anybody examine our scholars closely: they only think reflexively, i. e., they must first read before they can think).

(4) *Feasts.*— A man must be very coarse in order not to feel the presence of Christians and Christian values as oppressive, so oppressive as to send all festive moods to the devil. By feasts we understand: pride, high-spirits, exuberance; scorn of all kinds of seriousness and Philistinism; a divine saying of Yea to one's self, as the result of physical plentitude and perfection — all states to which the Christian cannot honestly say Yea. *A feast is a pagan thing par excellence.*

(5) *The courage of one's own nature: dressing up in morality.*— To be able to call one's passions good without the help of a moral formula: this is the standard which measures the extent to which a man is able to say Yea to his own nature, namely, how much or how little he has to have recourse to morality.

(6) *Death.*— The foolish physiological fact must be converted into a moral necessity. One should live in such a way that *one may have the will to die at the right time!*

925

A MARGINAL note to a *niaiserie anglaise:* "Do not to others that which you would not that they should do unto you." This stands for wisdom; this stands for prudence; this stands as the very basis of morality — as "a golden

maxim." John Stuart Mill believes in it (and what Englishman does not?) . . . But the maxim does not bear investigation. The argument, "Do not as you would not be done by," forbids actions which produce harmful results; the thought behind always is that an action is invariably requited. What if some one came forward with the "*Principe*" in his hands, and said: "We must do those actions alone which enable us to steal a march on others,—and which deprive others of the power of doing the same to us?" On the other hand, let us remember the Corsican who pledges his honor to vendetta. He too does not desire to have a bullet through him; but the prospect of one, the probability of getting one, does not deter him from vindicating his honor. . . . And in all really decent actions are we not intentionally indifferent as to what result they will bring? To avoid an action which might have harmful results — that would be tantamount to forbidding all decent actions in general.

Apart from this, the above maxim is valuable because it betrays a certain *type of man:* it is the instinct of the herd which formulates itself through him — we are equal, we regard each other as equal: as I am to thee so art thou to me. In this community equivalence of actions is really believed in — an equivalence which never under any circumstances manifests itself in real conditions. It is impossible to requite every action: among real individuals equal actions do not exist, consequently there can be no such thing as "requital." . . . When I do anything, I am very far from thinking that any man is able to do anything at all like it: the action belongs to me. . . . Nobody can pay me back for anything I do; the most that can be done is to make me the victim of another action.

926

Against John Stuart Mill.—I abhor the man's vulgarity when he says: "What is right for one man is right for another;" "Do not to others that which you would not that they should do unto you." Such principles would

fain establish the whole of human traffic *upon mutual services*, so that every action would appear to be a cash payment for something done to us. The hypothesis here is ignoble to the last degree: it is taken for granted that there is some sort of *equivalence in value between my actions and thine;* the most personal value of an action is simply canceled in this manner (that part of an action which has no equivalent and which cannot be remunerated). "Reciprocity" is a piece of egregious vulgarity; the mere fact that what I do *cannot* and *may* not be done by another, that there is *no such thing as equivalence* (except in those *very select circles* where one actually has one's equal, *inter pares*), that in a really profound sense a man never requites because he is something *unique* in himself and can only do *unique* things — this fundamental conviction contains the cause of *aristocratic aloofness from the mob*, because the latter believes in equality, and *consequently* in the feasibility of equivalence and "reciprocity."

942

The only Nobility is that of Birth and Blood.— (I do not refer here to the prefix "Lord" and *L'almanac de Gotha:* this is a parenthesis for donkeys.) Wherever people speak of the "aristocracy of intellect," reasons are generally not lacking for concealing something; it is known to be a password among ambitious Jews. Intellect alone does not ennoble; on the contrary, something is always needed to ennoble intellect. What then is needed? — Blood.

943

What is Noble?

— External punctiliousness; because this punctiliousness hedges a man about, keeps him at a distance, saves him from being confounded with somebody else.

— A frivolous appearance in word, clothing, and bearing, with which stoical hardness and self-control protect themselves from all prying inquisitiveness or curiosity.

—A slow step and a slow glance. There are not too many valuable things on earth: and these come and wish to come of themselves to him who has value. We are not quick to admire.

—We know how to bear poverty, want, and even illness.

—We avoid small honors owing to our mistrust of all who are over-ready to praise: for the man who praises believes he understands what he praises: but to understand—Balzac, that typical man of ambition, betrayed the fact—*comprendre c'est égaler.*

—Our doubt concerning the communicativeness of our hearts goes very deep; to us, loneliness is not a matter of choice, it is imposed upon us.

—We are convinced that we only have duties to our equals, to others we do as we think best: we know that justice is only to be expected among equals (alas! this will not be realized for some time to come).

—We are ironical toward the "gifted;" we hold the belief that no morality is possible without good birth.

—We always feel as if we were those who had to dispense honors: while he is not found too frequently who would be worthy of honoring us.

—We are always disguised; the higher a man's nature the more is he in need of remaining incognito. If there be a God, then out of sheer decency He ought only to show Himself on earth in the form of a man.

—We are capable of *otium*, of the unconditional conviction that although a handicraft does not shame one in any sense, it certainly reduces one's rank. However much we may respect "industry," and know how to give it its due, we do not appreciate it in a bourgeois sense, or after the manner of those insatiable and cackling artists who, like hens, cackle and lay eggs, and cackle again.

—We protect artists and poets and any one who happens to be a master in something; but as creatures of a higher order than those, who only know how to do something, who

are only "productive men," we do not confound ourselves with them.

— We find joy in all *forms* and ceremonies; we would fain foster everything formal, and we are convinced that courtesy is one of the greatest virtues; we feel suspicious of every kind of *laisser aller*, including the freedom of the press and of thought; because, under such conditions, the intellect grows easy-going and coarse, and stretches its limbs.

— We take pleasure in women as in a perhaps daintier, more delicate, and more ethereal kind of creature. What a treat it is to meet creatures who have only dancing and nonsense and finery in their minds! They have always been the delight of every tense and profound male soul, whose life is burdened with heavy responsibilities.

— We take pleasure in princes and in priests, because in big things, as in small, they actually uphold the belief in the difference of human values even in the estimation of the past, and at least symbolically.

— We are able to keep silence: but we do not breathe a word of this in the presence of listeners.

— We are able to endure long enmities: we lack the power of easy reconciliations.

— We have a loathing of demagogism, of enlightenment, of amiability, and plebeian familiarity.

— We collect precious things, the needs of higher and fastidious souls; we wish to possess nothing in common. We want to have our own books, our *own* landscapes.

— We protest against evil and fine experiences, and take care not to generalize too quickly. The individual case: how ironically we regard it when it has the bad taste to put on the airs of a rule!

— We love that which is *naïf*, and *naïf* people, but as spectators and higher creatures; we think Faust is just as simple as his Margaret.

— We have a low estimation of good people, because they

are gregarious animals: we know how often an invaluable golden drop of goodness lies concealed beneath the most evil, the most malicious, and the hardest exterior, and that this single grain outweighs all the mere goody-goodiness of milk-and-watery souls.

— We don't regard a man of our kind as refuted by his vices, nor by his tomfooleries. We are well aware that we are not recognized with ease, and that we have every reason to make our foreground very prominent.

944

What is Noble? — The fact that one is constantly forced to be playing a part. That one is constantly searching for situations in which one is forced to put on airs. That one leaves happiness to the *greatest number:* the happiness which consists of inner peacefulness, of virtue, of comfort, and of Anglo-angelic-back-parlor-smugness, *à la* Spencer. That one instinctively seeks for heavy responsibilities. That one knows how to create enemies everywhere, at a pinch even in one's self. That one contradicts the *greatest number,* not in words at all, but by continually behaving differently from them.

THE DRUNKEN SONG*

MAN, what seem
The words that from deep Midnight stream?
"I was asleep—
I have awakened from my dream.
The World is deep,
Yea, deeper far than Day could deem.
Deep is your Grief,
But deeper Joy than Grief can be.
'Life, be thou brief!' sighs Grief.
But Joy would have Eternity—,
Would have deep, deep Eternity!"

VENICE*

Lone on the Riva I stood
Shrouded in dusky night.
Far-off melody floated,
Welling in golden drops,
Over the quivering waters.
Gondola, palace and tower
Drunkenly swam in the luminous dark.

Then the mystical strings
Of my spirit, invisibly touched,
Trembling with secret delight,
Sang to the barcarole's time.—
Had I a listener, too?

* Translator: Charles Wharton Stork.

ECCE HOMO*

YES, I know where I'm related,
Like the flame, unquenched, unsated,
I consume myself and glow:
All's turned to light I lay my hand on,
All to coal that I abandon,
Yes, I am a flame, I know!

TO RICHARD WAGNER†

O YOU who chafe at every fetter's link,
A restless spirit, never free:
Who, though victorious aye, in bonds still cowered,
Disgusted more and more, and flayed and scoured,
Till from each cup of balm you poison drink
Alas! and by the Cross all helpless sink,
You too, you too, among the overpowered?

For long I watched this play so weirdly shaped,
Breathing an air of prison, vault, and dread,
With churchly fragrance, clouds of incense spread,
And yet I found all strange, in terror gaped.
But now I throw my fool's cap o'er my head
For I escaped!

A DANCING SONG TO THE MISTRAL WIND‡

WILDLY rushing, clouds outleaping,
Care-destroying, Heaven sweeping,
Mistral wind, thou art my friend!
Surely 'twas one womb did bear us,
Surely 'twas one fate did pair us,
Fellows for a common end.

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* From *Complete Works*, edited by Oscar Levy, permission Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

† From *Complete Works*, edited by Oscar Levy.

‡ Translator: Miss M. D. Petre. From *Joyful Wisdom*, edited by Oscar Levy, permission Macmillan & Co., New York and London.

From the crags I gaily greet you,
Running fast I come to meet you,
  Dancing while you pipe and sing,
How you bound across the ocean,
Unimpeded, free in motion,
  Swifter than with boat or wing!

Through my dreams your whistle sounded,
Down the rocky stairs I bounded
  To the golden ocean wall;
Saw you hasten, swift and glorious,
Like a river, strong, victorious,
  Tumbling in a waterfall.

Saw you rushing over Heaven,
With your steeds so wildly driven,
  Saw the car in which you flew;
Saw the lash that wheeled and quivered,
While the hand that held it shivered,
  Urging on the steeds anew.

Saw you from your chariot swinging,
So that swifter downward springing
  Like an arrow you might go
Straight into the deep abysses,
As a sunbeam falls and kisses
  Roses in the morning glow.

Dance, oh! dance on all the edges,
Wave-crests, cliffs and mountain ledges,
  Ever finding dances new!
Let our knowledge be our gladness,
Let our art be sport and madness,
  All that's joyful shall be true!

Let us snatch from every bower,
As we pass, the fairest flower,
With some leaves to make a crown;
Then, like minstrels gaily dancing,
Saint and witch together prancing,
Let us foot it up and down.

Those who come must move as quickly
As the wind — we'll have no sickly,
Crippled, withered, in our crew;
Off with hypocrites and preachers,
Proper folk and prosy teachers,
Sweep them from our heaven blue.

Sweep away all sad grimaces,
Whirl the dust into the faces
Of the dismal sick and cold!
Hunt them from our breezy places,
Not for them the wind that braces,
But for men of visage bold.

Off with those who spoil earth's gladness,
Blow away all clouds of sadness,
Till our heaven clear we see;
Let me hold thy hand, best fellow,
Till my joy like tempest bellow!
Freest thou of spirits free!

When thou partest, take a token
Of the joy thou hast awoken,
Take our wreath and fling it far;
Toss it up and catch it never,
Whirl it on before thee ever,
Till it reach the farthest star.

THE WANDERER*

THERE goes a wanderer through the night
With lusty gait;
The crooked valley and the height
Upon him wait.
Blithe is the night—
He stands not still, he strides abroad,
He seeketh out his unknown road.

There sings a bird through the night;
"Ah, bird, thou hast me in despite!
Why dost thou hold my thought, my feet,
Pourest heart's languishing so sweet
Into my ear, so that I need
Listen and heed—
Why dost thou *tempt* me, dost thou greet?"

The gentle bird was dumb and said:
"Nay, wanderer, nay! Be comforted;
My voice is rife
To tempt anear a little wife—
What is't to thee?
Alone is night not fair to me.
What is't to thee? So were it best
Thou go, and never, never rest!
Why stay'st thou yet?
How should my mellow music stir
Thee, wanderer?"

The gentle bird was dumb and thought:
How should my flute-song tell him aught?
He does not stir—
The piteous, piteous wanderer!

* Translators: William A. Haussmann and John Gray. From *A Genealogy of Morals*, permission The Macmillan Company, New York.

FROM LOFTY MOUNTAINS*

O NOON of life! Delightful garden land!
Fair summer station!
O, restless bliss in watchful expectation:—
For friends I wait—both day and night attend.
Where are ye, friends? Oh, come! The time's at hand!

Doth not for you today the glacier hoar,
Bedeck with roses?
The brooklet seeks you; longing for you poses
The breeze-tossed cloud still loftier than of yore—
To spy you out—where highest eagles soar.

Aloft from you my board is bounteous spread:—
Whose habitation
So nigh both gulf and starry constellation?
What sovereign e'er o'er wider realms did tread?
My fragrant honey—whom hath it e'er fed?

Ye *come*, my friends! but ah, how *I* belie
Your expectation?
Ye stop, amazed!—better were indignation!
I'm—he no more? Changed gait and face and eye,
No more to you the *signs* of friend imply?

Another now, with my first self compared,
Aye self-outgrowing?
A wrestler, also, oft self-overthrowing?
Too oft 'gainst his own force with war declared,
By his own victory wounded and impaired?

I sought the place where blew the sharpest air;
There chose my dwelling,
Where no one dwelt—those ice-bear zones repelling;
Unlearned man and God and curse and prayer,
Became a ghost haunting the glaciers bare?

* Translator: Helen Zimmern. From *Beyond Good and Evil*, permission The Macmillan Company, New York.

—Ye friends of old, whose pallid faces peep,
With love and terror!
Forgive me! Go!— To lodge here—were an error.
Amidst such realms of ice, and rocks so steep,
One must a hunter be,—like chamois leap.

I'm now a hunter *vicious!*—See how tight
My bow is straining;
The strongest only such a force attaining!
But ah! Dangerous is now that arrow's might,
More than *all* arrows! Hence, be safe in flight! . . .

Ye go? O heart, enough thou hadst to bear—
Thy hope remaining:
Thy doors keep open now, *new* friends attaining!
Let go the old, nor for past memories care!
Once young—thou yet hast better youth to spare!

What ever bound us, common hope's bless'd bond—
Who reads signs pallid,
Which love once wrote thereon in symbols hallowed?
To parchment I compare it, which the hand
Unwilling grasps,—it soils and makes a brand.

Thus friends no more; they are—what name have they?
Friends' apparition!
They haunt my door and heart for recognition;
They look at me, "Friends we *were* once?" They say:
O withered word, like fragrant rose decay!

O youthful longing, liable to stray!
Friends *I* desired,
Whom changed I deemed, and like to me inspired,—
Advancing *age* hath banished them away:—
Who change can only 'mong my kindred stay.

O noon of life! A second youthful land!
Fair summer station!
O, restless bliss in watchful expectation:—
For friends I wait—both day and night attend,—
For the *new* friends! Oh, come! The time's at hand!
* * * * * * * * * *

This song is o'er,—the longings' sweet refrain
Ceased with good reason:
By charmer's spell, the friend at the right season,
The noonday friend—but why should I explain—
It was at noon when one was changed to twain. . . .

We celebrate, now sure of conquering might,
The grandest lustra:—
The guest of guests arrived, friend *Zarathustra!*
The world now smiles, rent is the veil of night—
The marriage of the darkness and the light. . . .

EMPEROR WILLIAM II AS A NATIONAL TYPE

By Hugo Münsterberg, Ph.D., M.D., Litt.D., LL.D.
Professor of Psychology, Harvard University

THE speeches and addresses of the Kaiser from 1888, when he came to the throne, to 1912, fill four volumes, more than twelve hundred pages. They stand before us as an impressive work, which, quite apart from its political importance, may be measured by the standards of literary achievement. If selections from these four volumes are to be linked with the classics of the German language, this must be justified by the inner significance and strength of this imperial contribution to the world's literature.

The classical value of a writer's work may be recognized by two very different tests. One is its widespread influence on mankind. A message may not please every one, but if it is discussed by friends and foes, it must somehow excel the superficial writings of the day. Yet this test is never fully convincing. The fashion of the hour may bring to an undeserved popularity a book without higher values, before it is forgotten forever. On the other hand, the fate of two of those men whose works, together with those of the emperor, fill the pages of this volume, remind us how slowly even powerful books may gain influence. Schopenhauer and Nietzsche had died before their philosophy began to shape the world of thought. The third, moreover, Richard Wagner, shows how the power of writings may be due to outside influences; his words were borne on the wings of music. For just this reason objection may be raised against applying such a test to the volumes of the emperor. Surely his speeches have stirred the world. Millions have discussed them. Not a few of their words impressed themselves deeply on the imagination of his people, and his thoughts stimulated the discussion of the

civilized nations. Yet it is impossible to determine how much this momentous influence resulted from the inner power of these speeches and how much from the imperial position of their author. Where every word is lifted above the level of common talk through the tremendous responsibility of an emperor, where the largest army of Europe stands behind every speech, and the struggle of the parties may be decided by a royal phrase, the world's attention would be secured, even by the expressions of a mind which could not be counted among the truly great authors of Germany. Hence the test of mere influence, which may well be applied to many others, is not decisive in this exceptional case.

But there is another test which is more fundamental. The question is not how far an author impresses his time and his nation: the question is how far his nation and his time express themselves in him. This test applies truly to the inner qualities of a man's work and gives the stamp of finality to his labor. Emperor William's speeches cannot be omitted from this series of German leaders, because they are the perfectly fitting and convincing expression of the German mind in the age of his reign. Surely the age is not a simple one; it is a transition period in which the old and the new, the passing and the coming, are often in bewildering contrast. The German mind is torn by conflicting motives, in high tension and restlessness. When the nation celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the emperor's government, the enthusiasm and the gratitude would not have taken such a unified and overwhelming form, if the emperor had not been throughout that quarter of a century the sincere spokesman of all those striving impulses in the soul of the German people.

There was once a time when the spirit of the fatherland could be brought into the simple formula: a land of thinkers and poets and dreamers. That was the past of political helplessness and industrial weakness. Those were already bygone times when the emperor came to manhood. The

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EMPEROR WILLIAM II

There was once a time when the spirit of the fatherland could be brought into the simple formula: a land of thinkers and poets and dreamers. That was the past of political helplessness and industrial weakness. Those were already bygone times when the emperor came to manhood. The

Germany of the last three decades has secured an economic advance which is unparalleled. In turning from an agrarian to an industrial life it has become a rival to the richest nations on earth. Yet with this new commercial progress the old longing for leadership in art and knowledge and intellectual life has not decreased. On the contrary, it has found new aims for higher development. But this is not the only aspect under which Germany may today be called, perhaps with still more fitness than America, a land of contrasts. A nationalism which is conscious of Germany's mission and which believes enthusiastically in the message of the German spirit to all the world goes together with a no less deep-rooted internationalism which emphasizes what is common to all civilized nations and which seeks to learn everywhere. It is a nationalism which feels itself in contrast to a colorless and characterless cosmopolitanism of the past, which at last asserts the rights of the German united states and which puts its faith in the sword of the army: it is an internationalism which relies on the politics of cultural exchange and which has fostered peace now longer than any other great nation. One more contrast must strike every visitor to the new Germany. It is a country of incessant toil and indefatigable effort. The hard schooling of two centuries of poverty has not been lost. The boy in the classroom and the man in the midst of his vocation know that life means duty, and that duty is not without drudgery and not without hardship. Yet this same people may strike the superficial observer as if pleasure-seeking were its central aim. They seem to live in joy, taking life easily, rather exaggerating the importance of lovemaking and of luxury. Germany appears now as an army of laborers, and now, on every social level, as a nation at leisure with abundant time for beauty in every form.

No serious spectator, moreover, can overlook the antagonism between the aristocratic and the democratic tendencies in the German soul today. Its most characteristic form

can be found in the rivalry of individualism and anti-individualistic impulses in the nation. For the German the final aim is never the individual: his aim is the growth of science and art and religion and state. They are not means to serve individuals, as they appear to other nations, but the individuals have to be loyal to these ideals. The national mind is filled by an almost mystical belief in those ideal ends which lie far beyond any mere grouping of individual persons. The community and its symbols are all, but its mere individuals nothing. But now, in striking contrast to this, the events of history have not changed that old German longing for individual liberty, for personal differentiation, for the eternal right of the inborn personality. Every one aims to serve that which lies beyond the individual, but every one must serve it in his particular way. He does not want to fulfil his task just as his neighbor does. This gives to the German life its manifoldness and inner variety, its richness of parties and its complicated social structure, its decentralization of the centralized empire. If all these contrasting desires were to be brought to one fundamental antithesis, it might be said that it is a contrast of realism and idealism.

No German personality has given to the literature of the world such a powerful and such a complete expression of these opposing energies in the German mind as Emperor William II. This is the true greatness of his contribution to the documents of his time. The whole richness of the conflicting impulses, the whole complexity of this intellectual equilibrium, the whole struggle of these realistic and idealistic forces, find their natural outlet in these speeches of the political leader. Truly the emperor speaks and acts as a powerful realist, apparently unhampered by any romanticism or idealism or mysticism. He knows and values those practical energies which have forged the tools of German industry and commerce on the anvil of modern history. As a realist, he has encouraged every economic movement which would increase the strength of agriculture,

the traditional source of German income, and every new tendency to industrialism, which has made the country rich. He knows that millions left Germany because the agrarian state could not support them, and that they have all found work and stayed at home since the net of factories covers the land. He rejoices in the triumphs of German technique and in the expansion of German commerce. Three conditions were necessary for the stability and the full development of this realistic power of modern Germany. The nation had to cultivate the interest in science, had to build a navy and had to secure peace. Every nerve of the emperor's personality is alive to this threefold task. He wants a more practical, more modern education for the German youth, he insists on training through sport, he pushes forward everything which helps the technical sciences, he aids the creation of new institutes for scientific research: everything is carefully planned to make the Germans masters of the art of controlling nature and of imposing human will on the natural world.

This new German strength, which seeks the markets of the lands beyond the sea, must demand colonies and the backing of a powerful navy. This resounds solemnly throughout the speeches of the emperor. Superficial observers have treated this passion for a strong navy as a kind of personal whim. They have not understood that just this was not only the historical necessity of the emperor's reign, but that it was above all the truest expression of the national longings. Surely the Germans had been satisfied for a long while with plowing their acres and with protecting their boundaries against their enemies, keeping cautiously away from transmarine adventures. But the new industrial life, which meant exchange with the countries of the globe, demanded the protection of commerce. A strong navy was the necessary by-product of the new economic development and growth. And yet this is less than half the truth. The deeper truth is that this longing for the sea which fills the emperor's heart is deep-

rooted in the soul of the German nation. Whoever traces German struggling through the past must recognize that a battle of the ships has always been beginning anew, since the earliest centuries of German history, and that the power of the sea has tempted the Germans at all times, from the victories of the Germanic tribes at the time of the great migrations to the powerful development of the German Hansa. It was only the misery of later times which narrowed down the longing of the German people; but he who renews the great days of German seafaring and builds again a powerful navy, is conserving for the German people its old German tradition, deeply embedded in the German mind.

Yet such a powerful navy for the protection of German commerce and German interests all over the globe would not have reached its realistic aim, if the impulses in the imperial mind had used those tools of power for a policy of conquest and war. The realistic valuation of the historical conditions demanded that all remain under control of the resolution to keep peace and to further international friendship. This is the topic which returns in ever new forms in the imperial speeches. He who was feared as the warlord, he who came to the throne in the exuberance of youth, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of his government was celebrated not only as the monarch who had never drawn the sword, but as the one who had done more than any other single individual for the unbroken continuation of international peace. However much that activity was going on behind the scenes in diplomatic secrecy, not a small share of this historical service to his nation and to the world was performed through the ringing words of these masterly speeches.

This realist on the throne, however, would be entirely misunderstood, if the idealism which forms the real background of his mind were disregarded. The emperor would not be that perfect interpreter of the German nation at the beginning of the twentieth century, if the realism and

idealism were not so thoroughly interwoven in his actions and in his utterances. Even his relation to army and navy, those mighty instruments of realistic energies, shows itself first of all as a tie of love and romanticism, of honor and symbolism, and every speech to his soldiers and sailors breathes that spirit of belief and enthusiasm which is never born of realistic calculations but of the idealistic sense for historic traditions.

This idealism is reflected most immediately in the emperor's attitude toward religion and art. The third great type of attitude toward the world, philosophy, has not interested him yet. But the message of the church has certainly filled his conscience with deep and intimate emotion. It is living religion which sounds through his sermons. As to art and literature, the German people itself has often been doubtful whether the monarch did really recognize the meaning of beauty in the sense in which the finest spirits in the land interpreted it. It has often been claimed that the German nation is progressive, is seeking new paths in art and literature, and that the emperor wilfully opposes the pioneers and exerts his influence in reactionary caprices. But may it not be superficiality which indulges in such blame? The question is not what stand he ought to take as a private connoisseur but what influence he ought to exert as emperor. Whatever he may like or dislike as an individual in literature and art, it is his duty as emperor to indorse that which has slowly grown and which is the safe and secure product of German development as against the over-modern, often hasty demands to break out untried paths. The tent of the emperor must not be raised where the skirmishes of the advance guard are to be fought. The forward march of literature and art and science must always be led by individual geniuses and talents, the best and most brilliant must help, but only when the new field is conquered can the people as a whole follow and take possession. If the emperor were to rush forward with the most adventurous spirits in bold dashes,

he would become just such a single individual, who may be now in the right and now in the wrong, but he would no longer be a true emperor, who must represent not his personal inclinations, but the historical position of the whole. In his taste and judgment the whole history of his nation must be crystallized, and for this reason the emperor fulfils his function, only if he warns against the rush toward eccentric innovations and remains above the partisanship of individuals in the realm of cultural endeavor. But the volumes of his speeches contain many an inspiring word of ideal belief in the true and great mission of art and beauty. He certainly never takes art lightly, and even in the theatre he sees the fulfilment of a sacred task. At the tenth anniversary of his reign, he made only two speeches, one to his officers, and one to the staff of the royal theatres. He said to them that his father had educated him in a school of idealism and that when he came to the throne, he felt that the theatre, above all, is called to cultivate idealism. A faith in beauty ennobles his joyfulness and optimism. In a realistic age he believes devotedly and almost naïvely in the inspiration of pure imaginative beauty.

This idealism characterizes most markedly the ideas concerning his own position on the throne. He is fully conscious of his great rights and powers and asserts them in forceful words; and yet nothing pervades these human documents so thoroughly as the spirit of duty and obligation and the wholehearted submission to the tremendous responsibilities. A tone of mysticism can easily be distinguished in his orations, whenever he speaks about the rôle which he himself has to play. Yet it would again be more than hasty to claim that this is foreign to the German nation itself. On the contrary, this mystical belief in a more than human task is the true meaning of the Germans' belief in monarchy, and here too the emperor is expressing only the instincts of his people. Nations which find their true meaning in the individual personalities must secure the heads of their states by elections; a president

gains his whole power from the individual wills of the millions of single men. But the German nation has always found its true meaning in the inherited totality, and its duty in conserving the German spirit is a common ideal. Hence its head must be determined by historical tradition, high above all struggle and conflict of wills among individuals. The emperor gains his true power from this full independence of the will of individuals. The crown of the emperor becomes a symbol of the unified whole through this remoteness from every struggle of parties. This symbolic function penetrates all the thinking and feeling of the emperor, and his whole education for the throne has trained him to a masterful ability to merge his personality into this over-personal task. This may be called a mystical element, but nothing could be more mistaken than an effort to put it into contrast with the outfit of a modern mind. It is the logical expression of a historical idealism which the emperor shares with the nation as a whole.

A people so deeply individualistic as the Germans, so separated by political conflicts, by economic antagonisms, by religious differences and by social strifes, cannot possibly be unanimous on any problems of the day, and must generate much opposition to any opinions and thoughts, unless they are entirely colorless. The emperor's speeches, accordingly, have not seldom met such opposition, they have been criticized and have been attacked, now from this, now from that side; and yet, as we saw, taken as a whole, they are the faithful expression of the conflicting impulses and ideas of the nation itself. Their realism and their idealism, their naturalism and their mysticism, their rationalism and their romanticism, reflect all the best which is living today in the vigorous nation between the Baltic Sea and the Alps. The very contrast of their thoughts is their unity; if they were less full of inner tension, they would not really express the nation and the time, that is, they would have no place among the German classics.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II

SELECTIONS FROM HIS SPEECHES

TRANSLATED BY EDMUND VON MACH, PH.D.

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYEES

MAY 16, 1889

[The Emperor received a deputation of the Westphalian Association of Mine-owners, and replied to an address by their spokesman, Dr. Hammacher, as follows:]

GENTLEMEN! I have granted you this audience because it is clearly the duty of the monarch to hear both sides, when his subjects are at variance with one another and confidently turn to the head of the State for advice. Day before yesterday I listened to the workmen, and I am glad to see you here today. I am still waiting for full reports from my officials concerning the cause of the strike and how it may be settled. I wish above everything to see the big strike in Westphalia come to an end as soon as possible, because it seriously hurts all our people, and because another strike is threatened in Silesia, induced there by that in your province.

You know, gentlemen, what I said to the miners — it was printed in all the papers yesterday. In that address I sharply defined the stand I have taken. The miners, I must say, made an excellent impression on me. They have refrained from any alliance with the Social Democrats. Telegrams from laboring circles in Westphalia have shown me that my words have touched there a responsive chord, and I am pleased that the miners have pointedly rejected the attempts of the Social Democrats to meddle in their affairs.

The Secretary of the Interior has informed me of the negotiations which you, Dr. Hammacher, in your capacity of chairman of the association of mine-owners, have had with the laborers; and I wish to express to you my appreciation of your having met the miners half way and thereby laying the foundation for an understanding.

Let me emphasize one thing which from my point of view is important. If you, gentlemen, should assume that the deputation of miners whom I received the other day did not represent the leaders of the people who are striking, this is of no consequence, for even if this deputation spoke only for a fraction of all the laborers and expressed only the views of these few people the moral effect of an attempt at an understanding is very great. If, on the other hand, these deputies were truly representative, voicing the views of all the Westphalian miners, and if they should as such approve your overtures, I have great confidence in their sane patriotism, and believe that they will exert their influence, and not in vain — to have their fellow laborers resume their work as soon as possible.

May I, on this occasion, suggest that the mine-owner associations and their organs hereafter keep in close touch with the miners! They will then not again be ignorant of the approach of similar disturbances; for this strike cannot have developed offhand. Indeed I have been told that preparations for a general strike had been made, and that this strike started prematurely.

Let me ask you to see to it that the miners are given the opportunity of formulating their wishes. And above everything do not lose sight of the fact that corporations which employ a large number of my subjects have a duty to perform to the State and the interested communities. They should take excellent care of their laborers, and strain every nerve to prevent the recurrence of conditions which entail hardships for the inhabitants of an entire province.

It is, of course, human for everybody to wish to secure for himself as favorable circumstances as possible. The

workingmen read the newspapers and know what proportion their wages bear to the profits of the corporations. Naturally they wish to share in these profits. For these reasons, gentlemen, I ask you to judge carefully each given case, and to avoid, if possible, similar difficulties in the future. I can do no better than to urge that the work which your chairman began successfully yesterday should soon be carried to a good end.

When there are differences of opinion between employers and their employees, I deem it my duty as King to grant my assistance to both, and to do so to the degree to which they themselves are endeavoring to foster the interests of all their fellowmen by cultivating harmony among themselves and guarding against the recurrence of similar disturbances.

NEEDED IMPROVEMENT IN THE CONDITIONS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

FEBRUARY 14, 1890

[The Emperor had taken the initiative in the execution of his frequently expressed ideas concerning the care of the working people, by a decree issued on February 4, which directed the Chancellor and the Ministers of Public Works and of Commerce to call a conference. The Council of State met on February 14, in the Royal Castle at Berlin, and its first session was opened by the Emperor with the following address:]

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE! You have been informed by my decree of February 4, that it is my wish to hear the advice of the Council concerning the necessary steps for a better regulation of the conditions of our laborers. It is in keeping with the dignified position which the Council enjoys within the State that the important questions which in this field are still waiting for a favorable solution should receive your thorough consideration before they are formulated into bills and submitted to parliament, which has the constitutional right to pass on them finally. I deem it important that the Council, which is composed of men of the most varied walks of life and consequently enjoys the knowledge of many practical experiences, should judge with care and without prejudice my proposed suggestions, as to their advisability, expedience, and general bearing.

The duty to which I have summoned you, is solemn and full of responsibility. The protection which the workingman should enjoy against an arbitrary and limitless exploitation of his labor; the limitation of child labor with reference to the dictates of humanity and of the laws of natural development; the position of woman in the house

of the laboring man, which is morally and economically of the greatest importance for the family life — and other related problems. All these questions need a better solution than has as yet been found.

In everything your technical knowledge will have to guide your deliberations, for you must consider to what extent our industries will be able to bear the greater burdens which stricter regulations in the interest of the workingmen entail, without interfering with the profitable employment of labor owing to the competition in the markets of the world. Unless you do this, the improvements which I desire would turn out to be harmful to the economic condition of the workingmen. Only by a high degree of wise circumspection can you avoid this danger. The favorable solution, moreover, of these questions which are dominating our age is the more important, as it has an obvious bearing on the international understanding in these matters which I have proposed.

Next to the assurance of friendly relations between the employers and their employees, and of equal importance with it, is the form of the guaranty which the employees are to be given that they will be represented in the regulation of their joint labor by men whom they trust, and that they will be entitled to negotiate with their employers and thus safeguard their own interests. We should endeavor to bring representatives of the workingmen in contact with the government officials who have a supervisory charge of the mines, and to bring about in this way new laws and regulations, which will give the workingmen the opportunity of voicing freely and peaceably their wishes and demands, and the government officials the chance of listening to the people immediately concerned, of keeping in touch with them and of obtaining reliable information of the living conditions of the workingmen.

In the task at hand I am trusting to the well known devotion of the Council of State, for I know that not all desirable improvements along these lines can be made by

the sole initiative of the State. A broad and fertile field remains open to individual charity and to the church and the school, all of which must assist and vivify our laws if the latter are to be really useful. If by God's mercy, however, you succeed in offering suggestions which will satisfy the legitimate demands of the working classes, you may rest assured of my thanks and of the appreciation of the nation.

THE GERMAN FLAG

April 21, 1890

[Address at a banquet on board the North German Lloyd Steamer "Fulda."]

THANK you for your kind words of welcome, and am delighted with the opportunity of realizing a wish I have long cherished, namely, to observe with my own eyes the workings of the great North German Lloyd Company.

I can assure you that of all the interests which my reign and my country compel me to pursue few, if any, are dearer to me than the welfare of your society. Every new ship which you order, every new success which your fleet wins, every new line which you establish, fills me with pride and satisfaction, and not only me but many who are of a like mind with me.

The huge resplendent storehouse which we saw today is the mart of the many necessities which are to be sent abroad. Here in the hulls of fast North German Lloyd ships the products start on their trips to the four winds. These splendid ships, which plough their swift way through the seas, are admired not only by Germans but also by foreigners. Everywhere they carry the products of the fatherland, and offer visible proof of our technique, our efficiency, and the achievements of our merchant marine. Wherever they go they have the right to show themselves proudly by the side of the best. I may say this without conceit.

My chief duty obviously is the preservation of peace, in so far as this is possible; and in fulfilling this duty I am not unmindful of what the Lloyd Company has to perform; for commerce can thrive only when business is well pro-

tected. There may be moments when business men are apprehensive and uninitiated laymen seem to discern the approach of danger. But rest assured, many a thing is not so dark as it is painted.

In discussing our international relations let me give you an instance drawn from nature. I am a passionate sailor and love to watch the signs of nature and, like many another German, to draw my conclusions from them. When I was on my first trip with a squadron steaming through the Baltic Sea, we had been in a dense fog since three in the morning. There was not a sound except the shrieks of the sirens and the occasional cannon shots, which gave the positions of the several ships. At eight o'clock the course was to be changed. The fog was so thick that one could not see the chart house of one's own ship, not to speak of the neighboring cruisers. Doubts, therefore, arose as to how the change of course could take place. But it did take place, and about an hour later we on the "Hohenzollern" suddenly came out of the bank of fog, and sped along. There was a fresh breeze, but the waters were smooth, the sky was blue and the morning sun gloriously bright. Glancing back we saw the bank of fog, like a huge cloud, resting on the sea, pierced only by the sounds of the shrill sirens. Suddenly we perceived seemingly high up in the clouds and borne as it were by the hands of angels, the German flag. It was an admiral's flag fluttering on the tall mast of the "Kaiser," which had followed us, the leader of the squadron. This picture was so overwhelming that all who were on the bridge with us, involuntarily stood at attention watching this marvel of nature. Ten minutes later the whole squadron in faultless order left the fog, following the new course

Gentlemen, from this instance I conclude that however thick the fog and dark the clouds may be which seem to threaten our fatherland, our navy, and our commerce, we Germans will succeed in overcoming darkness and uncertainty. If we press on we shall reach our goal in accordance with the good motto: "We Germans fear God and naught else in the world."

NEEDED REFORM OF THE PRUSSIAN SCHOOLS

DECEMBER 4, 1890

[The Emperor had issued invitations to forty-five influential men to gather in Berlin for the discussion of necessary reforms to be introduced in the Prussian Schools. The conference met on December 4, and was welcomed by the Emperor as the King of Prussia. During the discussion the Emperor delivered the following speech:]

GENTLEMEN! I have requested a few more words with you, because I wish that you should know at once what my views in this matter are. Doubtless many things will be discussed which cannot be settled, and more will remain obscure, I fear. It is, therefore, right that you, gentlemen, should not be kept in the dark concerning my own views.

In the first place, let me say that we have to do here with no political school-questions, but with technical and pedagogical measures which we must take if we wish to prepare our youths for our present needs, in keeping with the position which our fatherland enjoys in the world today. Let me add right here that I should have been glad if we had not called these investigations and discussions by the French word *school enquête* but by the German word "*Schulfrage*" (school-question). "*Frage*" (question) is the good old German word for a preliminary investigation. And your conference, I confess, is more or less in the nature of a preliminary investigation. Let us, then, call the whole matter simply a "*Schulfrage.*"

I have read the fourteen articles of your programme, and perceive the danger of your being led to treat the whole question mechanically. I should greatly regret this; for it is essential that you should understand the spirit as

well as the form of this whole undertaking. I have, therefore, noted down a few questions myself — copies of which are now being distributed — and I trust you will consider them.

There is in the first place, "School hygiene outside the *Gymnasium*," a question which needs most careful thought; secondly, "Reducing the subjects of instruction;" further, "Plans of teaching the several subjects;" further, "Methods of teaching;" fifth, "Is it possible to remove from the examinations everything but the essentials?"; sixth, "How to avoid in future overworking the pupils?"; seventh, "What kind of supervision shall take place when the whole plan is worked out?"; eighth, "Shall there be a regular or an occasional supervision by the several higher officials?"

I am placing these questions on the table. Any one who chooses may study them at greater length.

The whole question, gentlemen, is the result of natural development. And the conclusions of your deliberations here I am convinced you will present to the nation like a ripe fruit, perfect and complete.

The official decree, which the minister of education had the kindness to read to us, would not have been necessary if the schools had taken the position which they should have taken. Let me say at once that any sharp remarks which I may make, have reference to no one person, but only to the system. If the school had done what we have a right to expect of it — and I can speak from experience, for I too have been in the *Gymnasium* and know what is done there — it should have taken up the cudgels against social democracy of its own accord. The Faculties everywhere should have taken a firm hold of the situation and should have instructed the growing generation so that the men today who are of about my own age, that is thirty, would naturally form the material with which I could speedily master this agitation. But this has not been the case. The last time when our schools had a deter-

mining influence on our whole national life and progress, was during the years from 1864 to 1870. Then the Prussian schools and the Prussian Faculties were the bearers of the idea of union which was preached everywhere. Every graduate who left the school and enlisted in the army or entered on his life's work agreed with everybody else on one point: The German Empire must be restored, and Alsace-Lorraine be recaptured. With 1871 all this ceased. The Empire was restored; we had what we had longed for, and there we have stopped.

Now the school should have started on a new basis, and should have fired the young people with enthusiasm, and have taught them that the new State needs consolidation. But there are no signs that this has been done, for even today, so short a time after the creation of the Empire, centrifugal tendencies have appeared — I am surely a judge in such matters, for I happen to stand on the top, and all such questions are brought to me.

The reason is to be found in the education of the young. What is at fault? Many things are at fault. The chief cause is that since 1870 the philologists have sat in the high schools as *beati possidentes*, placing the emphasis on the subject matter and its mastery and not on the formation of character and what is demanded by our modern life. You, Mr. Councillor Hinzpeter, are an enthusiastic philologist, but in spite of you I believe that matters have gone so far they cannot go farther. Less emphasis has been placed on being able to do a thing than on knowing how it should be done. This is evidenced by the very questions propounded in the examinations. People have started with the idea that the pupil should know as much as possible and that it was immaterial whether this knowledge was adapted to the requirements of life or not. If one discusses this subject with one of these philologists and tries to explain to him that a young man should be prepared for life and its demands in a practical way, at least to some extent, then he replies that this is not the duty of the school,

for the school should primarily train his mind; and if his mind were highly trained then he would be able, thanks to this training, to do whatever life could demand of him. I do not believe that we should follow such principles any longer.

In thus discussing our schools and especially the *Gymnasium* I know very well that I am considered by many people to be a fanatical opponent of the *Gymnasium*, and by some to be a partisan of other schools. Gentlemen, this is not the case. Every one who has been through the *Gymnasium* and looked behind the scenes knows what is at fault. There is above everything, the lack of a national basis. We should take German as the basis of the *Gymnasium*, and educate nationally minded young Germans and not young Greeks or Romans. We must leave behind us the standards of centuries, the education of a medieval monastery, where Latin and in addition a little Greek were all-important. They are no longer the important things. German should be our educational foundation. Let the German theme be the centre around which everything revolves. If in the examinations set for graduation a youth submits a perfect German theme, you may know from this that he amounts to something.

There are, of course, many objections. People say the Latin theme is also of importance. The Latin theme is of importance to teach a youth a foreign tongue and I know not for what else. Indeed, gentlemen, I have been through the mill myself. How is such a Latin theme composed? I have seen instances of students who received barely a pass mark in their German themes, and credit in their Latin themes. Such fellows deserved blame instead of credit, for it is clear that they had not honestly composed their Latin essays. And among every twelve Latin themes written, there is hardly one which is not the result of the use of illicit means. Such themes were called good! But when we were asked to write a theme on "Minna von Barnhelm," we were at best marked "satisfactory." I say, therefore,

abolish the Latin theme. It is in the way, and deprives us of the proper time for our German studies.

In history, geography, and mythology also I should like to have the emphasis placed on what is nationally German. Let us begin at home. When we are familiar with our own halls and chambers it is time to visit the museums and to look about there. But above everything else we should be familiar with our own history. The Great Elector was only a nebulous figure when I was in school; the Seven Years' War lay outside the sphere of our studies, and the history course closed with the end of the last century, with the French Revolution! The Wars of Liberation, which are most important for the youthful voter, were not studied. I was enabled to learn of these things only through supplementary and most interesting lectures by Mr. Councillor Hinzpeter. But this is the very point. Why are our young men led astray? Why are there so many confused would-be saviours of the world? Why is our government so frequently jeered at while foreign countries are praised? Because our young men do not know how our conditions have come about, and that their roots rest in the age of the French Revolution. This is why I am convinced that our young men will have a far better understanding of our modern problems than they possess today, if we present to them objectively and in a grand outline the transition from the French Revolution to the nineteenth century. In the university later on they may improve and enlarge their knowledge by supplementary lectures.

As to the time spent on the lessons in school there can be no doubt that the number of hours should be lessened. Dr. Hinzpeter will remember that the first cry for help was heard when I was in the *Gymnasium* in Cassel. Parents and whole families said: "Matters can no longer go on as they have been going." The government, therefore, began an investigation, and we were required to hand the director every morning an account of the hours spent in preparing our lessons for the following day. I am going to touch

MONUMENT OF EMPEROR WILLIAM I AT BERLIN

By Reinhold Begas

only on the figures of the two upper classes. Gentlemen, where the accounts were honestly kept — in my own case Mr. Councillor Hinzpeter could check them — the average for each student was from 5½ and 6½ to actually 7 hours spent in home study. This refers to the graduating class. Add six hours in school and two hours for meals, and see what is left of the day! If I had not had the opportunity of riding to and from town on horseback, and of having a few other chances at freedom, I should have had no idea of how the world really looks.

Don't you think that these are requirements which young men cannot be expected to fulfill continuously? In the lower classes too, I believe, relief is needed. You must not bend the bow, gentlemen, till it breaks. We have gone too far, and must recede from our present position. The schools — speaking especially of the *Gymnasia* — have achieved the superhuman. They have given us, I believe, an overproduction of highly educated men, more than the nation can digest, and more than our own people can stand. Prince Bismarck's word is very true, when he refers to the "Rabble of graduates." We must curtail this abundance, for we cannot absorb more of this sort. I shall, therefore, grant no further permission for the establishment of a *Gymnasium*, unless the petitioners can prove that it is necessary and should be created. We have enough of them.

Here the question arises how best can we meet the wishes either for a classical education, or a practical training, or the privilege of serving only one year in the army.* The solution seems to me very simple, if we clear the deck ruthlessly of our antiquated notions, saying: Let us have the *Gymnasia* with a classical course, and *Realschulen* with a more practical course, but no *Realgymnasia* with a mixture of both courses. The *Realgymnasia* are neither one thing nor another, they produce sciolists who can never attain to the fulness of life.

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* Young men of sufficient education are obliged to serve only one year in the army.

The complaint of the directors of our *Gymnasia* that they have to carry an immense dead weight of pupils who do not graduate and who are satisfied with the certificate granting them a partial exemption from the service in the army, is fully justified. Why not relieve the situation by inserting an examination in that class where the army candidates wish to leave school, and by making this examination the equivalent of graduation from a *Realschule?* Then the whole string of these army candidates will leave the *Gymnasia* for the *Realschulen*, for when they have graduated from these latter they have attained what they aimed at.

In this connection I insist on a second point which I mentioned before. We cannot decrease the amount which has to be learned unless we simplify the examinations. Let us remove the grammatical subjects from the graduating examinations, and test the students in grammar one or two years earlier. Then you can examine the young people in a technical and grammatical test as vigorously as you wish, granting on the strength of it the army certificate, and combining with it an examination for those who wish to become officers which should be the equivalent of the present examination for ensigns. This will relieve them of a special examination later on.

As soon as we have thus modified our examinations and relieved our *Gymnasia*, we shall retrieve what we have lost, most especially in our *Gymnasia*, I mean the kind of education which builds character. At present this is impossible, when there are thirty boys in one classroom who have to master our enormously big course of study, and the instruction is often given by young men whose own characters are unformed. Let me quote here a motto I have learned from Mr. Councillor Hinzpeter, "No one can educate others but he who is himself educated." At present this is not the case with all our teachers.

The classes must be much smaller, if there is to be real education; and this will be achieved if we follow the road

I have indicated. We must also abandon the notion that the teacher is only there to give his daily lessons, and that his work is done when these have been attended to. If the school withdraws the children from their homes for so many hours each day and through so many years, then it must also assume the parents' responsibility for the education of their children. Educate our young men, gentlemen, and we shall have a better class of graduates.

Finally we should give up the idea that knowledge and not life is the important thing. Our youths must be made ready for the practical life of today.

I have noted down here a few figures, which are statistically of interest. We have in Prussia 308 *Gymnasia* and schools preparing for them, with 80,979 pupils; 172 *Realgymnasia* and preparatory schools with 34,465 pupils; sixty high schools where no Latin is taught with 19,893 pupils. The certificate entitling the holder to serve only one year in the army was granted to 68 per cent. of the pupils of the *Gymnasia*, 75 per cent. of those in the *Realgymnasia*, and 38 per cent. of those in other schools. The graduates of the *Gymnasia* amounted to only 31 per cent.; of the *Realgymnasia* to 12 per cent.; and of the other schools to 2 per cent. Every pupil in these schools spends on the average in school and on home-study 25,000 hours, and on physical training 657 hours! This is an excess of mental labor which should be decreased. The boy of twelve, thirteen or fourteen years of age spends on the average, including the lessons in physical training and voice culture, 32 hours in school every week, in some schools 35 hours, and in one class of the *Realgymnasium* actually 37 hours! Well, gentlemen, you and I are all more or less mature men, and we work as hard as we can, but work like this none of us could do for any length of time.

The statistical records of the spread of school diseases and especially of near-sightedness among school children are frightful, and there are other manifestations of illness of which we have no statistics as yet. Think what material

you are bringing up for the defense of the fatherland! I am looking for soldiers. We need a strong generation, capable of producing spiritual leaders and higher officials in our country. This horde of near-sighted fellows is often useless; for how can a man do much in life when he cannot use his eyes? In the upper classes of the *Gymnasia* the number of the near-sighted is often 74 per cent. I can add from my own experience that there were in my class of twenty-one boys eighteen who wore glasses, and that two of them could not even see the blackboard; and this in spite of the fact that we had a splendid room, the faculty room, where we had excellent light from one side, and a perfect system of ventilation which had been installed at the request of my mother.

Such defects condemn themselves. We must call a halt. Personally I consider it of great importance that the question of hygiene should be treated in the institutions where our teachers are trained. They should attend a special course on this subject, and it should be a rule that every healthy teacher take physical exercise and do so every day.

Gentlemen, these in general are the ideas which I wished to present to you, and which are dear to my heart. The great number of letters, requests and wishes which I have received from parents — although my dear Dr. Hinzpeter, whom I greatly respect, said last year that the education of children is a subject in which we fathers should not meddle — have made it my duty as the father of our country to declare: Things cannot go on as they have been going. Gentlemen, men are not meant to look at the world through spectacles. They should see with their own eyes what is before them, and take pleasure in their fatherland and in its institutions! You are here to help them do so.

MEN OF BRANDENBURG, WE ARE MEANT FOR BIG THINGS!

FEBRUARY 24, 1892

[At the official dinner of the Diet the Emperor as Margrave of Brandenburg replied to the address of welcome as follows:]

GENTLEMEN.— As good men of Brandenburg you are gathered here in time-honored fashion ready for work, and you have not forgotten your Margrave. I thank you heartily. It always gives me great pleasure to be in the company of the men of Brandenburg, especially when the whole province is so worthily represented.

The words just spoken, which conveyed to me your hearty allegiance, have greatly cheered me. I am working hard, and it is doubly agreeable and inspiring to hear my efforts in behalf of our people warmly and appreciatively mentioned. Unfortunately it has come to be the fashion to find fault with everything which the government does. With the shallowest of pretenses the peace of our people is constantly being disturbed, and their pleasure in life, their fun, and their joy in the growth of our great and common fatherland are undermined. As a result of all this growling and goading some people have begun to think that our country is the most wretched and most poorly governed in the world, and that to live in it is a torment. Of course we all know that this is not the case. But would it not be better then if the peevish faultfinders shook the German dust from their shoes as quickly as possible and withdrew from our wretched and pitiful conditions? They would obtain what they wish, and we should be much pleased.

We are living in an age of transition! Germany is gradually leaving the years of childhood and is coming of age.

It is, therefore, time for us to be done with the diseases of children. We are passing through stormy and stirring days, when the judgment of the great mass of the people is unfortunately too little objective. More quiet days will follow, if our people will collect themselves and refuse to be troubled by strange voices, and if they will confide in God and in the honest care of their hereditary ruler.

I should like to illustrate our transitional stage with a little story which I once heard. The famous English admiral Sir Francis Drake had landed in Central America after a severe and stormy trip. He was searching for that other ocean which he was convinced existed, but which most of his companions believed did not exist. A tribal chieftain who had become aware of the questioning of the admiral and had been impressed by his character said to him: "You are looking for the big water; follow me, I will show it to you." Then both started to climb a huge mountain in spite of the warning cries of Drake's companions. After great hardships they reached the top, and here the chieftain pointed to the great extent of water behind them, in which the admiral recognized the stormy sea he had recently crossed. Then the chieftain turned, and taking the admiral around a small ledge showed to his delighted gaze the magnificent picture of the Pacific Ocean stretching out at his feet, golden in the majestic light of the rising sun.

Let it be so also with us! The knowledge that your sympathy accompanies my labors gives me new strength and inspires me to continue on the way which Heaven has shown me.

There is also my feeling of responsibility to our supreme Lord, and my steadfast conviction that He who was our ally at Rossbach and at Dennewitz will not forsake me. He has taken such infinite pains with Brandenburg and the house of Hohenzollern that we cannot believe He did it all in vain. On the contrary, men of Brandenburg! we are meant for big things! Glorious are the days to which I shall lead you! Do not let fault-finding and peevish party

talk dull your view of the future, or spoil your pleasure in helping the good work along. Clever words never yet settled a question. My answer to the everlasting slurs on the "new course" and its men is simply and positively this: "My course is right. We shall hold to it." My honest crew of Brandenburgians will help me in this, I know. Here, therefore, is a toast to Brandenburg and the weal of her men!

THE GERMAN EMPIRE HAS DUTIES ALSO ACROSS THE SEA!

DECEMBER 15, 1897

[Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother, left Germany for Eastern Asia on board the "Deutschland" on December 16, 1897. There was a large dinner in his honor in the royal castle in Kiel the day before. At this dinner the Emperor addressed Prince Henry with these words:]

MY DEAR HENRY!—On my trip to Kiel today I was thinking how often I have been in this city either at the call of sport or in order to take part with you in the naval manœuvres of my ships. Today I was moved by serious thoughts as I entered Kiel, for I was conscious of the task I have placed before you, and of my responsibility. I am, however, also aware that it is my duty to perfect and to enlarge what my predecessors have left me.

The trip which you will make and the task you will have to fulfill mean no new departure. They are the logical consequences of what my grandfather and his great chancellor created politically, and what my father won with his sword on the battlefield. They are the first necessary steps in showing the world that the newly founded German Empire has duties also across the sea. The empire has developed its commercial interests to such proportions that it has become my duty to follow in the footsteps of the German Hansa and to secure to it that protection which it has the right to expect of the emperor and the empire.

The German priests who have gone out on their peaceful mission unafraid of risking their lives that they might sow our religion on foreign soil have placed themselves under my protection. Now is the time to provide permanent support and encouragement to these

brethren who have often been sorely pressed. The task, therefore, which I have given you and which you will have to perform in company with the officers and ships already abroad, is essentially one of peaceful protection and not one of challenging defiance. Under the guarding banner of the German naval flag, our commerce, our merchants, and our German ships shall be vouchsafed what we are entitled to demand, namely, the identical rights which are granted to all the other nations.

Our commerce is not really new, for was not the Hansa of old one of the mightiest undertakings which the world had ever seen? The German cities at that time were able to equip larger fleets than the seas had borne before. The Hansa decayed. It had to decay because it did not enjoy the Imperial protection. Now things are different. In the first place, we have a German Empire; and in the second place, our German commerce is thriving and growing. Its future prosperity is assured when it feels safe under the protecting arm of the Imperial power. Imperial power implies Naval power, and these two are so dependent upon each other that neither can exist without the other.

Let our Asiatic squadron, strengthened by your division, be the visible token of our Imperial and Naval power. Cultivate intimate relations with the officers and men of the foreign navies, and be a strong protection to your home interests against any one inclined to interfere with the Germans. These are your orders, this is your task.

Let every European abroad, every German merchant, and especially every foreigner on whose soil we happen to be or with whom we have dealings, realize that the German Michael has firmly grasped his shield. The Imperial eagle is emblazoned there, and Michael will protect any one who comes to him for succor. Let all our countrymen abroad rest assured that whether they are priests or merchants or following other pursuits, they will receive our Imperial protection backed by our Imperial ships.

THE NEW PORT OF STETTIN

SEPTEMBER 23, 1898

[The Emperor and Empress arrived in Stettin on September 23, in order to take part in the inauguration exercises of the new port. The Emperor was welcomed by Mayor Hagen and replied as follows:]

EXPRESS to you my hearty congratulations on your completed work. You began it with daring and courage, and you could begin it, thanks to the foresight of my grandfather, the great emperor, who dropped the iron belt, which had encircled your city. When it fell, you could focus your eyes on broader and more distant views, nor did you hesitate to do so with true Pommeranian stubbornness and singleness of purpose. You have succeeded, and I am delighted that the old Pommeranian spirit is revived within you, and that it has driven you from the land unto the sea.

Our future lies on the water. This work, Mr. Mayor, which you have advanced with prophetic vision and active zeal will be associated with your name, I am sure, centuries from now, and will be honored by the grateful citizens of Stettin.

I, however, as your king, give you thanks for having made your city flourish. I hope and expect, I may almost say, I demand, that it continue to thrive and keep the pace you have set it. Let no factions disrupt it. Let it fix its gaze on what is true and big. It will then reach a hitherto unknown height. This is my wish!

BETHLEHEM

October 30, 1898

[In 1898 the Emperor made a trip to Palestine. On October 30, he attended divine service in the Evangelical church in Bethlehem, and after the service addressed the Evangelical ministers who had gathered about him as follows:]

IF I should give my impressions of these past few days, I should have to say that I am much disappointed. I had not intended to say this here, but since I have learned that others have felt the same way — among them the court-chaplain — I will not keep my impression from you. Very possibly the unfavorable approach to Jerusalem had something to do with it. But if one sees what is going on in the sacred places, one's heart would fain break.

Are we not here on the stage of a mighty event, the emanation of the love of our Creator? But how little do the surroundings correspond with it! I am, therefore, doubly glad to have received at your service here in Bethlehem the first stirring impression of the Holy Land.

This example of Jerusalem teaches us to disregard as much as possible the small dissonances of our religion, and to make our Evangelical church in the Orient firm and united. There is no other way for us to accomplish anything. We can only work by setting an example, and by proving that the gospel is an evangel of love, rich in fruits, and the same in every corner of the globe.

Nothing but a Christian life will impress the Mussulmans. No one can marvel at their not respecting the Christian name, for the Christians are ecclesiastically divided and have to be restrained by force from fighting one another. By diplomacy, and under every kind of pretense, they have usurped one Turkish province after another, until the Christian reputation here has sunk to the lowest possible level.

Now *we* have arrived here. The German Empire and the German name have an unprecedented reputation in the whole of Turkey. It rests with us to show what the Christian religion really is, and to fulfill our duty by practising Christian love even toward the Mohammedans. Dogma and attempts at proselytizing are of no avail. Examples alone will tell. The Mohammedan is very zealous in his religion, and no amount of preaching will influence him. Our culture, however, and our institutions, our lives lived before their eyes and our relations with them should prove to Mussulmans that we are united. This is the all-important thing.

We have to pass a kind of examination before them in our evangelical faith, and show them what true Christianity really is. This will interest them in our religion and may win them for the Christian faith. It is your duty to see to it that our chances are not lost.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE-OAK

February 3, 1899

[The Emperor attended a dinner which the president of the province of Brandenburg, Dr. von Achenbach, had arranged for the members of the provincial diet. The president welcomed the Emperor, who replied:]

Y DEAR MR. PRESIDENT AND MEN OF BRANDENBURG.—The address which we have just heard gave a most patriotic survey, poetically embellished, of the deeds of the Hohenzollerns and the history of our people. I believe I am expressing your own feelings when I say that two factors made it possible for my ancestors to solve their problems as they did. One, and the chief factor, was that they, of all princes, and at a time when such thoughts and feelings were not yet universal, realized their personal responsibility toward God and acted accordingly; and the other, that they had the support of the people of Brandenburg.

Put yourselves back for a moment to the time when Frederick I. was appointed elector here and exchanged his splendid home in Franconia for the March of Brandenburg. According to the historians conditions here at that time were such that we, today, can barely conceive of them. We can understand Frederick's action only if we assume that he felt it his duty to accept the country which the emperor's favor had bestowed on him. He was eager to introduce system and order into Brandenburg, not only because he wished to please the emperor and himself, but because he believed Heaven had assigned to him this task.

Similar motives we can trace with all my ancestors. Their great wars with other countries, and their institutions and laws at home, were ever inspired by the one feeling of responsibility to the people who had been

given into their keeping, and the country which had been intrusted to them.

The President of the province has kindly referred to our trip to Palestine and what I did there. I am free to say that I have had many and varied experiences of an elevating nature in that country, partly religious, partly historical, and partly also connected with modern life. My most inspiring experience, however, next to the service in our own church, was to stand on the Mount of Olives, and see the spot where the greatest struggle ever fought in the world — the struggle for the redemption of mankind — was fought out by one man. This experience induced me to renew on that day my oath of allegiance, as it were, to God on high. I swore to do my very best to knit my people together and to destroy whatever tended to disintegrate them.

During my stay in that foreign country, where we Germans miss the woods and the beautiful sheets of water which we love, I often thought of the lakes of Brandenburg and their clear sombre depths, and of our forests of oaks and pines. And then I said to myself, that after all we are far happier at home than in foreign lands, although the people of Europe often pity us.

Speaking of trees, and our care and love of them, I am reminded of an incident which is of interest to us who have helped to further the growth of the German Empire. It happened after the great and inspiring events of 1870–71. The troops had returned, the exultation had abated, people had resumed their former labors, and the work of solidifying and developing the new fatherland was beginning. The three paladins of the grand old emperor, the great general, the mighty chancellor, and the faithful minister of war, had sat down to a meal, for the first time alone. When they had drunk their first glass to the sovereign and the empire, the chancellor turned to his companions and said: "Now we have obtained everything for the realization of which we have been fighting, struggling and suffering. We have

reached the highest goal of which we dared to dream. After such experiences, what more can there be to interest and to inspire us?" There was a brief pause, and then the old director of battles quickly said, "To see the tree grow!" And the room was very still. Yes, gentlemen, the tree which we must watch and care for is the German Empire-Oak. It is bound to grow, because it has the protection of the men of Brandenburg. Here are its roots. It has weathered many a storm, and has often almost died, but its roots and shoots, firmly planted in Brandenburg soil, will keep, God grant, through all eternity!

All I can do is to promise again today that I shall do my very best! My trip to the Holy Land and the sacred places will help me to shield and to cultivate this tree. Like a good gardener I shall cut back its useless branches and keep an eye on its roots, and destroy the vermin which would attack them. Under such conditions, I hope to see the time when this tree will be in its glory, and the German Michael will stand under it, scanning the distance with his clear eyes. His hand will be on his sword and he will be ready to protect his tree. The peace which is secured by the sword and the shield of the German Michael must endure!

The wish to bring about peace among all the peoples is magnificent, but one big mistake is generally made in all such calculations. As long as unregenerated sin rules among men, there will be war and hatred, envy and discord, and one man will try to get the better of another. The law of men is also the law of nations. However, let us Germans at least hold together like a solid rock! And may every wave which threatens peace, far away or at home in Europe, dash in vain against this "*rocher de bronze*" of the German people!

GERMANY THE PRESERVER OF PEACE

June 17, 1899

[After witnessing the Elbe Regatta on June 17, the Emperor attended a banquet in the evening, on board the Imperial Mail Steamer "Fürst Bismarck." He was welcomed in the name of the assembled guests, by the mayor of Hamburg, Dr. Mönckeberg, and replied as follows:]

IN your name, His Excellency, your respected mayor, has welcomed me, in a speech glowing with eloquence. I heartily thank you for this cordial reception.

It is not flattery when I say that the day of the Elbe Regatta is for me a day of pleasure, eagerly anticipated each year, for it spells a holiday after arduous duties. The intercourse with men who are aiming at identical ends — men of clear head, afire with the spirit which encircles the world, men who have seen and known much in their lives, is always refreshing. It kindles new thoughts and renews my zeal.

In your survey you have kindly mentioned also my endeavors and labors to promote the sport of sailing. Gentlemen, this is one of the arts — let me call it such — which we can practice, because we are enjoying the security of peace. And this is ours only because we are at last standing on the basis which my grandfather and my father of blessed memories have won for us. Since the German Empire is a fact, and our united German people are permitted to work toward a common end, under one banner, and since we know that united we are an invincible power in the world, we have been able to preserve peace.

No art perhaps is so well adapted to strengthen our courage and to quicken our eye, as sailing on the deep waters. I hope that there will be a larger stream of visitors from the inland here, year after year, to strengthen the ranks of

the friends of sailing. The newcomers, however, should do more than merely enter upon the contest with the elements, which demands skill; for I expect great advantages and fruitful ideas for all my people from the closer communion of the inland with the water's edge.

Gentlemen, you have just heard a reference to our policies, and I am grateful to you for following them with appreciative pleasure. It is one of my rules to find new points of contact wherever I can. Our children and again their children will be able to develop these points and to turn them to their advantage. Our people have been very slow in understanding naval matters and the importance of the sea and its mastery. At last they have awakened to it, and when once an idea has caught with a German, it soon grows to absorbing proportions.

The same will happen here. The German people may be compared to a full-blooded horse which will not permit another horse to draw up beside it, but insists on being first. I want it to be so. Let us march in the vanguard with our endeavors, and see to it, men of Hamburg, that you remain there always with your big plans and your progressive ideas! (Lifting his glass.) Here is success!

THE IMPORTANCE OF INLAND WATERWAYS

AUGUST 11, 1899

[The Emperor was present in Dortmund at the opening of the Dortmund-Ems Canal, and replied to an address of welcome with these words:]

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR.—I express to you my hearty thanks, first for your invitation to visit your city, and then for your reception and the decoration of your Dortmund and its suburbs.

I should have liked to come sooner, but solicitude concerning the health of my wife took me first to her. When I was convinced that I could leave her without grave anxiety, I at once determined to visit your city.

The work which I have just inspected, will enable the city of Dortmund, I trust, to resume her flight seaward. Only, I am inclined to believe that the canal in its present state is not quite complete.

We should look upon it as a link in the great Midland Canal system which my government and I are unswervingly determined to complete.

It is, of course, difficult for the imagination of the people to take hold of such a huge project at once. But sooner or later, I believe, the conviction will be universal that our great waterways should be developed and that this will benefit not only our industries, but also our agriculture.

The first impulse to build waterways was felt centuries ago. Two of my greatest ancestors, the Great Elector and Frederick the Great, were extensive canal builders. The Great Elector turned his far-seeing eye to Emden, and even then had thoughts of connecting this city, by a canal, with the March of Brandenburg, and thus assisting its growth. I am convinced that this city joined to Dortmund and its hinterland will reënter on an era of great prosperity.

I also know that there are movements on foot in the great Hansa cities of the North Sea which would assure a glorious future for the Dortmund-Ems Canal if they should materialize.

We must never forget that the continually growing needs of our country demand larger and easier means of communication, and that to supply them we must build waterways in addition to the existing railroads. The inland exchange of goods *en masse*, which benefits especially the farming communities, is possible only by water. I trust, therefore, that the representatives of the people will yield on this point, and will enable me to secure to my country the blessing and the profit of this canal; and I even hope that this may take place during the current year.

Consequently, I also wish with all my heart, that your rich and flourishing city, which is vigorously progressive, as every one can see, will rise to unprecedented heights and be worthy of the best traditions of the Hansa.

The support which the old Hansa lacked, a strong empire united under one hand, is ours today, thanks to the work of my grandfather and the grace of Heaven. I myself warrant you that the empire will exert its whole tremendous influence in carrying this work to a successful end.

GERMANY'S NEED OF A NAVY

October 18, 1899

[The Emperor attended the launching of the battleship "Emperor Charles the Great," and afterward was entertained at a banquet in the city hall of Hamburg, where he delivered the following speech. October 18, is the birthday of Emperor Frederick III, the father of Emperor William II.]

IT gives me special pleasure to be with you again on this day of historical moment. I am really refreshed and invigorated whenever I can dip into the stream of life joyfully pulsating in a Hansa-city.

We have just witnessed a solemn act, and dedicated to its element, the ocean, another piece of the floating defences of our fatherland. Everybody present wished, I am sure, that the proud ship might soon fulfill its mission. We need it badly, and very badly we need a strong German navy!

The name of the new ship is a reminder of the period of splendor of the old empire and its mighty protector. The early beginnings of Hamburg go back to his time, although Hamburg then was only a missionary station of the mighty emperor. Now our fatherland has been re-united by the efforts of Emperor William the Great, and is beginning to assume a glorious place in the world. In this big centre of commerce, if anywhere, we feel the rich energy which the German people can at present bestow on their enterprises because they are united in an empire. Here men appreciate better than anywhere else that a strong protection and an increase of our navy are necessary to safeguard our foreign interests.

The fatherland at large, however, is slow in awakening to this realization, and unfortunately is frittering away its strength in useless party-dissensions. It grieves me to see

From the Painting by Hans Thoma

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LONELY RIDE

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PERMISSION DEUTSCHE VERLAGS ANSTALT STUTTGART

that the interest in questions of world-wide importance grows very slowly among the Germans, and that their political understanding of such matters is small.

Look about you and see how completely the aspect of the world has changed in recent years. Old world empires are decaying and new ones are in the process of creation. Almost unknown nations have suddenly appeared on the horizon of civilization and have entered into competition with long established races. Innovations which have an almost revolutionary effect on the international relations and economic conditions of the various peoples, and which formerly needed hundreds of years for their fruition, are today completed within a few months.

This has greatly increased the duties and responsibilities of the Germans and their Empire, and requires of me and my government exceptionally strenuous exertions. We shall succeed only if the Germans will stand behind us united and if they will give up their partisanship. Our people must be willing to make sacrifices, and cease from gratifying the erroneous notion that the subtle differentiation of political parties is their noblest pursuit. They must no longer place parties above the welfare of the whole State, and must repress their hereditary fault of seeing in everything a worthy subject of their critique. They must respect the bounds which their own vital interests are setting them. The old German political sins are making us pay a heavy penalty of damages done to our maritime interests and to our navy. If the naval increase had not been persistently denied me during the first eight years of my reign, in spite of my prayers and warnings (which were often answered with scorn and derision), how much better could we today promote our maritime interests!

The hope, however, that the Germans will rouse themselves has not left me, for love of fatherland beats strong and true in all their hearts. The October fires prove this, kindled today on the mountain tops, to celebrate the noble figure of the Emperor who was born on this day.

The structure which Emperor Frederick and his great father, together with his noble paladins, erected and bequeathed to us is indeed wonderful — the German Empire! It has arisen gloriously. Our fathers longed for it and our poets used to sing of it.

Well then, instead of uselessly discussing, as heretofore, how the several rooms, halls and divisions of this structure should look and be furnished, let the enthusiasm of our people burn brightly like these October fires; let the Germans emulate the ideal figure of their second emperor and taking pleasure in the beautiful structure assist in its defence. Germans, be proud of your greatness, conscious of your inner worth, respectful of the growth of all foreign nations, and cheerful in the sacrifices which your position as a world power demands! Give up your partisanship, be united, close your ranks, and support your princes and your emperor! If you do this you will assist also the great work which the cities of the Hansa are performing for the benefit of our fatherland.

This is my wish today as I raise my glass to drink a toast to the city of Hamburg.

TECHNICAL UNIVERSITIES

October 19, 1899

[The Technical University of Charlottenburg celebrated its twentieth anniversary on October 19, 1899. The Emperor and Empress took part in the celebration. An Imperial decree was read bestowing on the technical universities the right of granting the degree of doctor of engineering, and after an address by the Minister of Instruction, Dr. Studt, the Emperor spoke as follows:]

IN this festive day I am strongly reminded of the celebration in this house which my grandfather, the great Emperor William, honored by his presence. At that time, this sovereign of blessed memory expressed his hope that the intellectual life which would develop here should correspond to the decorative splendor which had been showered on the interior as well as on the exterior of this building; and he expressed his wish that this institution should do its duty well at all times, and maintain its proper position among our higher institutions of learning. Today I can attest, with much satisfaction, that his hope and his wish are splendidly realized in the present development of this institution which is unique of its kind, and that both this school and the other technical high schools have taken equal rank with the highest institutions of learning in the country — with our universities.

I have been much pleased at having been able to recognize this fact by bestowing on the technical universities the right of granting degrees corresponding to their own scientific character.

The statues of the two men who, from this day on, will decorate the façade of this building are a guaranty that the scientific labors of these technical schools will not lessen the close connection which at present exists between them and the busy life of action; and that these schools will always

endeavor to draw new strength from their contact with life. As long as you keep fresh the memory of these men and strive to emulate them, our German technical work will keep its honorable place among its competitors of the whole world.

The relation of our technical universities to our other institutions of higher learning reveals no opposed interests. There should be no other aim than that each school and each department should do justice to the special demands which life and science make on it. We should remember the words of Goethe:

> "People should not be alike to each other, but like to the Highest. How can this be? If each tries to be perfect himself."

If our technical schools, which have enjoyed a marvelous development in the century that is fast closing, remain mindful of this warning, they will be well prepared to fulfill also in the new century, the ever increasing tasks which the cultural growth of the people will place before them.

The technical achievements of our day are marvelous, but they have been possible only because the Creator of heaven and earth has bestowed on man the ability and the desire to penetrate ever more deeply into the mysteries of creation, and to understand more fully the forces and the laws of nature, trying to make them serviceable to the needs of mankind.

Technical science, therefore, like every true science, brings us back to the origin of all things, to the Almighty Creator, before whom we should bow in humble gratitude. Only if we take this position, which also Emperor William the Great deemed to be the right one for his life's work, will our scientific endeavors be lastingly successful.

If you, teachers and students alike, cling to this truth, your labors will not be without the blessing of God. May it be so, and may this wish of mine guide your school into the new century!

THE BERLIN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

March 19, 1900

[To celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the Royal Academy of Sciences the Emperor had invited its members to meet in his palace on March 19, 1900. He addressed the gathering as follows:]

IN this your festive day I welcome you in the hall of my palace which is sanctified by great memories, and I am glad to remember the ties which bind your academy to my royal house. The sympathetic understanding with which the Elector Frederick III. met the far reaching plans of Leibniz, called the Academy of Sciences into being, and Frederick the Great impressed it with the stamp of his genius. All the kings of Prussia, as its immediate protectors, have done their share in caring for it with sympathy, and in guiding it auspiciously. Thus the remark of Emperor William the Great that "the scientific understanding innate in all the Prussian kings is active also in me," has been proved true especially in the relation of my ancestors to your academy.

I rejoice at being able to attest today, that the Academy of Sciences has demonstrated its inexhaustible vigor through two centuries. It has met every expectation of my ancestors. There is good reason why German science has developed in connection with our universities, and I do not doubt that it has drawn, as our Helmholtz used to say, rich life from the intercourse between the professors and the students, and from the results of academic instruction. But the organization and direction of our scientific labors by the Academies has shown itself a no less essential and necessary means of obtaining the desired ends.

The Berlin Academy, founded a century earlier than the University of Berlin, has been the first to pursue the task

of serving simultaneously all the branches of science. To increase its value along these lines I have enlarged this day its active membership list in the philosophico-historical section. The new places are to be filled largely with Germanic philologists. I have done this because the study of the German language, mentioned in the charter of 1700, deserves special care in the capital of the newly consolidated German Empire. At the same time and with a view to the present importance of the technical sciences, I deemed it proper to increase also the positions in the physico-mathematical section.

To the same degree in which the Academy from the first has conceived the universality of science, it deserves credit for having kept itself free from all interests unconnected with science. Of course, the great experiences of our nation have been reflected also in its activities, and have frequently been eloquently set forth by its orators. But the Academy itself has always spurned to descend into the turmoil of political passions, for it has found its chief duty in unselfish attention to science.

Thanks to this unselfish devotion, the Academy has achieved great things, and in the future may expect additional successes. At the same time, it serves God's end, which is that mankind should be brought to a fuller realization of divine truth. The final aim of the natural sciences is the search for ultimate truth, or as Goethe — himself once a non-resident member of this society — said, "the real, only, and deepest subject of the history of the world and mankind is the conflict between faith and unbelief," or, as we may add, continuing his thought, "God's active participation in human events."

Your work, therefore, proves, just as Leibniz wished it should do, that the sciences "reveal the glory of God and promote the best interests of mankind." May this be the case always, and may the Almighty bestow His blessing upon you also in the new century!

IDEALS OF STUDENT LIFE

April 24, 1901

[The Crown Prince had been registered in the University of Bonn during the forenoon, and in the evening a celebration of the student societies took place in Beethoven Hall. The Emperor arrived promptly at eight o'clock, accompanied by the Crown Prince and by his brother-in-law, Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe. After the second song, the presiding officer, Mr. von Alvensleben, a student in the University, welcomed the Emperor in a formal address, to which the Emperor replied as follows:]

MY dear young fellow-students: I need not tell you how my heart rejoices at being once more in my beloved Bonn and in a company of students. My mind reverts to the glorious picture of glistening sunshine and happiness which filled my stay here years ago. Joy of life, joy in the people, young and old, and above all joy in the new German Empire, growing stronger every day!

It is, therefore, naturally my dearest wish that my beloved son whom I am now placing among you shall be vouchsafed as happy student days as I once had. And how could he possibly not have them? Is not Bonn, this lovely town, accustomed to the activities of jolly youths, and by nature as if created for this purpose! Will not the Crown Prince find here memories of his glorious grandfather, who never could forget Bonn — his kindly eye shone whenever the name of this city, which he had grown to love, was mentioned — and of his great-grandfather of blessed memory, the noble prince-consort and life's companion of the late queen Victoria (who always strove to bring about a peaceful and friendly feeling between her people and ours, both of Germanic stock); and memories of many another noble German prince who spent here the years of preparation for his subsequent career!

But more! Bonn is built on the Rhine! It is here our vines grow, and here our traditions are rich, for here every castle and every town is eloquent of our past. Let Father Rhine exert his charm also on the Crown Prince and on all of you! And when the cup passes from hand to hand and the songs are gay, let your souls delight in the glorious moments, and dip deep into them, as becomes German fellows in the prime of life. But let the spring whence you draw your pleasure be as pure and clear as the golden juice of the grapes, and as deep and lasting as Father Rhine! Let us look about us in the blessed Rhenish lands, where our past rises in visible form! You may well rejoice, my friends, at being German youths when you pass from Aachen to Mainz, that is from the seat of Charles the Great to the centre of Germany's era of splendor under Barbarossa!

Why did this splendor not last? Why did the German Empire decay? Because the old empire was not built on a strictly national basis. The cosmopolitan idea of the old Holy Roman Empire did not permit a development along German national lines. A nation is only possible when a demarcation line exists between it and foreign people, when its own men and women have personalities to correspond to their racial peculiarities. Barbarossa's glory had to wane and the old empire had to crumble because its cosmopolitanism prevented the process of a national crystallization of the whole. Here and there a smaller district was firmly knit into a principality and formed the nucleus of a future State. Unfortunately this necessitated a conflict between such a State and its leader on the one hand and the emperor and the empire serving the cosmopolitan idea on the other. Thus the empire, declining in vigor lost in addition its internal peace. It is a pity that we must write also over this phase in the development of our German people, the weighty words of Tacitus, who knew Germany so well: "*Propter invidiam!*" The princes were jealous of the Emperor's power, just as

they had been jealous of Arminius, in spite of his victory. The nobility was jealous of the growing wealth of the cities, and the peasants envied the nobles. What fatal consequences and bitter harm has not come to our dear and beautiful Germany *"propter invidiam!"* The banks of the Rhine have a story to tell of this. Well, what once could not be done, God finally granted it to one man to achieve!

Aachen and Mainz are historical memories. But in German breasts there had survived the longing to be combined into one nation, and Emperor William the Great brought it about, with the assistance of his faithful servants. Let us then turn our eyes to Koblenz, to the German Square,* and to Rüdesheim, to the Niederwald.† The monuments here teach you most forcefully that now you are Germans in German lands and citizens of a well-defined German nation. You will have to do your share of the work for its safety and development, and you are here to prepare yourselves for this work. The Empire stands before you; it is thriving gloriously. Let joy and gratitude fill your hearts; and may you glow with the firm and manly resolve to work for Germany as Germans, and to lift her and strengthen her. The future is waiting for you. It will test your strength. Do not waste it in cosmopolitan dreams, or in one-sided party service, but exert it to make stable the national idea and to foster the noblest German thoughts.

The spiritual heroes whom God's grace has permitted the German race to produce — from Boniface and Walther von der Vogelweide to Goethe and Schiller, are great. They have given light and have been a blessing to all humanity. Their work was universal, but they were Germans in the strictest sense, they were well defined personalities, and in short, men! Men we need today more than ever. May you too strive to be men!

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* Where the Mosel flows into the Rhine a monument has been erected to Emperor William I.

† On the Niederwald a monument has been erected to the German nation.

How is this possible? Who can show you the way? There is only one, whose name we all bear, who has borne our sins and blotted them out, who has shown us by His life and work how we shall live and work — our Lord and Saviour. May He sow in your hearts moral seriousness, that your motives may be pure and your aims high. Love of father and mother, of home and fatherland depends on love of Him. If you have this, you will be proof against all temptation, especially against pride and envy, and will be able to sing and say, "We Germans fear God and naught else in the world." If this is the case we shall stand firm in this work and be able to spread culture. Indeed, when I shall see such a generation grow up and gather about my son I shall, when the time comes, be well satisfied to close my eyes, for then the rallying cry will be "Germany, Germany above everything!"

With confident heart, I give you the toast, "Long live the University of Bonn!"

OUR FUTURE LIES ON THE WATER

JUNE 18, 1901

[The Emperor attended the races on the Elbe, and afterward a banquet on board the Hamburg American Line steamship "Prinzessin Victoria Luisa." The address of welcome was delivered by Mayor Mönckeberg, to whom the Emperor replied as follows:]

I HEARTILY thank your Excellency for your eloquent address, and express to you and to all our fellow mariners my pleasure at having once more been able to take part with you in the races of the North German Regatta.

His Excellency has given us, in his crisp and poignant remarks, so excellent a picture of the development of our fatherland in the sphere of marine sports, and of its relation to the world at large during the last few years, that it could not have been done better. My entire task in the future will be to see to it that peace and security will make possible the growth of the seed that has been sown.

Although we have not yet the fleet that we should have, we have nevertheless won for ourselves a place near the sun. It will be my duty to see to it that this place near the sun will remain ours uncontested, and that the rays of the sun will fructify our commerce abroad, and our industry and agriculture at home, and our water sports, for our future lies on the water.

The more Germans there are who will go on the water, following the sport of sailing, or as voyagers across the ocean, or as naval men under the flag, the better it will be for us. If the Germans learn to embrace with their vision things that are great and far away, the petty things which still threaten to absorb their everyday thoughts will disappear. If we wish to attain so exalted and free a vision

there is no better place in which to acquire it than a city of the Hansa.

The reflections on our historical development which we have heard from the lips of the last speaker are identical with those that I impressed upon you when I sent my brother to his Asiatic post. We have at last come to see the full importance of the inheritance that my grandfather, Emperor William the Great, and the man whose monument we recently unveiled have bequeathed to us. This inheritance demands that we start where the Hansa of old was obliged to stop, because it lacked the invigorating and protecting strength of the Empire. May my new Hansa, therefore, attend to its task, and develop and protect trade and traffic in perfect peace through many years!

In the events which have taken place in China I see a guaranty of the peace of Europe for many years; for the achievements of the several contingents there have created a sense of mutual respect and comradeship as the basis of our estimates of one another; and this cannot fail to be a help in maintaining peace. During this period of peace, I trust, the cities of our Hansa will prosper. Our new Hansa will open new lines and win and conquer new markets.

As the head of the State I sincerely rejoice at every follower of the Hansa — be he from Hamburg, Bremen, or Lübeck — who goes into the world with a broad vision, looking where he may drive a nail on which to hang our armor. I also believe that I am uttering your own thoughts, when I gratefully acknowledge the services of the director of this company, who has placed at our disposal this magnificent ship named after my daughter. He has gone into the world as a bold representative of the Hansa to make peaceful conquests, the fruits of which our children will reap some future day.

I raise my glass in the hope that this enterprising spirit of the Hansa will spread, and I ask my comrades of the water to join me in a toast to the sport of sailing and the spirit of the Hansa.

TRUE ART

December 18, 1901

[After the unveiling of the last monument in the series of Brandenburg — Prussian sovereigns in the "Siegesallee," the Avenue of Victory, in Berlin, a banquet took place in the Royal Castle, to which all the artists who had been engaged in this great enterprise were invited. During the dinner the Emperor addressed his guests as follows:]

THIS eighteenth day of December is important in the history of the art of Berlin because the late patron of our museums, my father, and his artistically gifted consort, my dear mother, dedicated the ethnographic museum on this day fifteen years ago. This was practically the last act of the kind which my father performed, and I consider it very fortunate that it was possible to complete the work on the Avenue of Victory on this anniversary.

I gladly take this opportunity of expressing to all of you my congratulations, and my thanks for the assistance you have given me in the realization of my original plan. It took several years to formulate the programme for this avenue, during which time the well known historian of my house, Professor Dr. Koser, made it possible for me to have definite tasks assigned to you. After the historical basis had once been found, rapid progress became possible, for as soon as the characters of the various princes had been studied, you were enabled to select your most important assistants. In this way the several groups were created, and their shapes determined by a careful study of history.

After this part of the programme had been completed, the most difficult task had to be met. We had to ask ourselves: Shall we find in Berlin enough artists — and I hoped we might — capable of working together for the completion of this task?

When I entered upon this enterprise I had a definite aim, and wondered whether I should be able to prove to the world that the greatest success does not follow upon the creation of commissions and prize competitions, but upon the course followed in antiquity and during the Middle Ages where the patron maintained direct relations with his artists. This secured a favorable execution of the work and the success of the whole enterprise.

My special thanks, therefore, are due to Professor Reinhold Begas whom I approached at the outset and who told me that there was no doubt of finding enough artists in Berlin to execute my ideas easily. With his help, and thanks to the acquaintances I made during my frequent visits to studios and exhibitions, I was enabled to gather the nucleus of my company of artists — most of whom I am glad to see about me today — willing to undertake this task with me.

I believe you will not refuse me the credit of having made your work as easy as possible, considering the general programme I had asked you to follow. I gave you definite tasks, but left you perfectly free to design and compose as you chose, and to add the breath of your own genius, which alone can make a work of art. Every work of art contains a bit of the artist's own personality. My experiment, if I may call it such, has been, I believe, an undoubted success, as the now practically completed Avenue of Victory shows.

The intercourse between the patron and his executing artists sufficed to remove every doubt and to solve every problem. There were no unsurmountable difficulties, and we may look back on our work in this Avenue with much satisfaction. You have accomplished your several tasks to the best of your ability, and I have the conviction of having allowed the fullest amount of time and artistic freedom to every one of you. I have never concerned myself with details and have been satisfied with providing the initiative and general direction.

Today, gentlemen, I am proud and happy to think that Berlin stands before the whole world as the possessor of a company of artists capable of doing such magnificent work. And I believe that many of you will ungrudgingly confess that the active example of Reinhold Begas and his conception of art, based on the antique, have been a helping guide to many artists.

Here also we may draw a parallel between our work and the great achievements of the Italians in the Middle Ages, when the sovereign or art-loving prince who provided the work found for it the great master around whom many younger men could gather. This resulted in the creation of schools of art capable of great achievements.

Well, gentlemen, on this very day we have inaugurated in Berlin the Pergamon Museum, a momentous event in the history of art, and I consider it a fortunate coincidence that these two events occurred on one and the same day. The amount of beauty exhibited there to marveling visitors is so great that we cannot think of anything to compare with it.

How does art work in the world? It takes its models and draws its inspiration from mother nature. Nature herself, however, in spite of her seemingly unrestrained freedom, is governed by eternal laws, decreed by the Creator. These laws cannot be transgressed without danger to the future of the world.

The same is true of art, for when we review the magnificent remains of ancient art, we are very conscious of the fact that here, too, an eternal and unalterable law is at work — the law of beauty and harmony. The ancients followed this law so remarkably well and gave their works such a perfect form that in spite of our modern ideas and abilities we are proud if an especially good work of ours elicits the comment, "This is almost as good as what was made nineteen hundred years ago."

But note the "almost;" and let me warn you. As yet our sculpture has remained practically untouched by so-

called modern tendencies and is still holding an elevated and noble position. Keep it thus and do not let the clamor of the masses or empty doctrines tempt you to forsake the great principles on which it is based.

An art which transcends the bounds I have indicated is no longer true art, for it is the product of mechanical skill, the sign of a trade, and this art should never be. Sailing under the flag of the much abused word "freedom," people often reach the land of licentious conceit, but when they turn their backs upon the law of beauty and harmony which lives in every breast, whether or no we know how to express it, and follow special paths, placing their emphasis on the solution of technical problems, they sin against the very essence of art.

And more, our art should be a help and an educational force for all classes of our people, giving them the chance, when they are tired after hard labor, of growing strong by the contemplation of ideal things. The great ideals have become the lasting possession of our German people, while most of the other nations have to a greater or less degree lost them.

The Germans are the only people left who can be called upon to guard these great ideals and to keep them alive and to transmit them to posterity. It is a part of these ideals that we should give the toiling laboring men the opportunity of being raised by beauty out of the humdrum monotony of their everyday thoughts.

An art which does nothing more than present misery even more wretched than it is, as often happens today, sins against the German people. Attention to ideals is one of the greatest tasks of culture, and all our people must work at it, if we are to set a good example to the other nations; for culture, in order to do its task well, must permeate every stratum of society. But it cannot do this, if art refuses its help and pushes people into the gutter instead of elevating them.

I, as your sovereign, am often much annoyed by the lack

THE AMAZON

LOUIS TUAILLON

of energy with which many of the masters fight against such tendencies. I have never denied that there are sincere characters also among the moderns, imbued with excellent intentions. They are, however, on the wrong road. True artists need neither noisy acclaim nor press agents nor connections. I do not believe that their great predecessors in Greece or Italy stooped so low as to advertise and promote their ideas, as often happens in the newspapers today. Those men worked as God had made them; for the rest they let the people talk.

And this is the only proper behavior for an honest and real artist. An art which stoops to advertising itself is no art in spite of a thousand words of praise! Every man, however humble, has a sense of what is beautiful and what is ugly. I want to foster this sense among our people, and I need every one of you, gentlemen, to help me. In this Avenue of Victory you have completed a piece of work which does this; and I thank you.

Even today I can assure you that the impression of this Avenue on the stranger is overpowering. Everywhere a tremendous regard for our German sculpture has resulted. It is my wish that you should always remain on these heights, and that my grandchildren and later on their children should find equally great masters to assist them. If this happens, I am sure that our people will always be able to love beauty and to cling to high ideals.

I now raise my glass to drink your health; and to give you once more my heartiest thanks.

THE GERMAN FOLK-SONG

JUNE 6, 1903

[At the close of a Prize-Singing Contest in Frankfurt, the Emperor invited the leaders of all the singing societies that had taken part to meet in the Prince's Room, and delivered the following address:]

GENTLEMEN! I have called you together in order to express to you my pleasure at the large number of societies that have accepted our invitation to the prize-singing. It proves not only your own devotion to the interests of German song, but also the active desire of your several societies to foster it.

Let me, however, call your attention on this occasion to something that may interest you, because it is based not only on my own opinion, but also on that of practically all who heard you. It has to do with your choice of music.

The intention of the prize-singing contest was to increase the study of our folk-songs and to disseminate a love for them. You, gentlemen, however, selected compositions far removed from the well known, good old German folk-songs, and set your choruses enormously difficult tasks. These were met in part so well that we were all surprised and carried away at the thought, that here are men who after working hard perhaps from eight to twelve hours daily under unfavorable conditions and surrounded by smoke and dust, were able by dint of diligent study and unselfish devotion to undertake the difficult tasks which we have heard them perform.

I am inclined to believe, that also many of you gentlemen have felt during this prize singing that so far as men's singing societies are concerned the highest possible mastery of such compositions has been reached. I urge you, there-

fore, to refrain from the attempt to have your societies rival the existing philharmonic associations.

As I look upon it, this is not the province of the men's singing societies, for they should cultivate our folk-songs. Remarkably little was sung of the compositions dear to our hearts — Hegar was sung six or seven times and Brambach eight times. I openly confess that, if we heard these masters oftener one after the other, we should enthusiastically welcome every society that sang at least once "*Wer hat Dich Du schöner Wald,*" or "*Ich hatt einen Kameraden,*" or "*Es zogen drei Bursche.*"

The big compositions are exceedingly valuable for developing technique. They are preparing us as it were for an especially high jump, but Hegar and Brambach are lacking in melody, and their texts are often very long. I was, of course, glad that the chosen texts were so patriotic and beautiful and had to do with the time of old imperial splendor, but I believe that the composers failed at times to do justice to their texts.

A chorus of fine male voices should not, it seems to me, be forced by the composers to practice tone-painting or to attempt rivalry with instrumental music. Tone-painting, which is not always agreeable even in an orchestra, is of doubtful value in a men's singing society. Its length is tiring, because the reach of a male chorus is limited, and after a while monotonous. I also warn you against being too lyrical, for I believe that there was too much lyric in your prize-chorus.

You must have noticed that the choruses which were more virile and energetic found greater favor with the public. Every German soul is tinged with sentiment, and such touches should exist in the more poetic compositions, but when the music is written to a ballad or the bold recital of heroic deeds, the energetic quality of the male chorus should show; and this is best done in simple compositions.

It may interest you to know that almost two-thirds of all your societies began too high, and that you closed half a tone, three-quarters of a tone, yes, even four-fifths of a tone, too high.

Your own selections, therefore, turned out in part to your disadvantage. It was a pleasure whenever a society began so low that we felt it had something in reserve.

I shall try to make your selections easier in the future by having a compilation made of all the folk-songs written, sung, and known in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, whether the composers are known or not known. There will be an index, and I shall see to it that the societies can procure this collection cheaply and easily. Then you will be able to choose from it the songs we need.

Here we are on the Rhine, and not a single society sang the "*Drei Bursche*," or "*Joachim Hans von Zieten*" or "*Fridericus Rex.*" Here we are in Frankfurt, and not one sang "*Kalliwoda.*" We have Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Abt; not one song by them was heard here. I suppose, therefore, that the modern composers have received more than their full due at this contest. The tasks you have put yourselves — and I do not except the prize song which I consider far too difficult in parts — should be simplified in many respects.

I have consulted in this connection with the judges who have formulated their conclusions in a memorial which will be made accessible to the societies, and which Councillor von Lucanus is going to read to you.

Councillor von Lucanus read as follows:

"The impression on the judges made by the prize singing of the first day was such that they considered it necessary to take a definite stand concerning the kind of composition which seems to be popular with men's singing societies today. Almost all the selections sung by the societies disregarded in their structure the *a capella* nature of

a male chorus and demanded of it intervals, intonations and harmonic combinations of a purely instrumental nature.

"The relation between the task and the means to meet it was even less satisfactory because altogether disproportionate. The limitation of a voice which cannot pass beyond its bounds with impunity, and its restricted color effects, compel the male chorus to be the natural exponent of the fine and simple moods found in a lyric or a pure ballad. The affectation and artificiality of several societies, and the mania for tone painting at the least provocation, also the desire of obtaining unusual harmonies, appeared to us to represent an unwholesome and insincere kind of composition, in which simple grandeur was superseded by a mosaic of often interesting but never beautiful details. Such tendencies threaten the future of this important branch of art, because they disregard the chief requirements of a male chorus.

"The only help lies in the return to the former natural simplicity, to wholesome conceptions, and to the appreciation of the true aims underlying this art. There must be a resolute revolt against everything that is unnatural and artificial.

"We do not at all mean to say that nothing but folk-songs are adapted to a male chorus, for we acknowledge that also an artful tune may be properly sung by a men's singing society, if it conforms to the conditions we have mentioned. In the future also the prize-chorus should be chosen only from those compositions which can be regarded as works of art, because they have conformed to these simple esthetic principles.

"We regard it as our duty to ask His Majesty kindly to assist our efforts, and to admonish the leaders and presiding officers of the several societies to serve our art by recognizing, seeking, and studying artistic truth. We are the more ready to do this because we know that we are in this respect in perfect agreement with His Majesty."

After the reading the Emperor continued:

Gentlemen, I expect that you will act as much as possible in accordance with my expressed views and follow my advice. I am convinced that the singers themselves will then take greater pleasure in their singing; for when every note is to be studied in detail, the mere physical effort that is needed in order to achieve what you have done must be enormous, especially with people working in factories.

I have looked through your lists of names, and been delighted at the large number of men that come from the hammer, the anvil, and the forge. But they must have sacrificed to this work many sleepless nights.

If you return to the simple songs, you will be able to compete with the art societies whose members spend their days in a better and less dust-laden atmosphere, and one which is, of course, less harmful to their voices.

For the rest I can only say that we have listened to some excellent performances, and I do not even refer to those societies which you yourselves recognize as unusually fine. There were bell-like effects not unlike those of an orchestra.

Our people possess without any doubt, a high degree of musical talent, which needs simple ways of expression. If you will sing these simple and beautiful compositions which the folk-songs and those composers whom I have mentioned offer, you will have more pleasure and fewer difficulties, and you will make your public — many of whom are strangers — familiar with our folk-songs. With folk-songs, moreover, you will strengthen the patriotism of our people, and consequently the tie that should unite all of us.

I thank you.

GERMANY AND NORTH AMERICA

June 26, 1903

[A squadron of American men-of-war had paid a visit to Kiel and was anchored there during the week of the "Kiel Regatta." To celebrate the event the American ambassador, Charlemagne Tower, gave a dinner, which was attended by the Emperor, Prince Henry, the Chancellor, and a large number of guests. The ambassador spoke first, and the Emperor answered as follows:]

REPLYING to your Excellency's cordial toast, I bid a hearty welcome in the name of the German Empire to the American squadron, Admiral Cotton, and his officers. We recognize in them the bearers of the friendly feelings of the citizens of the United States, which the whole of Germany, I can assure your Excellency, heartily reciprocates.

I am delighted that my hopes for a better mutual understanding between our two countries have been largely realized, thanks to the personal intercourse which my brother Prince Henry was permitted to enjoy with the countrymen of your Excellency, and that thereby the bond of friendship between Germany and America has been more lastingly cemented.

I am especially gratified that my gift to Harvard University of casts from medieval German architecture has been so cordially received; and hope that these reminders of our ancient history of culture will inspire many young American students to come to Germany, and to study here the originals and the people who created these works of art.

My most sincere wish is that our two peoples shall come to know each other better. No serious-minded citizen of America or of Germany, I am sure, believes that our harmony or the continuation of our mutual interests can be disturbed by anything at all likely to affect our relations

lastingly. We are dependent the one on the other because we have the same interests. There will be rivalries of trade and industry, but the forces which draw us together are too strong to permit any real antagonism to arise.

I am firmly convinced that the hundreds of thousands of Germans living in America, who find their livelihood there, but who in their hearts have preserved their love of the fatherland, will smooth the way for an uninterrupted development of the relations which are of such great importance for our two countries.

And now it is my duty to ask your Excellency to convey my thanks to his Excellency the President of the United States to whose courtesy we owe this pleasant meeting. We all admire his strength of character, his iron will, his devotion to his country, and his untiring energy. We gladly take the hand he is stretching out to us across the ocean, and grasp it in cordial friendship and with the feeling that blood is thicker than water.

Gentlemen, I drink the health of his Excellency the President of the United States. God bless him and the United States!

A CHRISTIAN LIFE

October 17, 1903

[On October 17, 1903, the fourth and fifth sons of the Emperor, Prince August Wilhelm and Prince Oskar, were confirmed. In the evening there was a dinner in the Palace in Potsdam, at which the Emperor addressed his sons as follows:]

MY dear Sons! In this moment when we are ready to drain our glasses in your honor, and to congratulate you because you have joined us as active, grown-up people, and are eager to work in the congregation of the Lord, I as your father wish to give you some advice on your way.

This day is for you in a spiritual sense, what swearing to the colors is for the officers and privates of the army. As princes of the Royal House you are authorized to wear a uniform even in your tenth year. Let me compare this with your baptism. You have received the advance mark of a warrior for Christ. Today you have become of age spiritually, if I may say so, and the weapons and armor you are to use have been prepared for you by clever experts, I mean the men who have taught you. It will be your duty from now on to apply these teachings in all walks and conditions of life. You may receive some further instruction in this respect, but every man must learn for himself how to make use of the weapons that have been entrusted to him, even those of the spirit.

I am intentionally speaking in military terms, because I assume that you know the fine simile which likens a Christian to a warrior, and which enumerates the weapons that the Lord has placed at his disposal. In the future you will undoubtedly have the chance of using one or the other of these weapons, and of practicing what you promised in your beautiful vows today.

Your spiritual teacher very wisely emphasized one idea in the magnificent speech he addressed to you, when he urged you to be "personalities." This is something which concerns, I believe, every Christian, for there can be no doubt that we are right, when we say of our Lord, that his was the most personal of all personalities.

In the course of your education you have read and heard of many great men — and you will hear of more in the future — wise men, statesmen, kings, princes, and poets. You have read what this one or that one has said, and have been inspired by his words. Certainly! for what German youth would not feel ennobled and enraptured by the inspired songs of Körner, for instance?

But these, after all, are only men's words, and not one of them equals a single word of our Lord. Be sure of this, that you may maintain it, when later in the whirlpools of life you hear others discuss religion and the person of our Lord and you discuss them yourselves, that no man's word ever yet has been able to inspire with the same zeal people of all races and of all nations to strive to be like Him, and to sacrifice their lives for Him. This miracle can only be explained by the fact that the words He spoke were the words of eternal God, and that they can create life, and are alive after thousands of years, when the words of the wise men have long been forgotten.

If I look back upon my own personal experiences, I can assure you — and you will have the same experiences yourselves — that the centre of our life, especially when it is an active life of responsibility, turns solely on our attitude toward our Lord and Saviour. I have realized this more fully every year.

I just called Him the most personal of all personalities, and that was right. He experienced what happens to all of us and what no human life can avoid. People fought over him. Some were for him, some may have been doubtful, the majority, however, were against him. But no one

can doubt this — for even he who most bitterly denies it, proves it — that the Lord is a living personality today! Even today His bright figure, visible only to our spiritual eye, and felt by our soul, is walking among us consoling, helping, strengthening, but also exciting contradiction and persecution.

Because we cannot ignore Him, every man is forced, consciously or unconsciously, to adjust his life, and the office he fills, and the work he does, to his attitude toward our Saviour, and to determine whether his efforts shall be agreeable to the Lord or not. His own conscience, unless it is atrophied, will keep him informed on these matters.

I am perfectly ready to believe that there are many people who do not see how we can concern ourselves with the personality of the Lord and pay attention to it as much in these modern times, when life has many claims and responsibilities, as earlier people could do. Men also have filled their heaven with many splendid figures in addition to the Lord, pious Christians whom they call saints and to whom they turn for help. But that is all secondary and vain. The only helper and Saviour is and will be our Lord!

There is only one piece of advice I can give you for your life, and I give it with all my heart. Work and labor incessantly! This is the substance of the Christian life He has shown us by His own life. Look to your Bible and read the parables of our Saviour: the indolent man who remains inactive, satisfied to swim with the tide, and to have other people work for him, is most severely punished, as is told in the parable of the pounds. Whatever your preferences or your talents may be, let each one of you endeavor to do his very best in his own sphere and to become a personality, to grow in the performance of his duties, to be active, and to follow the example of our Saviour.

Above everything see to it that all things you do give pleasure to your fellowmen, if this be possible — for there

is nothing more beautiful than to take pleasure jointly with others — and if this is impossible, let your work at least be useful, as the active and helpful life of our Lord always was. If you do this, you will do what we expect of you, and be honest German men and useful princes of my house, and take part in the work that has been allotted to all of us. May you accomplish this and be blessed, and may God and our Saviour help you!

EMPEROR FREDERICK, PATRON OF GERMAN ART

October 18, 1904

[On the anniversary of the birth of Emperor Frederick his equestrian statue was unveiled and the Emperor Frederick Museum opened to the public. In reply to an address by the Minister of Education, Dr. Studt, the Emperor read the following speech:]

I THANK you heartily, Mr. Secretary, for the beautiful and impressive words which you have spoken of my ancestors, and especially of my dear parents and their blessed care of our museums.

The anniversary of my beloved father, the late Emperor and King Frederick, has brought us together here in order to open to the public two monuments dedicated to his memory. This equestrian statue erected in gratitude by the German Empire and cast by skilful hands will reveal to posterity his figure, beautiful as that of Siegfried, and his winning expression; and this proud structure filled with rich collections will bear witness to the achievements of the noble sovereign whose glorious personality will survive in the hearts of the German people.

He was a valiant hero, fighting his father's battles and preparing the way for the new empire; he took part in its restoration with ardent enthusiasm, and when the storms of war had ceased, he made it his special duty to increase and foster the arts of peace. This showed especially in his relation to the museums of Berlin. He became their Honorary President in 1871 and from then to the days of his suffering, yes, even his death, he and his art-loving wife, my illustrious mother, carefully watched and guided these institutions.

If the sphere of influence of these museums has grown unexpectedly large and new museums have been added, while the old ones have been reorganized and been enriched by a wealth of new material until they deserve mention by the side of the older and originally richer collections of other countries — who deserves the credit for all this but the illustrious pair of rulers who never tired of giving their help and of attending to large and small things with equal care, and who by overcoming all difficulties prepared the way for the successful development of our museums within and their growth without? It is therefore our duty and an act of grateful respect to connect for all time this building and its collections with the name of Emperor Frederick.

I consider it a precious inheritance to continue the lofty ideas and art activities of this dear sovereign, and to fulfill them to the best of my ability. When we see our art today torn asunder by opposing tendencies that are struggling with each other and trying to supersede one another, and when the cause of it all is based — as I have said more than once — on errors because men have forsaken the true ideals of beauty, then it behooves our artists to realize the more fully how great the treasures are which are here offered to them.

Today, however, I do not intend to speak of contrasts, for mindful of the Prince of Peace whom we are here honoring I am inclined to emphasize a point which promises to unite the warring factions. I mean the study of the old masters, than which there is, I believe, no better introduction to the problems of art. As genius cannot be denied the right to draw on unknown and hidden treasures, so our younger artists are obviously mistaken when they believe that they can break with the traditions of all schools. The never relenting seriousness with which the older masters struggled, in an almost sacred zeal, to reach the goal of art, offers even to our modern artists an unexampled ideal and should encourage especially our younger men to exercise

BISMARCK MONUMENT, BREMEN

By A. von Hildebrand

introspection and modesty, and to respect the works of others.

This is the only way of securing a mutual understanding and of fostering the real progress of art.

It is my sincere wish that the collections of this museum may help to this end, and that they may promote a uniform development of art on a national basis. This is also, I am convinced, in keeping with the high aims of Emperor Frederick, who at all times tried to encourage the historical sense and an ideal conception of art. He himself bore witness to this in an address he delivered at the fiftieth anniversary of our museums in 1880 in these memorable words: "We know that in the days of our greatest misfortune, when everything seemed to collapse, the thoughts of the ideal aims of men were productive, strong, and virile."

Today we may gratefully enjoy what the pioneers in those years of sorrow created, but we shall reap benefit from our enjoyment only if we remember our responsibilities. It is our duty today more than ever before to hold fast to our ideal possessions, and to reveal their worth and saving power to our German people.

This institution is meant to be simply a collection of beautiful things of all times brought together here for the benefit of the whole nation. May the blessed influence of Emperor Frederick continue to pervade this house and to inspire our art!

WESTPHALIA AS AN EXAMPLE OF GERMAN UNION

August 31, 1907

[Delivered at a banquet which the Emperor gave to the representatives of the province of Westphalia in the Landes-Museum at Münster.]

I MUST express to the representatives of the province gathered here my heartfelt thanks for the way I have been welcomed everywhere in beautiful Westphalia. Let me also repeat, in the name of Her Majesty the Empress, how sorry she is that her accident has prevented her from joining me on this visit and from coming in personal contact with you and the people of Westphalia.

The province of Westphalia offers a splendid instance of an amicable settlement of historical, religious, and economic contrasts due to a sincere love of a common fatherland. Your province consists of different counties, some of which have long been subject to the Prussian crown, while others have joined us at a later date. All, however, are vying with each other in their faithful allegiance to my house.

I do not differentiate between the old and the new parts of the country, nor do I make any distinction between their Catholic and Protestant inhabitants. All are Christians, striving to be honest citizens and obedient subjects. As the father of your country I may say that all my children are equally dear to my heart.

Economically also your province offers a most agreeable picture. It proves that big industries need not harm one another, and that the success of one benefits all. The peasants here till their red Westphalian soil diligently and cling to their venerable customs. They are sterling characters of hard and honest purpose, the very foundations of

our body politic. Agriculture, therefore, will always enjoy my special protection. Your cities are built and planned with ever-growing perfection; while magnificent public institutions are constantly being created, such as museums, hospitals, and churches.

Hard working and honest miners bring to light the treasures of your mines, which enable our industry to thrive — this industry of which our entire nation is proud, and which in its growth has become the envy of all the world. May we continue to gather treasures to increase our national wealth and strengthen the good reputation which the excellence and honesty of our German workmanship are enjoying abroad.

I am by no means forgetful of the workmen of the big industries who perform the hard labor in the factories, or below ground, in the galleries of the mines. From my grandfather of blessed memory I have inherited his great care for their wellbeing. It is my wish and firm intention to remain true to the principles which Emperor William the Great expounded in his immortal message on social justice.

I gladly would extend to our entire fatherland the fine picture of amicable union which is offered by the province of Westphalia. And I believe that there is only one means which can unite all our citizens and all the various classes, namely, religion. Not religion in a narrow, ecclesiastical, and dogmatic sense, but in a broader and more practical sense. Let me draw here upon my own experience. During my long reign — I have just entered its twentieth year — I have had to do with many people, and have suffered much at their hands; often they have hurt me unconsciously, but often also, I regret to say it, very intentionally. When in such moments my anger threatened to master me and I was tempted to avenge myself, I have asked, how best can wrath be stilled and charity grow strong? I have found only one answer, and that was based on the observation that all men are human, and even if they hurt us,

they have souls given them from on high, whither all of us wish to return. Thanks to their souls, they too carry with them parts of the Creator. If we remember this, we shall at all times judge our fellowmen leniently. If this thought could gain ground among the German people, the first step toward a complete union would have been taken.

This thought, however, can gain absolute control over us only with the help of one man, our Lord and Saviour. He called us His brethren, and lived His life as an example for us to follow, and He was the most individual of all men! Even today He is walking among us; with our hearts we can feel Him. Let us then proceed to further union, with our eyes on the Lord. The German people should trust His words, for He Himself has said, "Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words shall not pass away." If our people do this, they will succeed.

This is the kind of coöperation to which I would call the German people today, and especially you, men of Westphalia. For you, as I said before, have set us the fine example in your province of contrasts reconciled. You will be the first to understand me. In this sense, let old and new counties join, let city folk, peasants, and laborers join in a common bond of honest love of home. If this is done, our German people will be the block of granite on which the Lord God will erect and perfect His works of civilization. Then also the poet's words will be fulfilled that "German heart and German mirth will restore this dear old earth." I shall be grateful to any one who will give me a helping hand in such a task, nor do I care who he is or what his station is. He will be welcome. I believe the men of Westphalia will best understand me. That is why I have turned to you.

Now I raise my glass. May God's blessing rest on Westphalia's rich soil, and on all her people; may I be permitted to preserve peace in the future as in the past, and secure for you the undisturbed pursuit of your various occupations. God bless Westphalia!

THE LARGER SCOPE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

October 11, 1910

[The Frederick William University of Berlin celebrated its centenary on October 11, 1910, at which occasion the Emperor delivered the following address:]

I OFFER greetings and congratulations to my faithful Frederick-William University on its hundredth anniversary.

From the first the fate of this university has been intimately bound up with that of our Prussian-German fatherland. When my blessed ancestor King Frederick William III. founded the university exactly one hundred years ago, he wished to make good in spiritual forces what the State had lost in physical forces. The University of Berlin, therefore, owes its origin to the same life-giving spirit which resulted in the rebirth of Prussia. This spirit which elevated Prussia-Germany and animated Fichte, Schleiermacher, Savigny and their friends, made also of the university, after only a few years, a centre of the intellectual and social life of the fatherland.

It is true that at first the University of Berlin was far from being the *Universitas literarum* which Wilhelm von Humboldt had in mind; but with every year it has come nearer to this ideal. A stronghold of the sciences, it enjoys today an international reputation far beyond the confines of Prussia or Germany, of which the exchange-teachers and students give a visible proof. Together with the other institutions of higher learning it has come to be the "general school" which its founders had in mind.

The ideal of Humboldt, however, who saw beyond the university a union of all scientific institutions, has not yet been realized; wherefore the present solemn hour is an

appropriate one, it seems to me, in which to prepare the way for the realization of Humboldt's plan.

His great programme comprised, in addition to the academy of sciences and the university, several independent institutions of research, the latter to be integral parts of a complete scientific organism. Since then, however, such schools have not been established in Prussia with the frequency which the development of the universities demanded, and today the lack of them is the more keenly felt because of the present great importance of the natural sciences. We must have institutions that transcend the limits of a university and serve nothing but research, free from the demands made by instruction, although in close touch with the academy and the university.

I believe it is our sacred duty today to create such institutions of research as soon as possible, and it is my duty as sovereign to bespeak a general interest for them. This high aim demands large sums of money, and its realization will be impossible unless all people interested in the progress of science and the welfare of the fatherland, join in this momentous work, cheerfully ready to make the necessary sacrifices. I wish, therefore, to call it to the attention of every one, saying *tua res agitur*, let it be dear to your heart. I am confident that the work will succeed, for the discussion of this plan, which has thus far taken place only in intimate circles, has resulted in the expression of enthusiastic approval from all parts of the country, and in some large contributions, between nine and ten million marks. I wish to express here again my thanks to these generous donors.

In order to assist this undertaking in a lasting way, it is my intention to found a society under my protectorate and name, which will make the establishment and maintenance of such institutions its sole task. I shall be pleased to present to this society the means that have been placed at my disposal, and I shall see to it that the institutions which will be founded will have the assistance of the State.

This day, therefore, will mark not only the anniversary of the University of Berlin, but also another step in advance in the intellectual life of Germany.

Finally, I have a word of exhortation for the university as it is entering on its second century. May it be mindful of the time when it was born, and may it always preserve a distinctly Prussian-German character! Science is, it is true, the joint possession of the whole civilized world, and its conquests stop at no boundary line. But — as truly as every nation must maintain its own character if it is to survive and be of value to the world — just as truly the University of Berlin should remember that it is a German university. Let it be, as it has been, the seat of German manners and customs! And whoever has the honor of pursuing here his investigations, or of teaching or studying here, let him do his duty; let him be eager for the truth and be thorough, and let him approach every task with that love and earnestness which Goethe praises as the great virtue of our people.

Under such conditions the University should continue to foster true science, which, as Humboldt finely says, comes from within and is planted within, forming and transforming character. Let the University do this with that noble freedom which makes its own laws, and let it be proud in the thought that it is the guardian of a treasure that has been given to all mankind. "*Communis hominum thesaurus situs est in magnis veritatibus.*" But all truth comes from God, and His blessing invariably rests on works emanating from truth or aiming at truth. May this spirit of truth fill also your hearts, fellow students, and may it permeate every enterprise of my dear university! Then its old age will be like its youth, and it will remain a citadel on the mountains where the people will congregate, and it will be the pride and protection of the fatherland.

THE DUTIES OF A NAVAL OFFICER

November 21, 1910

[The Naval Academy at Mürwik was inaugurated on November 21, 1910. The Emperor took part in the exercises, and delivered the following address:]

THIS is my first visit to the new Naval Academy and I desire to address to the students now here and to those who will come after them, a few words concerning the profession of a naval officer and the essentials of his education. I need not tell you that the entire corps of naval officers whose uniform I wear is dear to my heart. I have known them since I was a boy, and have learned to admire them and their splendid achievements in the management of my ships at home and abroad, and in the whole development of our navy. I love the profession which you, my young comrades, have chosen, and I am in full sympathy with all the beauty and satisfaction which it will bring you, especially in the responsible positions which will be yours before long.

But I also know how many sacrifices it will exact of you, and that you will have to be strong men in order to do your arduous and responsible duties cheerfully always.

Even the years in the Naval Academy are not easy. The naval officer must learn a great deal. He must be an educated man in the general sense of the word, and in addition should have an extensive technical knowledge. This entails many hours of serious study from books, especially hard after the year spent on board ship and meant to give you a practical education under the invigorating impressions of foreign lands.

Remember during the hours of study that this study is not only a means to the accumulation of knowledge, but

also the expression of your sense of duty and of your energy. It is, therefore, important for the development of your characters. Our time needs men, whole men, even hard men. Character, therefore, counts more than anything else, and the chief task of your superiors is to assist you in the formation of character. This is, however, even more your duty than theirs. Work yourselves up to a strictly moral view of life based on a religious foundation, and to a sense of good fellowship which is conscious of its responsibilities; in short, to that nobility of thought and action which will steer you safely by those temptations which even today mean the ruin of so many young officers! Draw your inspiration from the great heroes of history who teach you that victories are won by spiritual strength, and most of all by that strength of soul which is the result of faith.

If you will do this and will keep before yourselves high ideals, you will easily overcome the hardships and difficulties of your profession, and will be the kind of officers that I wish to have and that the fatherland needs. You will be proud men, unassailable by the storms of life.

ADVICE TO YOUNG STUDENTS

August 19, 1911

[The Emperor had granted the request of the director of the Latin School in Kassel, where he had been graduated, to present to the school a new flag. On August 19, 1911, the faculty and the students of the two upper classes assembled in the grounds of the royal castle at Wilhelmshöhe near Kassel, and were addressed by the Emperor as follows:]

I HAVE decided to give you a new flag in place of the one which my parents presented to the school when I was a student there, and which has become frayed with time. The school has asked my permission to keep the old flag, and I shall have it repaired that you may hang it on the wall. It is my wish that this flag should keep alive the memory of the fact that a German Emperor graduated there, thanks to the good work done in the school.

You are studying the classics. In so doing you should not place the emphasis on the details of ancient political life, for owing to our greatly altered conditions they are no longer applicable today. You may well take delight in many great characters of antiquity, but there is one excellence which Greece possessed above all other countries. I mean: harmony, which is sadly lacking today, and which the Greeks manifested in their art and life, their motions and costumes, even in their systems of philosophy and in their treatment of every problem. I urge you strongly to read what Chamberlain has splendidly said on this subject in the introduction to his *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.*

But above everything else study the history of your own country. Learn to know the misery of our people toward the end of the Middle Ages, and the times that followed, when the State was fighting the Church, and the princes

were fighting each other, and the adherents of the various creeds were waging the Thirty Years' War, and our people were ground down, and were wasted in the service of foreigners and foreign dynasties with whose interests they had nothing to do. Learn to know that this continued to the time when Napoleon was conquered. The achievements of 1870 at last made of us a united country.

When you enter the political arena, keep your eyes fixed on the whole, and let no party confuse you; for parties often prefer their special interests to those of the fatherland, trying to draw a curtain between you and your country. If politics confuse you, then I advise you to withdraw from them for a while. Go abroad or take a walking trip, and let nature exert her powers upon you. When you return, your outlook on the realities of life will be less restrained. When the waves of life threaten to engulf you and many aspects of modern art and literature tend to confound you, raise yourselves again by the ideals of antiquity!

You are on the point of graduating from this school. Let me, therefore, give you a few words of advice which you must not take as a joke, for I mean them very seriously. Alcohol is a great danger for our people, and gives me, I assure you, much concern. I have been on the throne for twenty-three years, and I know from the records which have passed through my hands that a very large proportion of all crimes is attributable to alcohol. Look to a neighboring country. The Americans are far ahead of us in this respect. They do excellent work in their universities, as you can see from their students who are coming to us in large numbers. At their great reunions and academic celebrations, such as the installation of a college president for instance, no wine is served at table. It is not necessary.

When you enter the university, strengthen your bodies in sport, also in fencing matches which I shall take amiss of no one, join the university crews, but do not establish a record for drinking more spirituous liquors than anybody else. Such manners belong to a time that is past.

I shall be grateful to you if you will exert your influence in your clubs and associations to this end. Our tasks today are different from what they used to be, and all should be well versed in economics and in finance, for we shall have to protect Germany's position in the world, especially in the markets of the world. In order to do this we must be united.

I now give you this flag. The "*Primus omnium*" I suppose will carry it, and he will be proud to be the first to do so.